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# THE METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

VOLUME LXXXVIII.—FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XXII

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

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JULY, 1906

## Art. I.—THE PASTOR AND HIS BIBLE[1]

The founders of the Garrett Biblical Institute, as its name indicates, intended that here the Bible should be the central subject of study and the norm of all instruction. They wished that every teacher and every scholar should be, in the broad sense in which Mr. Wesley used the phrase, "a man of one book." It may be presumed therefore that you leave this school of the prophets for the pulpit and the cure of souls enriched with much biblical learning, and enriched yet more with purpose and aptitude for a lifelong study of the inexhaustible volume. If, then, this final hour of your undergraduate life be given to thoughts concerning the Pastor and his Bible it may fitly link your years of preparation with your coming ministry of the Holy Word; a ministry which we trust may be prolonged, faithful, rich in usefulness, and crowned at last with the "Well done" of the Master.

Our discussion will touch only incidentally on the great subjects now in debate among biblical scholars, such as the Canon and its validity; Inspiration, its nature and degrees; the Prophetic Element in Israel; the Literary Character of the several books of the "Divine Library" as indicating age, authorship and historic value; the Authority over faith and conduct both of the Bible as a whole and of its several parts. Such topics are too vast for our limited time, too difficult of treatment by any but a master in sacred science. Our task is a humbler one; namely,

[1] Address to the Graduating Class at Garrett Biblical Institute, May 9, 1906.

to note the present condition of biblical opinion and study among us, to ask for the genesis of this condition, and to offer some practical suggestions related to it. Even here difficulties await us, some inherent in the subject itself, some arising from the divided opinions of our scholars. But such difficulties do not excuse us from study. They rather call us to increased diligence, to greater candor and openness of soul, to a more implicit dependence on the Spirit of Truth, and to an inviolable fidelity to the truth as it shall be given us to see it.

I. The Present Condition of Biblical Study among Us. It is matter of common knowledge that within the half century past a new view of the Bible and a new method of Bible study have found place within the Methodist Church, as within other churches. The ministerial life of the present speaker covers the whole period of this change. He was admitted to the itinerant ministry in the year 1848. In that year our New York book house issued The Patriarchal Age, one of three octavo volumes which, under the title, Sacred Annals, were at once placed in the Course of Reading for young ministers. They were reprints from England, the author being a scholarly Wesleyan layman, George Smith of Camborne. The preface gives definitely the standpoint of this historian. "The volume of inspiration," he says, "is the only source of information which we know to be unalloyed by error and unadulterated by fiction." "It has been our constant aim to admit, maintain and illustrate the truth of the sacred oracles." Accordingly he admits no question concerning any item of the Scripture narrative. The chronology of Genesis (but according to the Septuagint version), the longevity of the early patriarchs, the universality of the Deluge, the standing still of the sun and moon at the command of Joshua, the historic accuracy of the first and the last chapters of the book of Job are all stoutly argued. These items exemplify the book. In the same year, 1848, and for many years before and after, our text-book in theology was Watson's Institutes, a work lucid, comprehensive, cogent in argument, and occasionally touched with a noble eloquence. It admirably set forth the cardinal truths of revelation, but it also taught us that "the worlds," to use its

own words, were produced, in their form as well as substance, instantly, out of nothing; that the creative days of Genesis were natural days of twenty-four hours each; that the best explanation of the work of the fourth day is that on that day the annual revolution of the earth around the sun began; and that to the Noachian Deluge is due, in part the deposit, and in part the disclosure of the fossiliferous rocks. Probably if Mr. Watson were now living (the Institutes were published in 1823) he would not think that the sacred text enforced all these conclusions. The books thus cited represent the general trend of opinion among us fifty years ago. It was held that an equal inspiration obtained throughout the Bible and gave an equal authority to all its books and chapters. All its statements were parts of the inerrant word of God. The various topics differed, as all consented, in relative importance, the incarnation and work of Christ being doubtless the center and crown. But all details, preceding and preparatory, in the patriarchal history, in the wars of Israel, in the lives of David, Solomon, Mordecai and Jonah, were of some importance and were given to us with absolute accuracy. Together with a vivifying assurance as to central things, there also came in those days to the young theologue much perplexity as to things less important. He must, if possible, reconcile Genesis with geology (Darwin had not then published The Origin of Species); must show that the apparent discrepancies in Scripture were not real discrepancies; must harmonize the sacred narrative with secular history and the monuments; must vindicate the unchangeable holiness and impartial goodness of God in the permission of slavery and polygamy among the patriarchs, in the law of the blood-avenger, in the command to exterminate the Canaanites, and in the imprecatory psalms. How well he succeeded need not here be said.

Since that time some of our brethren have journeyed far. How far their books will show. One holds that the early chapters of Genesis contain both historic and unhistoric matter. Another holds that at 4500 B. C. there existed in Babylonia a civilization which presupposes, to use his own words, "millenniums of unrecorded time." Alas, for the Usherian Chronology! One,

whose book burns with a passionate loyalty to Christ and his redemptive work, tells us that "the Bible is not a final authority upon any scientific question;" that "even in matters not scientific absolute inerrancy in the Bible is not required;" that "the rib, the tree, the apple, the serpent of Genesis 2 and 3 are a picturesque way of talking concerning "historic facts;" and that Christian scholars, emphasizing strongly the word "Christian," "have four regions of liberty in biblical discussion": (1) the Canon, (2) the Text, (3) the Literature, including date, authorship (single or composite), style, quotation, and (4) the Interpretation. If the liberty thus conceded is a real liberty, both as to opinion and speech, no one should ask more. Many hold that the Pentateuch was not completed till after the Exile, that Isaiah had two or more authors, and that the book of Daniel is of late date and of doubtful authority. And an eminent professor in one of our oldest universities writes: "There are historical inaccuracies in the Bible as unquestionably as scientific errors. In multitudes of cases various parts of the Bible contradict each other. The Bible is not inerrant, nor is there any reason why it should be." It would gratify many if such opinions could be treated as eccentric and of rare occurrence, but this the facts forbid. At this present time the masters in Theology, those whose books are most widely read by our thoughtful men, are by a vast preponderance the friends and advocates of this freer treatment of the Bible. Even the conservative Dr. Orr claims only "a substantially Mosaic origin of Pentateuchal law" with "minor modifications and adjustments" thereafter. And, further, it is believed that the heads of our chief universities and colleges, though selected for their present positions without reference to this question, are, with few exceptions, of the same tendency. No one is authorized to speak for them as to particular questions raised in this great debate, but the drift among them to a less rigorous view of the Bible is unmistakable. These facts indicate that the number of our ministers and laymen who sympathize with the new views is large, and not likely soon to decrease.

As our statement of the earlier view of the Bible closed with a reference to the perplexities to which it subjected the young

student, so we close this statement of the new view by calling attention to two most serious problems which it entails. First, how can the Bible be maintained in reverence and authority among the people if they are taught that in it historical and scientific errors, contradictions, false morality, and the crudities of superstitious ages are intermingled with much that is highest and seems divine? And, again, how shall the men of the new view themselves go through the book, and, separating part from part, say "This is human" and "That is divine"? How far, and by what methods, these problems have been solved we cannot indicate.

II. The Origin of the New Condition. To what is this new attitude of many Christian scholars due? What is its genesis? Many answer promptly and with much assurance that it is closely related in origin and effect to positive unbelief; that it is simply a dilution, with different degrees of attenuation, of the denial of God and the spiritual world; that the causes which have produced avowed sceptics have also produced a race of scholars who would evacuate the Bible and the history of Israel of every supernatural factor for whose removal any plausible pretense can be found. Doubtless there is some truth here. All men, in some degree, respond to their age. Its spirit affects thought and life. Especially is this true of an age so pronounced as our own. It is an age of science—and the large devotion of men to material nature diminishes their relish and aptitude for spiritual thought, tends to hide personality and efficient cause behind the specious phrase "the reign of law," and tends also to find inexorable order everywhere and freedom nowhere. It is an age of marvelous attainment and achievement—and it thereby grows self-confident and rashly adventurous. It is an age that has outgrown many old and once honored opinions—and thereby tends to irreverence toward all the past. And, more than in any previous age, scholars seem to be ambitious for recognition as subtle investigators, discoverers of new truth, and broad-minded men. In such an age, men who do not like to retain God in their knowledge—whose souls do not cry out for the living God—easily become sceptics, and often of a virulent sort. They resent, sometimes with contemptuous pity, all allegations of supernatural interference,

whether by inspiration or prophecy, miracle or incarnation. For them there is no divine book; the Bible is simply human literature. The infection of their unbelief, we must admit, has reached many who would strongly protest against being classed among sceptics. The ideas of law, fixed order, and evolution so far dominate many Christian scholars, and are so far reënforced by self-sufficiency and a pitiful ambition, that these scholars reluctantly admit and continually minimize the divine factors in the Bible. The real miracles, they think, are few; prophecy is rarely prophetic; and inspiration is an almost negligible quantity. So near do some who believe themselves Christians approach to absolute denial of the faith.

But is this an adequate account of the present condition of biblical study? Is scepticism, complete or partial, the prevailing motive in the new reading of the Bible? Two facts warn us from this conclusion. Many scholars of the new type in Europe and America are eminent in Christian faith, in Christian character, and in Christian work. By word and life they declare unhesitating loyalty to Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh, the Prophet, Priest and King of the human race. And, further, this new intellectual apprehension of the Bible synchronizes with the unparalleled growth of the Christian Church in numbers, in varied benevolences, in missionary zeal, and in general influence. Faith, and not doubt, is the law of our time. Whence, then, the new phenomenon? The answer must be this: the modern mind, in its legitimate activity, explains the modern study of the Bible. It does not, let it be noted, validate any one of the modern opinions concerning biblical questions, say, the canon of Scripture, the documentary hypothesis, the date of Leviticus or Deuteronomy, the authorship of anonymous books, the relation of Israel to neighboring nations, or the religious life of Israel during the period of the Judges. Much less does it justify the doctrinal vagaries of any biblical student. But the modern mind does explain why these and all other matters pertaining to the book are brought into question, are subjected to the most searching scrutiny, are treated with a freedom and an independence of traditional opinions which seem to many irrev-

erent, and even touched with unbelief. Let the case be stated thus: Given a century, the nineteenth, of prodigious and diversified intellectual activity. Given to such a century, as an inheritance from immediately preceding centuries, certain notable factors in equipment and tendency, of which four may here be named:

1. The new learning in ancient languages and literature brought at the fall of the Byzantine Empire by its scholars into Western Europe; thereafter to be matured and enlarged both by decipherment of the hieroglyphs of the Nile and the cuneiform letters of the Euphrates and by vast archaeological discoveries, to be at length critically used in all problems of the early world.

2. The recoil of men's minds from the puerile speculations of the scholastic philosophy to the world of reality and fact; a recoil into which men were startled when Columbus, sailing westward, and Vasco de Gama finding India by rounding the Cape, revealed, as it were, a new earth, and when Copernicus and the "Tuscan Artist" unveiled the mechanism of the skies and gave a new heaven to human eyes.

3. The final establishment, under the leadership of Bacon, of the Inductive Philosophy as the only true method of inquiry, a method which, treating with scant courtesy the unproved assumption and the *a priori* theory, insists that truth in nature be established by due observation and experiment and in history by adequate testimony.

4. The liberation of society, by the Reformation, from ecclesiastical authority, and the assertion therewith of the right and duty of every man to study for himself the word and will of God.

Given, again, a century which, thus equipped and directed, has made almost all things new; which, for instance, has rewritten all classic and Oriental history, has created new sciences and has so remade old ones that they are as if new, has added new planets and stellar systems to man's universe, has to new discoveries added new inventions which indefinitely multiply the race force, has, by the study of comparative religion, attained new views of man's moral constitution and moral

history, has founded new governments and new social systems on the bases of justice and equality, and has thus broken with the past that it may attain a nobler future. The possibilities of life seem indefinitely widening. Men are expectant. They search with eager eyes every quarter for new facts and new forces. They hold all traditional opinion under question. They wait for light to break forth in every field of thought.

To a century of such equipment, achievement and tone the Bible was given from the hand of a reverent past. It came with an immeasurable prestige. It claimed, and had been accorded for centuries, sovereign authority over faith and conduct. It was the record of God's speech to man. It proposed to establish fellowship between the divine and the human. It opened the endless vistas of immortality. It was the Book of books. But, with this open Bible, the Protestant churches came to hold two doctrines which necessarily restricted the range of biblical study. The one was that of a completed, perfect, and authorized canon; a canon to which nothing could be added, from which nothing could be removed. The other was that of a plenary and inerrant inspiration pervading with an equal authority every part of every included book. Under these conditions the work of the student was necessarily simple, though twofold: he must find the true text, then interpret it. But he could admit no question as to the truth of any statement thus found and interpreted, whether the statement was related to history, science, ethics, or theology. Over all was the broad ægis of canonicity and inspiration. "Thus far and no farther" was a headline for every page. Was it not inevitable that in such a century as we have described the surges of thought would at length beat vehemently against these limiting barriers? Men would come to ask, Who established the canon, and by what authority? Who framed, and on what authority, a doctrine of inspiration which validates as true every statement from "In the beginning" of Genesis to the "Amen" which ends the Revelation? Such questions were sure to rise, and with them, soon or late, questions on every item related to the final decision. All alleged textual discrepancies and larger disharmonies must be examined. Ancient histories,

legends and monuments must be compared with the biblical narratives. The literary character of the books must be discriminated for indications of date, authorship, and value, just as the student of English letters notes the difference between the English of The Canterbury Tales and that of Paradise Lost. The ethical worth of ancient command, psalm and deed must be weighed. The testimony of the fathers must be considered. These and many other topics demand attention when the alternative question is asked, "Is the Bible equally authoritative throughout and in all its statements, or, on the other hand, is it a veritable depository of divine truth, law and grace, yet preserved for us with human imperfections of knowledge, feeling, and language? What issue shall come on these main questions, or on any of the subordinate ones, we do not here consider. Will the old opinions be confirmed or will new ones be established? This question we leave unanswered. But again we say that the rise of these questions was inevitable. The opinions accepted for generations must show their credentials. And the study of these credentials is right, is obligatory, is the only way open before men who love the truth.

III. Practical Suggestions Related to the New Conditions. In these new conditions, what should be the attitude of the Christian pastor? In what spirit and with what directive principles shall he study and use his Bible? He cannot, if he would, escape the new conditions. He belongs to his times. He cannot ignore the great debate. Its voices, unheard by the fathers, disturb his soul. Men near him, of his own household, assail some cherished articles of his traditional faith. At times the very foundations seem in peril. How shall he bear himself in this crisis? A few suggestions only are here possible.

1. The pastor is now as heretofore entitled to hold and assert an unshaken faith in the Christian system, in its divine origin and its ultimate triumph. It has survived many severe ordeals, it will survive this. The foundation standeth sure. The nations are forever given as an inheritance to Jesus Christ. There will be individual damage and loss through the new discussions. Many who in thought have inseparably linked the divine

revelation with an infallible book will be tempted to abandon both. This is an old story in human life. Every transition from an inherited faith meets such peril. The infidelity of France, Italy and Japan is in evidence. But, though the faithful and wise pastor will be grieved unutterably by the havoc thus wrought, he will neither hold it to be a valid test of the New Study nor any prophecy of the ultimate failure of Christianity. We must recur to a fundamental principle. Any inevitable movement of the human understanding must be held as a part of the divine order for man and an element of human progress. Its contribution to progress may be the direct gift of new truth; it may be the overthrow of ancient errors by new emphasis on existing truths or their inevitable corollaries; it may be chiefly a stimulus to new inquiries which shall confirm, purify and exalt accepted views. Of such a movement the present biblical study seems unquestionably a part. However long delayed, it was sure at length to arrive. The Christian mind, partaking the eager and inquisitive spirit of the age, would confront—as in science, history, government and social order, so in religion—every traditional opinion and institution and demand the reason for its existence. This is God's order writ large in present intellectual conditions. It must, therefore, be wholesome in its final outcome whether it confirm the old or establish the new. Meantime the process will be attended by innumerable blunders born of manifold human infirmities, such as haste, self-conceit, idiosyncrasies, narrowness, ambition, and unbelief. Our Brooklyn Beecher once said that men reach the truth as our ferryboats reach their docks; not by direct course but by bumping, now on this side and now on that, against the deep-driven piles which guard the approach. Let it be noted that when once alarming views are promulgated there is only one right way of dealing with them. Not avoidance, not peremptory denial, not hot denunciation will serve; only larger learning, surer logic, deeper insight. When, in 1835, Strauss in his Das Leben Jesu delivered what McClintock characterized as "the heaviest blow which infidelity ever struck against Christianity" many alarmed theologians advised the Prussian government to suppress the book.

"No," said the great Neander. "Let it be met not by authority, but by argument." His counsel prevailed, with the result from that time of a wider and more profound study of the Divine Life on Earth—of which Neander's own Life of Christ was the unsurpassed product—the overthrow of the mythical theory, and the steady growth of evangelical views. The sceptic proved in the end to be the servant of the truth. Why doubt the issue of present discussions? Fear is not always a true prophet. Let the past instruct us. The church at Jerusalem heard with alarm that Peter of the keys had opened the door of faith to Cornelius, the Roman Centurion, and that Paul had absolved the Gentile Church from the rites of the law; but in this freedom of the apostles was the salvation of the nations. The Roman Christians were dismayed when on the declivity of the northern mountains hung the black cloud of barbarism threatening to engulf in a common ruin the ancient civilization and the new faith; but the new race was the gift of a new vigor and ultimately of a larger liberty to the Church. There were pious souls in the Roman communion who shrieked in alarm when Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg—but that act of the Reformer was the renaissance of Christianity. The Protestant doctors of Holland abhorred Arminius as a destroyer of the faith; but the heretic uttered a sentence of death, now well-nigh executed, upon an awful distortion of Christianity which made the All-Father unjust, cruel, and insincere. The church no longer insists that Galileo shall recant; no longer executes witches because of certain texts in Exodus and 1 Samuel; no longer justifies slavery by the example of the patriarchs or the divine right of kings by Paul's declaration that "the powers that be are ordained of God;" no longer holds theories of the atonement once highly accredited; no longer rejects geologic truth, nor even some forms of the doctrine of evolution. Evidently theology, whether exegetical, doctrinal, or ethical, is a progressive science. But the fundamentals are not deserted, nor obscured. God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. And it may be that Neander speaks truly when he says: "But of this I am certain: that the fall of the old form

of the doctrine of inspiration, and indeed of many other doctrinal prejudices, will not only not involve the fall of the essence of the gospel, but will cause it no detriment whatever; . . . that from such a struggle a new theology, purified and renovated in the spirit of the gospel, must arise; . . . and neither a stubborn adherence to antiquity nor a profane appetite for novelty can hinder this work of the Lord which is now preparing."

2. As the Christian pastor is entitled to an unswerving faith in Christianity so he is entitled to an undiminished veneration for the book which is its record. Nothing has been established by modern study which diminishes the essential glory of the Bible. There are spots, it is said, on the face of the sun. It is not therefore passing into permanent and disastrous eclipse; it still cheers and fructifies the earth. It has yet unmeasured treasures of heat and light. And so of the Bible. If, as some think, the history of Israel, as the history of all other great nations, begins in a region of mist and legend which early Genesis reports, yet with many a foregleam of the coming glory, does this destroy faith in Abraham and Moses, David and Nehemiah, ministers of an incalculable good to their own and all after times? If the Genesis account of the marriage of the sons of God with the daughters of men puzzles us, have therefore the twenty-third and the thirty-fourth and the one hundred and third Psalms lost their truth and power? There is a criticism which would blot out the sun; a criticism predetermined in its course by positive disbelief of spiritual verities and prosecuted both with reckless disregard of historic facts and forces and with astounding mutilations of the sacred text. It finds that Abraham and Moses are myths, that Bible prophecies are little, if at all, above Delphic oracles, that the song over Bethlehem, the spotless life of the Man of Nazareth, his works, his atoning cross and the vacant tomb are fond and foolish conceits, and that Paul was a false witness, and a weak and simply rabbinical reasoner. But such rationalistic unbelief has no place among us. The Bible with us has been, is, and will be as the Ark of the Covenant, which no irreverent hand may touch. What it is and what it does insures its position. Its contents are transcendent and unapproachable. Not dwelling now upon that progressive

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disclosure of the one all-perfect God, which separates the Old Testament by the whole orb from all other sacred books of antiquity, we come to that hour when the day-spring from on high visited the earth. Can any other book tell us of the God-incarnate, of the Divine life among men and for men, and of the perfect unfolding in the Son of Mary of the holiness and truth, of the tenderness, patience and self-sacrifice—of the large redemptive purpose and power—of the Father of men? Is there any literature comparable to this story of august advent to lowliest conditions; of the long, obedient silence in the Galilean home followed by the wonderful inauguration to Messianic service at the waters of Jordan; of inflexible personal holiness allied with compassion for sinful men; of loftiest claims and works attended by unparalleled meekness and humility; of universal philanthropy coupled with an ardent and weeping patriotism; of sublimest teachings in simplest forms of speech; of the death of the life-giver; of a grave that could not hold its tenant; of foundations thus laid for ascent to eternal dominion and glory that a world might be transformed? Light, love, and life eternal have here, and nowhere else, come to earth. And the Bible is also the history, in part, of man's response to the divine overture, of the struggle toward the Infinite Father of souls beset with evil—a struggle now triumphant, and singing, "The Lord is my portion, my shield, my sun, my salvation," now wailing, in consciousness of painful but not hopeless defeat, "Have mercy upon me, O God; according to thy loving kindness blot out mine iniquities," but at last attaining complete issue in those who, joined to the risen Saviour, can exclaim, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Proportioned to the grandeur of its contents has been the beneficent influence of the Bible upon human life. This influence has been attained, and it will continue, not by reason of minute accuracy as to the years of Methuselah, or the number of armed men in the Exodus, or the genealogical tables of the Old or the New Testament. In things immeasurably deeper, higher, broader than these is the hiding of its power. In its disclosure of God, in its holy law, in its provision of redemption for enslaved and condemned souls, in its doctrine of brotherhood

and of immortality, lies its victorious strength—and there it will remain, whatever the issue of the present study.

But time forbids any attempt now to set forth its work in the world. Let all be summed up in the words of Wendell Phillips: "The answer to the Shaster is India; the answer to Confucianism is China; the answer to the Koran is Turkey; the answer to the Bible is the Christian civilization of Protestant Europe and America."

3. A due sense of the limitations of the human mind is imperative in biblical study. Our age, as we have already noted, is not given to intellectual humility. Great attainments and achievements engender self-conceit and contempt for the past. "The Dark Ages" is a common phrase among us. No one denies that we inherit some values from the scholars, ecclesiastics and statesmen of those times. But our praise of them is faint, and not without a sub-tone of commiseration for their intellectual poverty. The rude hand-press of Guttenberg on the one hand, and on the other the complex and powerful constructions which give us each morning the tidings of the round world, seem the proper symbols of that age and this. Nowhere more than in biblical study does this self-appreciation appear. Passing by those who in the name of law eject from the Bible and from life all supernatural elements we take note of the almost sublime assurance with which many of a different type proceed at will to dissect, amend, transpose, enlarge, diminish, and distribute the sacred text. If these would but agree among themselves we might believe. But by some occult impulse each weather vane contradicts its fellows and changes its own direction with each passing hour. These variations and eccentricities of opinion are as wonderful as the transformations of the kaleidoscope. Scholars remember, though the world has already forgotten, how recently there was a polychrome Bible, sometimes irreverently styled the rainbow Bible. It never came to completion, being laughed out of being when half done. It was a thing to wonder at. By all the colors of the spectrum it indicated what portions of the text were due to Elohist$^1$, Elohist$^2$, Elohist$^3$, to Jahvist$^1$ and Jahvist$^2$, to this redactor and that. Chapter, verse, and phrase within verse

were thus separated and distinguished. Joseph's coat could not compare with it. It was philology run mad. Men assumed to have such knowledge of the Old Testament Hebrew that, though no contemporary literature in that language has survived to aid their investigations, they could yet confidently assign each passage in the Pentateuch to its proper date along the line of several centuries. Dr. Emil Reich's book, The Failure of the Higher Criticism, is a keen, caustic, and, we must add, amusing exposé of this folly. Dr. Reich is no conservative. He speaks freely of what he calls legends found in early Genesis. He nowhere claims inerrancy for the Bible. He finds indeed a new origin for Israel. But he wars on the philologists—such ones as banish Abraham and Moses from Hebrew history. He does not believe in philology; he believes in geo-politics. His onslaught is irresistible, but also irresistibly humorous. For Greek meets Greek. The lofty self-confidence of the philologist is matched and even surpassed by the overweening vanity and absolute certainty of his critic. Which of them knows that he knows the most, who can tell? We can only wonder, admire, and smile.

An earlier instance of haste and over-confidence in Bible study is Luther's well-known rejection of the Epistle of James as an epistle of straw. It does not mention the atonement, or righteousness by faith, let it therefore be cast out, said the great Reformer. But men have now come to see that Paul and James are not antagonistic; that they differ chiefly in point of view; that the one is speaking of the source of life, even Christ received by faith, the other of the proof of life, even obedience to the law; that, both standing before some verdurous and fruitful tree, one of them says, "That tree lives; for mark how it sends down its roots and rootlets into the dark, damp earth and draws thence vital supplies," and the other says, "That tree lives; for see you not bud and blossom, and leaf and golden fruit?" And thus what Luther rejected we have learned to accept as part of the orb of Christian truth.

The lesson then is this: Let the Bible student be slow to yield opinions held by generations of Christian scholars; let him insist on adequate proofs. "Make haste slowly" is for him, as for others,

a safe motto. But let him not refuse new light if it shall come, nor anchor himself to an immovable past. We repeat the good words of Neander: "An obstinate adherence to antiquity; a profane appetite for novelty." Let both be avoided.

4. A fourth condition of wise Bible study is a living faith in essential Christian verities, a faith in which all faculties of the soul, intellect, conscience, heart and will concur, and which therefore delivers the whole man continuously and gladly over to the law and love of God. These central verities need not be here recited. From the beginning they have been the recognized basis of the Church. They are in every great creed of Christendom. At times they have been overlaid and obscured by false rite, organization, dogma; but they have nevertheless remained unquestioned and constructive in every Christian communion. And, if we except the avowed anti-supernaturalists, we may say that they are to-day held and affirmed by a vast majority of Bible students. Whether these students adhere to the traditional views, or in varying degrees accept the new, they stand on these impregnable foundations. Differing on many questions, they agree that in the Bible—the work of many authors, separated in many cases from one another by centuries of vast historic change, and separated still more by inward qualities and experiences—that in this book there nevertheless appear, and with ever increasing clearness, these doctrines concerning God and his relation to man, culminating at length in his transcendent manifestation in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour. Many of these students say that they find defects and errors in the book; but they say, further, that as no one doubts the main facts in the life of Washington because of the blunders and disagreements of his biographers, so no one may doubt that in these imperfect books the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shines forth with indisputable splendor.

The Bible, indeed, shines by its own light. It attests itself. "It is an ultimate authority for men," says Professor Curtis, "because it appeals to them with spiritual cogency." The divine transmitter and the human receiver are keyed together, notwithstanding man's imperfections. The honest and earnest soul hears in the

Bible the word of God; the sinful soul finds in it pardon and renewal; the needy soul finds in it adequate relief; the dying soul finds in it the resurrection and immortal hope.

The late eminent Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, in his book, The Living Christ and the Four Gospels, narrates an interview between himself and a Japanese Christian who came to him with letters of high commendation, and who soon evinced himself an intelligent, broad, and masterful man. Much conversation ensued. The silent night had fallen about them when Dr. Dale, profoundly interested in his visitor, and referring to himself as a Christian by inheritance and to his guest as one of a race separated by the darkness of eighteen heathen centuries from the glory of the Incarnate Lord, asked him how he became a Christian. The answer was the biography of a rare soul. A Confucian by birth and training, but earnest and inquiring, troubled at length by doubt whether the *heaven* of Confucius meant a blind fate or a living and supreme person with whom life and destiny were interlinked, filled with unrest and anxiety which learned men of his own faith could not allay, for years he was groping in fear and hope after a God unknown. Then a Chinese New Testament was given him, with the remark that he would be charmed with its literary beauty. He did not know who were its authors, whether the names which its books bore were genuine, when or where they wrote, or what were their claims or their credentials. He read with interest, but unmoved, until he came to the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. He was startled. What morality is this! Whence came it? He turned back to the Gospel which bore the name of John—an unknown, unaccredited man. He read, and still read, until, as at the Transfiguration, the Son of Mary shone in the glory of the eternal Father. The humble, docile, seeking soul saw its God—and knew him.

That these self-luminous verities should become the dominant convictions, the determining law of thought, feeling, and will, the soul of the human soul, need not here be argued on general grounds. That obligation is obvious. But the relation of this vital faith to sane and safe Bible study may be briefly discussed.

First. In this practical surrender to the truth the truth itself becomes more luminous and sure. Its adaptation to all man's highest needs gains for it the highest of proofs; namely, experience. Its fitness to unfold all faculties declares that the Father of souls and the Author of Christianity are one. The key fits the lock. Established in this most interior and convincing assurance the student of the Bible remains calm, clear-eyed, open of mind and courageous when around him sound noisy speculations in philosophy, science, philology, comparative religion, ancient history, or in whatever other studies some may hope and some may fear to find damage for the Christian faith. He knows whom he hath believed. He is sure that no weapon against his Lord will prosper. Because of this faith in Him who guides into the truth he will be cheerfully patient in inquiry—not hasting, not resting—willing to accept light if it be light and not an ignis fatuus. He accepts changes in incidentals if enforced by sound reason, yet remains immovably confident in the God and Saviour revealed in the Bible. His soul is his teacher.

But, secondly, this personal, vital faith furnishes not only a right temper, but also a needful criterion in Bible study. A recent writer has said that both in the Old Testament and in the New are found elements which are not consonant with the central and constitutive truths of Christianity, and are therefore to be rejected. There is base alloy, he holds, in the books which follow the gospels as well as in those which precede. If this is possibly true, or because it is alleged to be true, the Bible student must have some rule by which to assess the value of every part of these writings from Genesis to Revelation. That rule and criterion is the Christian soul; the Christian faith incorporate with the whole moral and spiritual nature, the domination of the whole man, his tendencies, tastes, affections, aspirations, by Christian elements. Let it be noted that such an assessment of Bible values is inevitable. All students practice it, though often unconsciously. Some who sing with a cheerful consciousness of their own orthodoxy,

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death,

would probably be surprised at a clear view of their own practical discriminations in the Scriptures.

The Reformers cast out the Apocrypha, which Rome received. Martin Luther rejected the Epistle of James. Wesley rejected some psalms from The Sunday Service as not fit for public use. Adam Clark treated the Song of Solomon as indelicate, lascivious, and unspiritual. We go through the book of Job with continued discrimination even among the utterances of the patriarch himself. To many the Revelation of St. John the Divine is in its central parts an insoluble mystery. Ecclesiastes, Jonah, and other books, are weighed and found wanting by many orthodox scholars.

How, then, shall the pastor be fitted for the discussions that still await him? The answer is, by knowing by heart the central facts, forces, and aims of the Scripture. The genius of Christianity must possess, inspire, illumine him. Let him have the mind of Christ, his faith in the Father, his comprehensive and self-sacrificing love, his loyalty to the eternal righteousness, his hatred of sin and yet his patience toward the sinner, and he cannot go far astray. He will still err both by overvaluation and undervaluation; he is human. But he will appropriate from every book of the Divine volume that which will nourish the soul, will often find manna in the desert, will learn how to estimate the imperfect good of the early ages, and will wonder at and admire more and more, the progressive unveiling of the heavenly Father to his human children.

5. How far may the pastor use his pulpit in the discussion of questions of biblical criticism?

Obviously no definite and inflexible rule obtains. And this is true whether the pastor favors the old views or the new. Distinctive factors mark each pastor and each congregation. Has the pastor adequate learning? Has he a sound judgment as to the place and proportionate value of particular truths? Has he due humility and freedom from dogmatism? Is he

capable of clear, conciliatory, and convincing speech? And, on the other hand, do faulty opinions have place, and in what degree, in the congregation? Are they seriously faulty? Do they notably obstruct the gospel? Are they held aggressively or in quietness? Evidently the wisdom of critical discussion, whether for or against the newer view, depends on the man and the occasion. Sometimes, yet rarely, aggressive courage is wisdom. It is said that about 1830 Charles G. Finney, the notable evangelist, came on his mission to Rochester, then a rising city of Western New York. He found that with few exceptions its leading professional and business men and its people generally were avowed infidels. They would give no hearing to his usual topics. He formed a new plan of campaign. He ceased warning and appeal, and went to argument on fundamental things—to formal and protracted proofs of Christianity, and to like refutation of infidelity. Trained as a lawyer, he used a lawyer's methods. With his peculiarly incisive speech and relentless logic he challenged their attention. They must needs listen. He established his position—they could not resist the force with which he spoke. A revival swept the city and left on it and the region around an impress which survived the century. The adequate man and the exigent hour had met.

A few preachers only can wield such weapons and effect such results. Others should not attempt it. Let it be noted, in the first place, that a sentence may suggest a doubt which pages cannot resolve. An error brought to notice only that it may be refuted will often long outlive the refutation. Project upon the congregation a denial of some statement found in the Bible; some hearers will infer the falsity of the whole book. Project on the congregation an unqualified affirmation of every statement, historical or scientific or moral, of the Bible; many hearers will repudiate a book which seems to them to war on reason and the moral sense. If need be, the statements must be made whatever the hazard—but the impending danger imposes extreme caution. One of our most noted preachers, now doubtless living in the light supernal, thought it wise to give his people a series of sermons in disproof of atheism. Two of his hearers met in the vestibule at the close of the series.

"What did you think of it?" said one to the other. The significant answer came, "O, I still believe there is a God." It is easy to disturb faith by unnecessary proofs of evident truth and by unnecessary emphasis on subordinate truth.

Let it be further noted that men live the religious life, not by faith in the minutiæ of the Scripture, either of the Old or the New Testament, but by faith in God, the Father Almighty, Maker, Upholder, and Lord of the Universe; in Jesus Christ, his only Son, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, who died, the just for the unjust, and who lives forever to give the eternal life; in the Holy Ghost, by whose abiding indwelling men are re-created in the image of God; in the unchanging obligation of the holy law which is summed up in Love; and in the indissoluble union of character and destiny. These truths, when believed, make men free in the liberty of the sons of God. However men may differ as to the interpretation and the truth of incidental and subordinate parts of Scripture, if they believe these, they are all in Christ Jesus. These, therefore, with their manifold illustrations and applications, are the chief, I might almost say the only proper topics of the pulpit.

And let it be again noted that these central truths have for the pulpit this advantage, that they are to a great degree self-luminous. They commend themselves, if stated clearly and with the force of conviction in the preacher, to man's highest reason, to his moral constitution, to his noblest aspirations, to the deepest necessities of his soul. They meet him at the topmost of his being. Preach God in his natural and especially in his moral perfections, and the soul assents, adores, submits, and trusts. Preach the supreme law of love, and the moral sense acknowledges its sovereignty, its completeness, its adaption to man's life. Preach the immanent Spirit of Holiness, and the moral incompetency and the despair of the natural man is replaced by a divine energy of goodness. Preach the irrevocable connection between goodness and peace, sin and woe, and man's present experience responds in affirmation. Preach the God-man, the ineffably Highest stooping to become the lowest, a man, a servant, a victim, to redeem a lost race; how it touches, melts, uplifts,

thrills with immortal hope! Without this there is no Gospel, and preaching is vain.

> He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
> 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

Brethren of the Graduating Class, to this ministry I commend you. There is no work purer, nobler, more divine. If the things invisible are the real and enduring realities, and if the fashion of this world is in seeming and soon passes away, how eminent the calling of him who would open blind eyes and lift up sordid souls to the eternal good. He will not escape hardship. There will be indifference, criticism, reproach. There will be heart-breaking failures, often scant success, and a consciousness of insufficiency. There may be poverty like that of the Master and his servant Paul. There may be persecution, and even the martyr's death. But with one heart we this day pray that none of these things may move you—and that you may fulfill the ministry which you have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

Edward G. Andrew.

## Art. II. THE RELIGION OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

William Ewart Gladstone was for sixty-three years a member of the British Parliament, for twenty-six years a Cabinet officer, and four times Prime Minister. For forty years he was so closely identified with public affairs that the record of his life furnishes an almost complete outline of the political development of his country. He was the most influential statesman on earth in the Nineteenth Century, with possibly a single exception. In saying this I do not forget what Cavour did for Italy and Bismarck for Germany, or that other contemporary statesmen, with signal ability, accomplished great things for their respective countries, but none of these had opportunities so vast as Mr. Gladstone. The single exception I suggest is Abraham Lincoln, whose greatness was at once manifested and augmented by the splendid opportunity of a national crisis which rose to the majesty of a world crisis and demonstrated that a democracy can throttle the greatest of hydras and maintain itself against the greatest of rebellions. To Gladstone and to Lincoln might be applied Coleridge's translation of a fine characterization by Schiller:

> He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
> And his too, is the station of command. . .
> And well for us it is so . . . . .
> Well for the whole if there be found a man
> Who makes himself what Nature destined him,
> The pause, the central point, of thousand thousands.

It is not my purpose to inquire elaborately into the particular elements or the evidences of Mr. Gladstone's greatness, but to show that it had a distinctly religious basis, that it depended largely on his personal religious life, that many of his noblest achievements would have been impossible but for his daily devoutness toward God, his constant and conscious reliance on Divine help, and his incessant and conscientious search after truth and righteousness. A casual observer of his great career could not fail to be struck with his religiousness in a degree unusual among distinguished statesmen; and yet the estimate just given may

awaken surprise. But the study of his biography by sundry authors has fully convinced me of its truth. I am aware that it is sometimes unwise for a writer to lay down his thesis in advance; I am so sure of my ground that I thus indicate what will be fully justified by a brief collation of the deliberate opinions rendered by his most distinguished contemporaries and by ample citations of his own words, most of them written with no thought that they would ever reach the public eye. A glance at a few of his characteristics will pave the way for the evidences to be advanced.

He was a man of indomitable industry, amazing versatility, and high personal independence—independence which his opponents sometimes reckoned as inexcusable stubbornness and supreme self-conceit. He was open to the charge of political inconsistency; but he was nevertheless the peerless parliamentary orator, and the commanding epoch-making statesman of the century, which he adorned. His industry was intense and perpetual. He had a splendid body, a fine face, a majestic mien, and great physical strength and endurance. Sydney Smith once said that Daniel Webster's life was a false pretense because "it was impossible for any man to be as great as Webster looked." Gladstone's physique was scarcely less imposing that Webster's. Throughout life he was a great walker. Again and again he records having walked for pleasure or for exercise from twenty to thirty miles in a single afternoon, often on mountainous roads, and frequently for considerable distances at the rate of more than five an hour. In his middle and later life his favorite exercise and amusement was chopping down trees in the forest about his castle at Hawarden, and cutting them up into firewood. He was half through his boyish days at Eton before he waked up to a steady purpose of thorough scholarship, but he went through Oxford University with high credit and came out with double-first honors. In his middle life one of his colleagues in the Cabinet declared that he could do as much hard work in four hours as any other man could do in sixteen, and yet he worked sixteen hours a day. After he had retired from Parliament and was eighty-five years of age he had an operation for cataract which restored his sight, and he then devoted himself for seven hours a day to his faithful studies in

Homer and the preparation of an edition of the works of Bishop Butler. He was an omnivorous and constant reader and student of great books, and among his favorites were Homer, Horace, and Dante. Like many other so-called "geniuses," his success was won only by severe study and perpetual effort. Young ministers might well make him in this respect their pattern; and they can find the same lesson as to the only path to the greatest possible success in the lives of Matthew Simpson, John P. Durbin and Philips Brooks. His versatility was exceptional. There is scarcely a single line of study and of effort in the government of a great country in which he did not become proficient. Though not trained to business he became one of the greatest and most original and successful financiers in all the history of the British government; one of the most astute managers of its foreign policy and an able Minister of War. Meanwhile, during the busiest years of his life, he was a most diligent student of ecclesiastical history; of the governments of other countries; of general literature, and especially of the great poets. His oratory, like all great oratory, it is impossible to analyze so as to explain its effects. He possessed in an eminent degree that mysterious something called "magnetism," or "personality," which cannot be defined, but which captivates the eye and ear and enthralls the spirit. It may well be doubted whether his speeches will be read by posterity as literature. Indeed, so able and generous a critic as James Bryce suggests that, among modern statesmen, "Burk, Macaulay, and Daniel Webster are perhaps the only speakers whose discourses have passed into classics and find new generations of readers." But for the highest effects of eloquence, which are those produced on hearers, Mr. Gladstone stands without a peer in respect to the number of great and difficult parliamentary occasions on which he won victories and determined highly important and far-reaching government policies. His admirers claim for him scarcely more than his critics concede: instant readiness, vast knowledge, persuasive ingenuity, lively imagination, superb rhetoric, keen logic, inimitable grace of phrase and gesture, and, when the occasion permitted, impassioned and compelling moral earnestness before which subterfuge and unworthy

motives slunk away. It was my great privilege to hear him, in his old age, speak for perhaps ten minutes, in nominating Mr. Peel as Speaker of the House of Commons. The occasion was purely formal and uninspiring, but I can never forget his perfect dignity, his imposing mien, his matchless voice, and the absolute fitness and fine polish of his words. The qualities thus enumerated conspired with his supreme natural abilities to place him in the very front rank of influential statesmen of all the ages and nations. His critics accused him of political inconsistency. As to this, however, he might fitly have appealed from "Luther ignorant to Luther informed," and might have found comfort in the aphorism of Henry Ward Beecher, ancient, no doubt, in substance if new in form, "Inconsistency is the golden gateway by which men escape from becoming fools." In his early life Mr. Gladstone was a Tory, and an admiring disciple of Canning and Sir Robert Peel; late in life he was the admired and adored leader of the Liberal party. He was a High Churchman, and yet he secured the disestablishment of one Church and favored that of two others, a course which made him the idol of the Nonconformist Protestant churches of Great Britain. His father was a baronet and a wealthy merchant, whose fortune was made largely on sugar plantations in the West Indies worked by slaves; and Mr. Gladstone's first speech in Parliament, in which he followed in the track of Burke and of Canning, favored gradual instead of immediate emancipation. When emancipation came, conditioned on compensation, his father received more than seventy-five thousand pounds for 1,600 slaves. It was a long path for the young statesman from such a beginning until he became the chief defender of democratic principles in Great Britain. But all these transitions illustrate his mental greatness and his absolute subjection to his conscience and his religious belief. He was accused also of a haughty and arbitrary personal independence which was charged to ambition; but no popular leader "had in him less of the true ring of the demagogue. . . . It was the masses who took their view from him, not he who took his mandate from the masses." A calm survey of the great crises in which he projected radical policies, which were sharply criticised and misunderstood,

shows that he acted from a high sense of duty and with a prophetic prescience of the national needs.

These too rapid glimpses at his qualities and motives prepare the way to state the estimates of his religious character deliberately uttered by some of the greatest of his cotemporaries. His chief biographer, John Morley, who is reputed to be an agnostic, and surely is not a religious bigot, says: "Not for two centuries, since the historic strife of Anglican and Puritan, had our island produced a ruler in whom the religious motive was paramount in the like degree. He was not only a political force, but a moral force. He strove to use all the powers of his own genius and powers of the state for moral and religious purposes." On the day of his death Lord Salisbury said, "He will leave behind him the memory of a great Christian statesman; and will be remembered not so much for the causes in which he was engaged or the political projects which he favored, but as a great example, to which history hardly furnishes a parallel, of a great Christian man." Mr. Balfour, the leader in the House of Commons, termed him "The greatest member of the greatest deliberative assembly that the world has seen," and spoke of "the infinite value of his services" as illustrating "how much of public prosperity is involved in the maintenance of the worth of public life." Mr. Bryce says, "When living in the country it was his constant practice to attend daily morning service in the parish church, and on Sunday to read in it the lesson for the day; nor did he ever, through his long career, transgress his rule against Sunday labor. Religious feeling, coupled with a system of firm dogmatic beliefs, was the mainspring of his whole career; a guiding light in perplexities, a source of strength in adverse fortune, a consolation in sorrow and a beacon of hope beyond the disappointments and shortcomings of life." Very numerous notes in his diary justify this reference to his Sabbath keeping. He would not dine out on Sunday, even on the invitation of Sir Robert Peel. At the age of twenty-four he wrote,

> Sunday, August 11. St. James morning and evening. Read Bible. Abbott finished, and a sermon of Bloomfield's aloud. Wrote a paraphrase of a part of chapter eight of Romans.

The next year he wrote,

> January 19. Sunday. Read the first lesson in morning chapel. A most masterful sermon of Pusey's preached by Clarke. Lancaster on the sacraments. Three of Girdlestone's sermons. Episcopal message later. Doane's ordination sermon admirable. Wrote some thoughts.

Concerning an invitation to visit the Queen he wrote to his wife,

> An invitation to Windsor for us came this morning, and, I *am sorry to say*, one including Sunday.

How vividly this shows that he was less concerned for the smiles of his gracious Queen than for communion with the King of kings.

At the age of forty-four came one of the greatest exigencies of his life. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he had, through months of very wide and searching study, been preparing to bring forward a financial scheme of radical reform the success of which has largely and beneficially affected industrial and financial conditions in Great Britain. On a certain Monday evening he laid this scheme before Parliament in one of the greatest oratorical efforts of his life, which held close, admiring, and intense attention for four and three-quarters hours. On the day before, which was Sunday, he attended church twice, as usual, and read Dante's Paradiso.

His profound and habitual religiousness of spirit is still more clearly evinced in many fuller passages in his diary and in his familiar letters to his close political friends, and also to the noble wife with whom he lived in ideal love and devotion for fifty-eight years. In his college days he earnestly hoped to enter the ministry, and soon after his graduation he wrote a long letter to his father asking his consent and saying, "I do not see how I am to persuade myself that any powers, be they the meanest or the greatest, can be so profitably or so nobly employed as in the performance of this sublime duty." His father suggested delay, for more mature consideration, and the next year the son was in Parliament. But for this change of plans he would doubtless have had a splendid ecclesiastical career and would very likely have become Archbishop of Canterbury. On a birthday he wrote as follows:

On this day I have completed my twenty-third year . . . I wish that I could hope my frame of mind had been in any degree removed from earth and brought nearer to heaven; that the habit of my mind had been imbued with something of that spirit which is not of this world. . . Yet I think myself not warranted in withdrawing from the practices of my fellowmen except when they really involve an encouragement of sin, in which case I do certainly rank races and theaters.

Numberless citations might be given to show that he always looked to God for help when speaking in Parliament, such as the following:

Spoke thirty-five minutes on University Bill with more ease than I had hoped, having been more mindful, or less unmindful, of Divine aid.

A year later he says,

I cannot help here recording that this matter of speaking is really my strongest religious exercise on all occasions, and to-day especially was forced upon me the humiliating sense of my inability to exercise my reason in the face of the House of Commons, and the necessity of my utterly failing unless God gave me the strength and language. . . . He was in my thoughts as a personal and powerful aid.

Many years after,

February 10. Spoke five to nine without great exhaustion. Thank God.

March 9. Spoke on various matters in the Treaty debate. Voted 282 to 56; a most prosperous ending to a great transaction in which I heartily thank God for having given me a share.

Years later still,

This birthday opens my sixtieth year. I descend the hill of life. It would be a truer figure to say I ascend a steepening path with a burden ever gathering weight. The Almighty seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of his own, deeply unworthy as I know myself to be. Glory be to his name.

Mrs. Gladstone declared that her husband, "once impetuous, impatient, irrestrainable, achieved self-mastery and succeeded in the struggle for self-control first by the natural power of his character and second by incessant wrestling in prayer; prayer that had been abundantly answered." He wrote to her on Sunday, January 21, 1844:

There is a beautiful little sentence in the works of Charles Lamb concerning one who had been afflicted. "He gave his heart to the Purifier and his will to the Sovereign Will of the Universe." But there is a speech in the third canto of the Paradise of Dante which is a rare gem. I will quote this one line:

"In la sua volontade è nostra pace."[1]

[1] "In His will is our peace."

The words are few and simple and yet they appear to me to have an inexpressible majesty of truth about them, to be almost as if they were spoken from the very mouth of God. . . . They cannot be too deeply graven upon the heart. In short, what we all want is that they should not come to us as an admonition from without, but as an instinct from within. . . . The final state which we are to contemplate with hope, and to seek by discipline, is that in which our will shall be one with the will of God, not simply submit to it, not simply shall follow after it, but shall live and move with it, even as the pulse of the blood in the extremities acts with the central movement of the heart.

When the government of Lord Beaconsfield was overthrown Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Duke of Argyll:

April 12, 1880. All our heads are still in a whirl from the great events of the last fortnight, which have given joy, I am convinced, to a large majority of the civilized world. The downfall of Beaconsfield is like the vanishing of some vast magnificent castle in an Italian romance. It is too big, however, to be all taken in at once. . . . We may well be content to thank God in silence, but the outlook is tremendous.

Immediately he was summoned by the Queen for the second time to the head of the government and he showed a sense of the need of Divine aid worthy of Moses or Joshua in these words:

May He who has of late so wonderfully guided, guide me still in the critical days about to come.

A month later, after forty-eight years of strenuous life, he met his twelfth Parliament, and the second in which he had been Chief Minister of the Crown. He records it thus:

At 4:15, I went down to the House with Herbert [his son]. There was a great and fervent crowd in the Palace Yard and much feeling in the House. It almost overpowered me as I thought by what deep and hidden agencies I have been brought back into the midst of the vortex of political action.

He then speaks of

The new access of strength which in some important respects has been administered to me in my old age, and the remarkable manner in which Holy Scripture has been applied to me for admonition and for comfort. Looking calmly on this course of experience I do believe that the Almighty has employed me for his purposes in a manner larger and more special than before, and has strengthened me and led me on accordingly.

His sincerity and humility are manifested in his ample apology to two nations for what he bitterly deplored as "an undoubted error, the most singular and palpable, and I may add the least excusable," in declaring "in the heat of the American

struggle that Jefferson Davis had made a nation." He adds many self-accusing words, including these:

> My offense was indeed only a mistake, but one of incredible grossness and justly exposed me to very severe blame. . . . I am the more pained and grieved because I have for the last five and twenty years received from the Government and people of America tokens of good will which could not fail to arouse my undying gratitude.

When, because of advancing years and physical feebleness, he gave up Parliamentary life he yet continued his individual activities. At the age of eighty-six he wrote a series of articles for the Sunday School Times entitled The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, and about the same time another series for the North American Review on The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein. On July 25, 1895, the fifty-sixth anniversary of his marriage, there was a great family gathering at Hawarden, and at its close Mr. Gladstone spoke in the town hall of Chester, near by, for more than an hour, paying his respects to "The Unspeakable Turk," on the Armenian outrages. The London Times characterized that address as "quite unparalleled, even as a mere physical achievement, by a man advanced in his eighty-sixth year." To his greatly beloved little granddaughter and playmate, Dorothy Drew, he wrote an invitation consisting of six stanzas, of which these are the first and the last:

> I know where there is honey in a jar
> Meet for a certain little friend of mine,
> And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
> That only want small hands to intertwine
> A wreath for such a golden head as thine.
> . . . . . .
> So, come, thou playmate of my closing day,
> The latest treasure life can offer me,
> And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
> Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
> Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.
>
> ———
>
> Such things may show
> How far into the arctic region of our lives
> The Gulf Stream of our youth may flow.

In the weeks of his agonizing pain he complained not, but "said he had enjoyed so many thousand hours without pain that he was willing to accept this suffering from the hands of Provi-

dence. . . . He walked bravely on into the valley of the shadow, and it was light everywhere before him. The old hymns he had so often sung on Sunday afternoons with his family were sung to him now. His son (a clergyman) read the Litany to him day by day and he feebly murmured Amen. His whole life had been an amen to all the divine impulses and hopes embodied in the Cross of Jesus Christ."

Our brief and rapid survey of the life of one so noble and so devout may most fitly close with his own words, which show yet once more, in simplest phrase, level to the common mind, the key and the inspiration of his great career:

> If I am asked, "What is the remedy for the deepest sorrows of the human heart?" I must point to something which in the well-known hymn is called, "the old, old story," told in an old book, and taught in the old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best guide ever given to mankind.

Cyrus D. Foss

## Art. III.—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR: LAUREL-DECKED

> For dear the bondman holds his gifts
> Of music and of song,
> The gold that kindly Nature sifts
> Among his sands of wrong.
>
> *John Greenleaf Whittier: Port Royal.*

Paul Laurence Dunbar was another emancipator of his race. He set it free from the imputation that the crudities and vulgarities of the minstrel stage are the best products of which it is capable. Indeed he proved these alien to the true spirit of the race, which is really one of gentle delicacy and not one of blare and guffaw. He has faithfully reflected in his verse the warm hopefulness and quaint philosophy of cabin, field, and hearthside. He has skillfully, and in a captivating way, mirrored the beauty of paternal, conjugal, and filial love. He was loyal to his race. Like a prophet he felt himself identified with his people. He suffered and rejoiced as they suffered and rejoiced. He never sought to erase racial peculiarities from what he wrote. Fame and comparative wealth did not turn his head or cause him to forget or be ashamed of his lowly kindred. On the contrary, he stood for them, incarnating as he did their hopes and fears. So he could write, almost imperiously,

> Hear me pleading now,
> Who bearest unashamed upon my brow
> The long kiss of the loving tropic sun.

There is something fairly majestic in his mental vision of the progress of his people from the abyss of servitude to the heights of enfranchised and educated manhood as he writes,

> Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race.

The temporary arrests of this moving pageant were to him only new assurances that it would finally reach the goal:

> Heed not the darkness round you, dull and deep,
> The clouds grow thickest when the summit's nigh.

He reaches his highest note in his passionate protest against peonage:

> Did sanctioned Slavery bow its conquered head
> That this unsanctioned crime might rise instead?
> . . . . . .
> Is it for this we all have felt the flame,
> This newer bondage and this deeper shame?

Love of his people made him keenly appreciative of their benefactors, in praise of whom he wrote his stateliest lines. Of Harriet Beecher Stowe, he says:

> At one stroke she gave
> A race to freedom and herself to fame.

And of the emancipator:

> Grave Lincoln came, strong-handed, from afar,
> The mighty Homer of the lyre of war.
> . . . . .
> Wrenched from his harp the harmony of peace,
> Muted the strings that made the discord—wrong.
> . . . . . .
> Earth learned of thee what heaven already knew,
> And wrote thee down among her treasured few.

This splendid, unerring fidelity to his blood is a substantial contribution to the power which will ultimately give his class a stable position at home and abroad. He is in himself, in the ultimate analysis, as William Dean Howells suggests, evidence of the unity of the human race which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but human in all.

Dunbar maintained the same noble attitude toward his art that he did toward his race—he had the highest possible ideal of it. Evidences abound of his painstaking care. He was never hasty, rushed to print. Publishers could entreat, promise, cajole, and threaten for copy. He was unmoved if he felt himself sterile or if his product was not polished to his liking. The monetary was not the highest, if indeed it was ever any motive at all, although he does laughingly say in The Lapse, "Cheques are pleasing." Robert Ingersoll, in a letter to Dr. H. A. Tobey, said that William Dean Howells was thought to have done a great service for Dunbar in his well-known affirmation that he was

the first black man to feel the life of the negro æsthetically, and to express it lyrically. But Mr. Ingersoll went on to say, whether correctly or not is not here affirmed, that it was an open question whether Mr. Howells had not done Dunbar an actual disservice, for he stumbled over his pure and polished verses, full of philosophic thought, and lifted to general view only his dialect ditty. Dunbar himself deprecated the common indifference to his thoughtful work when he said, in his verse, The Poet,

> He voiced the world's absorbing beat
> . . . . . .
> But ah! the world is turned to praise
> A jingle in a broken tongue.

Here also is incidental evidence that he rated his own work correctly. In his poem entitled Misapprehension he deprecates the habitual quest of the humorous in his lines:

> Out of my heart one day I wrote a song
> With my heart's blood imbued,
> Instinct with passion, tremulously strong,
> With grief subdued,
> Breathing a fortitude
> Pain bought.
> And one who claimed much love for what I wrought
> Read and considered it
> And spoke,
> "Ah, brother, 'tis well writ,
> But where's the joke?"

In Prometheus he pictures the god as stealing heaven's sacred fires to light the vestal flames of poesy—but affirms:

> 'Twas all in vain that ill Prometheus fared,
> The fire has been returned to heaven again—
> . . . . . .
> We have no voice so mellow, sweet and strong
> As that which broke from Shelley's golden throat.
> . . . . . .
> We tinkle where old poets used to storm,
> We lack their substance, tho' we keep their form,
> We strum our banjo strings and call them lyres—

Dunbar's few drops of acid have all the more acerbity because of his prevailing, almost inveterate sweetness. It is doubtful if

his retort to a captious critic is anywhere surpassed in its line of irony:

> Dear Critic, who my lightness so deplores,
> Would I might study to be "prince of bores,"
> Right wisely would I rule that dull estate,
> But, sir, I may not till you abdicate.

Again in his lines, Theology,

> There is a hell I'm quite as sure: for, pray,
> If there were not, where would my neighbors go?

And again,

> "I am but clay," the sinner plead,
> Who fed each vain desire;
> "Not only clay," another said,
> "But worse, for thou art mire."

Again witness the fine irony and cleverness of his retort to the preacher who enjoins upon his congregation the keeping of a cheerful countenance under all circumstances:

> But its easy 'nough to titter w'en de stew is smokin' hot
> But hits mighty ha'd to giggle w'en dey's nuffin in de pot.

Two excerpts illustrate his opposite styles of serious and chaste composition, his literary English, on one hand, and his serio-comic dialect and lyric verse on the other. Together they indicate his strong religious temperament in general and his fervent faith in immortality in particular:

> When all is done say not my day is o'er,
> And that, through night, I seek a dimmer shore,
> Say rather that my morn has just begun;
> I greet a dawn, and not a setting sun,
> When all is done.

In the other he describes himself as a lorn lover approaching the cabin home of his lady. The door stands ajar and the hearth-fire shines through. But he hesitates and trembles on the very brink of bliss until he hears her glad voice within, speaking its welcome:

> Howdy, honey, howdy! wont you step right in?

with a species of naive audacity he turns the scene and pictures the approach of his soul to heaven, timorous and shrinking:

> At de gate o' heaven, we'en de storm o' life is pas',
> Spec' I'll be a stan'in, twell de Mastah say at las',
> "Hyeaeh he stan' all weary, but he winned his fight wid sin,
> Howdy, honey, howdy! wont you step right in?"

How easily the silver pendulum of his muse swings from ironical merriment to a stately pathos is illustrated by the poems Life and Conscience,

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy and a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but a moan comes double,
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With a smile to warm and a tear to refresh us,
And joy seems sweeter when care comes after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter,
And that is life!

"Good-bye," I said to my Conscience.
"Good-bye for aye and aye,"
And I put her hands off harshly
And turned my face away,
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day,

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace,
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,"
And "I long to see thy face,"
But Conscience cried, "I cannot,
Remorse sits in my place."

Both verses remind one strangely of the "words of the Preacher, the son of David, King in Jerusalem."

Dunbar was a brother to all nature, animate and inanimate. He lived in closest, most sympathetic contact with it. No form, no mood escaped his appreciative and practiced eye. Animals, fields, flowers, trees, hills, and rivers were his companions. He affectionately calls the violet "my little sister of the woods;" he talks of the "red-gemmed holly and the pearl-like berries of the mistletoe." No "bushtail squirrel" or "bobtail rabbit" could elude his friendly eye. All the birds were his mates, and he knew their notes, habits, and haunts. He names the mocking bird, robin, dove, sparrow, meadow lark, blue bird, lark, whip-poor-will, and the sea gull. His comical but sincere protest against the marring and sullying of nature by the mercenary art

and traffic of man would have given joy to the heart of John Ruskin:

Thy music now the engines' scream,
  Thy fragrance now the factory smell,
The wooded lanes with shade and gleam,
  Where bloomed the fragrant asphodel,
Now bleak commercially teem
  With signs "To let," "To buy," "To sell."
With vulgar sport she now combines
  Sweet Nature's piping voice to quell.
Arcady now has trolley lines.

Thus at every point Dunbar betrays his close sympathetic observation of nature and human nature. Nothing escaped him—nothing was deemed too insignificant to be woven into the fabric of his song. These various treasures of long mental notation glint like jewels in his lines. He was also an alert and appreciative listener. No odd phrase or unique conception eluded him. His mind was absorbent of everything in his path that was "worth while." A gentle and genial spirit, he kept moving among his fellows, taking toll from them when they were least aware of it. In the reservoir of a retentive memory all his observations, all quaint phrases he had collected and conned, were kept safe and solvent. On occasion, and almost automatically, the cerebral reservoir discharged its treasure, either in passionate torrents or in iridescent jets of fancy, but always sanely, lucidly, and with charming verbal melody—the rhythm of his race—making in all an altogether wholesome and joyous criticism of life.

A great and irremediable sorrow gnawed at his young and sensitive heart. He does not obtrude it, but he does make serious although indirect revelation of it, as, for example, in the lines End of the Chapter:

Ah, yes, the chapter ends to-day,
We even lay the book away,
But O, how sweet the moments sped
Before the final page was read.

Again, in another poem, occur the significant words:

I hold for my own possessing
  A mount that is lone and still,
The great high place of a hopeless grief
  And I call it my "Heart Break Hill."

His great solace was his art. He reveals his joy in it in the Poet and his Songs even if there were no ears to hear or lips to praise:

> What matters yon unheeding throng?
> . . . . . .
> I sing my song and all is well.

This black bard, son of slaves, himself drank deep at the fountain of Freedom. There was nothing left of the servile to find expression either in his bearing or his verse. On the contrary, he always breathed the genial and joyous spirit of liberty. He was especially unfettered in his style—saying:

> No garb conventional but I'll attack it.

This trait expresses itself well in his poem, Differences:

> My neighbor lives on a hill,
> And I in a valley dwell,
> My neighbor must look down on me,
> Must I look up?—ah well!
> My neighbor lives on a hill,
> And I in a valley dwell
> His face is a book of woe,
> And mine a song of glee,
> A slave he is to the great They Say,
> But I am bold and free.

The tropical wealth of Paul Laurence Dunbar's genius proved itself in the variety of its expression. He was not limited in the avenues of his approach to the reading world. Many doors were open before him. For example, he had a dignified and ambitious verse in which he expressed himself with an almost classic precision. Then comes his hap-hazard but melodious lyric of smile and laughter which will preserve forever the sunny optimism of the negro while at the same time it keeps as if in a cabinet the odd phrase of his "broken tongue" which will sometime be as much of a verbal curio as the Shropshire and cockney preserved in Dickens. The words of these songs fit so finely to harmony that more than half a hundred have been easily set to music. It is not generally known, however, that Dunbar was also a serious prose writer and that a judicious critic has pronounced him "a master in the difficult art of writing a long novel of sustained interest." His Uncalled, for example, shows beyond question that he knew

how to lay out a plot, to evolve his central hero and keep minor characters in relation, play the comic against the serious, and preserve the balance of the whole. Had his life been spared it is not improbable that his fiction would have stood in relation to his verse as the novels of Walter Scott do to his poems. He also essayed to be a dramatist. He wrote at least one short play, which is still in manuscript. His last strong wish was to see it put upon the stage. He said to a friend, "How I long for the night which shall be 'first night' for my dramatic effort." He expressed more interest in it than in his fiction or verse.

It was a pedagogic axiom of John Ruskin that poor cerebral soil should have comparatively small attention, for it has its limitations and not much can be expected of it at best, but that for good soil every endeavor should be made because of its comparatively limitless powers of production. On this hypothesis one thinks regretfully that this young genius of delicate frame and intense sensibility need ever toil as a factory hand and have his schooling abruptly terminate at twenty. Suppose Dunbar's frail health could have been conserved, and he have been given a university and post-graduate course and European and Oriental travel, how the world would have been repaid a hundred fold. But some one would say, "Would not this have spoiled him?" No! A true gem, as he was, takes the grinding. Only paste goes to powder. Another will say, "Must not the poet learn in suffering what he teaches in song—and must not the terms on which the singer gathers his laurels always be obdurate?" Again, No! A keenly sensitive soul can sympathetically diagnose and faithfully portray the sufferings of others without a personal ordeal of pain. The contention is just this: if the admirers who now propose to rear a marble shaft, utterly useless to him now that he is dead, had clubbed together to give him when alive the facilities suggested, Paul Laurence Dunbar, humanly speaking, might be alive and doing more and better work than ever.

William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, James Lane Allen and Robert Ingersoll is the jury which named Paul Laurence Dunbar poet laureate of the Negro Race. But when all is said his true

distinction lies in the fact that he interpreted the particular to the universal; the Negro to the whole human race. He also demonstrated by his own genius that the negro also belongs to the divine family on earth in spite of all prejudiced denial. He easily molded the white man's language into the modes of thought of the black man, and vice versa; thus showing that they are interchangeable. So the community of genius is illustrated and proven. The accident of his seniority as the poet of his race would alone insure him a permanent place. He is the first among ten million. Again, he did not inherit, he originated. His race had nothing to transmit in the way of literary or poetic instinct or training. That this young negro should take up what has heretofore been the white man's own distinctive art, and excel and surpass in it, is the marvel of the hour. The Caucasian's wealth of literary inheritance and training of several millenniums seemed to give him no advantage over the meagerly furnished and heavily handicapped son of Ham. Right worthily is Paul Laurence Dunbar laurel-decked.

## PERSONALIA

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Born, Dayton, Ohio, June 27, 1872.
Died, Dayton, Ohio, February 9, 1906.
Age 33 years.
Mother, emancipated slave.
Father, slave, escaped from Kentucky to Canada via underground railway.
Educated, Dayton Common Schools.
Graduated, Steele High School, Dayton, 1891.
Wrote Class Poem.
Editor-in-chief High School Times, 1891.
President Philomathea Society, 1891.
Only colored man ever elected to above two positions.
Clerk in Haytian Building, World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.
Tour of England, reading and reciting, 1896, eight months.
Employments while in school, and early part of literary career, were elevator boy, court page, and position in Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.
Married Alice Moore, New York City, 1898.
Miss Moore was school teacher, short-story magazine writer and author of two volumes: Violets and Other Tales, and The Goodness of Saint Roque.
Separated by mutual consent, 1900.
Pathetic Poem, End of the Chapter, commemorates this event.

*His Last Work*

His last dialect poem was entitled "Sling Along."

Among his last English poems was one entitled, "Equipment." Four stanzas refer to himself.

His last poem, one stanza, was addressed to his friend, Dr. Burns, who was also his physician, and who died three months before Dunbar. These as yet unpublished.

*Dates of Publication of Dunbar's Several Volumes*

1893. Oak and Ivy. (Poems.) United Brethren Publishing Company. Out of print. Single copies now sell at $4.00.

1895. Majors and Minors. (Poems.) Hadley & Hadley, Toledo, O.

1898. Folks from Dixie. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co. The Uncalled. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

1899. Lyrics of the Hearthside. (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co. Poems of Cabin and Field. (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

1900. The Strength of Gideon. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co. The Love of Landry. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

1901. Candle-Lighting Time (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co. The Fanatics. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

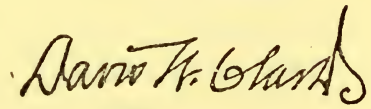
1902. The Sport of the Gods. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co. The Jest of Fate. (Same book under different title.) (Prose.) Jarrold & Sons, London.

1903. Lyrics of Love and Laughter. (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co. In Old Plantation Days. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co. When Malindy Sings. (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

1904. Lyrics of Lowly Life. (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co. Li'l Gal.' (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co. The Heart of Happy Hollow. (Prose.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

1905. Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow. (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co. Howdy, Honey, Howdy. (Poems.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

Two books were written and the publication anticipated before Dunbar's death. One book poetry, illustrated, and one prose, novel.



## Art. IV.—THE TYPE AS THE SUBJECT OF GREEK ART

It is a matter of common knowledge that Greek art deals, not with the individual, but with the type. Regarded by some as a defect, by others as constituting its chief title to supremacy, this quality has not always been understood. The following discussion will be an endeavor to define the sense in which the type may be said to be the subject of Greek art and to correlate with this principle certain aspects of Hellenic thought and criticism not commonly regarded in that light.

Greek art, perhaps beyond that of any other people, is frankly humanist. When one speaks of it one thinks not of landscape, but of man. From the earliest period of their history to the latest, man was at the focus of the Greeks' interest, whatever the sphere. The artistic representation of man, as of other subjects, calls for the adjustment of several factors. In every art there are certain traditions or conventions: the first artist did not by one creative act present his subject in a manner exactly reproducing nature, nor have any of his successors been able to escape the resort to makeshifts and compromises. Quite apart from any consideration of the question, in itself sufficiently perplexing, as to the end to be attained—whether, that is to say, art should copy nature realistically or content itself with a summarized and idealized transcription—there arises the practical problem of the means to be employed in executing it. Here the adaptation of habits already established to the newly-conceived purpose is a task of the first importance. Yet these refinements of method plainly correspond to a clearer definition of the mental image. The discovery of the laws of foreshortening is a case in point. Heraclitus could believe that the disk of the sun was no larger than it looks; even so great a thinker as Democritus could suppose that if the atmosphere were pure enough we might descry an ant on the vault of heaven. Polygnotus had a correspondingly naive mode of representing the differences between foreground and background, figures being drawn to the same scale, the more distant raised to a higher level. Plato was aware that distant

objects look smaller, and it was during the course of the fourth century that geometers solved the simpler problems of optics and scene-painters applied the principles of perspective to the stage. Thus there comes gradually into existence a complex of artistic habits, which at its worst, we may call convention, or style, at its best. This distinction is not a rigid one, nor are the limitations thus imposed upon the artist to be regarded as restrictions. They constitute in fact his guides to the discovery of beauty; for into the conception of the subject as defined by style there inevitably enters in some measure the standard of taste and beauty recognized by the community. It is therefore as a positive, directive principle that the conception of beauty is to be regarded; and, though the artist may rebel against this form of social control, it will be found operative even when least acknowledged. No true work of art is, however, solely the product of style. It is rather the resultant of this, the generalizing and normative force, in conjunction with the individual, which is either personal self-expression or the direct observation of nature. Without style this expression would be inarticulate, without the individual it would lack meaning. It is the indissoluble union of conventional language and of the seer's particular insight that constitutes the message. Hence all art is confined within limits clearly drawn, but the art of different ages and peoples has approached more closely now to this limit, now to that. Egypt came dangerously near to the dead-line of rigidity and enslavement to tradition, while modern art of the impressionist sort threatens to become an inarticulate speaking with tongues that demands an inspired interpreter.

In Greece the two factors, style and nature, conspired in singular harmony to produce a balanced art. It may be useless to inquire into the reasons, and perhaps it is best to say, as has indeed been said, that as there are men of genius so too we are to regard the Greeks as a people of genius. But a sufficient explanation may be found in the sanity of Hellenic life and in the predominance of the intellectual temper. The Greeks, as is commonly the case with men strongly intellectual in character, were visualizers, and possessed as a consequence a plastic

imagination and a love of form in severe and simple outlines. Hence, however well balanced the work of the greatest Hellenic art unquestionably was, there was everywhere observable a preference of style over nature. This truth finds admirable illustration in the characters of Homer. His men and gods are typically human. They are at once types and ideals, though imperfectly moralized. Achilles is the type of heroic valor and might; Odysseus, the type of intelligence coupled with endurance. These characters are typical, moreover, not only in the sense that they represent the common motives of elemental humanity, but also in the sense that the portraiture confines itself to the delineation of those primary traits which distinguish type from type.

It is well known that in his Art of Poetry Horace states the literary practice of the Greeks as it was formulated in their critical maxims. Each branch of art had its own traditions, which imposed themselves upon the worker as fixed prescriptions. "Why call me poet," Horace says, " if I cannot distinguish between the well-marked styles of the several kinds?" Each class of characters likewise has its differentiæ:

> Each speaker let his speech characterize:
> For sure a broad and glaring difference lies,
> Whether a god or hero mount the stage;
> The brisk young spark or man mature in age;
> The dame of rank or nurse of prattling vein;
> The wandering seaman or the peaceful swain;
> One that Assyria or that Colchis fed;
> He that at Argos or at Thebes was bred.

That which Horace here prescribed he learned from the Greeks. In the Ethics and the Rhetoric Aristotle essays such characterizations with keen insight and abundant knowledge of human nature. Theophrastus, his encyclopedic successor, sketches in his Characters men of many types in a style and manner which in modern times provoked La Bruyère to emulation. In Plato's dialogue of that name Socrates inquires of Meno what virtue is, and receives an answer so glibly given that one recognizes at once the schooling of the Sophists: "There will be no difficulty, Socrates," says he, "in answering that. Take first the

virtue of a man: his virtue is to know how to administer the state, in the administration of which he will benefit his friends and damage his enemies, and will take care not to suffer damage himself. A woman's virtue may also be easily described: her virtue is to order her house, and keep what is indoors, and obey her husband. Every age, every condition of life, young or old, male or female, bond or free, has a different virtue: there are virtues numberless, and no lack of definitions of them; for virtue is relative to the actions and ages of each of us in all that we do." In view of such passages it is not difficult to understand why Horace refers the dramatic artist to the Socratic page:

> In the philosophy of man to excel
> Is the prime root and spring of writing well.
> Matter the page Socratic best can show;
> That once provided, words will freely flow.
> When lore has opened to the poet's view
> To country what, and what to friends is due;—
> In what just portion man beneath the names
> Of parent, brother, host, affection claims;—
> To what the senator, the judge, is bound,
> Or chief pavilioned high on tented ground;—
> Doubt not but he each character shall scan,
> And shrewdly fit the manners to the man.

It is evident that man is here regarded as a type. It is not this or that senator whose personal conduct is considered, but the typical senator is viewed as possessing well-defined characteristics common to his kind. Each kind is as much an entity as the fixed species in the animal kingdom; neither owes its origin to man nor to the operation of his intellect. The types are pre-existent; the poet merely "discovers" them. They are given in the mythology which to the Greek poet is to all intents and purposes as much a matter of revelation as the Bible is to the theologian. It is the same with an art-form or a literary kind as with the type of character. The first true poet—Æschylus, let us say, in tragedy—"discovers" it (εὑρίσκει). Only the particular work of art does he truly "create" (ποιεῖ). The philosophy of Aristotle as a whole is merely an elaboration of this fundamental conception. For Aristotle the first principles of every art or science are ultimate truths immediately given.

Only a perfunctory induction is necessary to disclose them, and the artist or scientist applies them by an act of simple analysis which merely develops what is implied in the principles themselves. So, too, the logician finds major and minor premises ready to his hand: he has only to detect the middle term and draw the foregone conclusion. Even the most casual acquaintance with Greek thought will suffice to suggest that all this serves to illustrate the famous Platonic theory of ideas. These eternal archetypes exist independently and outside of the particular. The philosophic soul has beheld them in antenatal, beatific vision: they are the truth; all else is half-truth or mere illusion. The philosopher does not create them by an act of thought, and hence has no control over them; a summary survey of his own mental furniture serves to awaken in him a reminiscence of the truth that had lighted him before he came into this world. It seems strangely paradoxical that the nation most truly creative in the sphere of art should have failed to appreciate the fact of its creativeness. The considerations we have just enumerated must have served to prepare us, however, to comprehend the doctrine that the exercise of art consists in imitation. In a sense the artist of to-day imitates as consciously as his predecessor of old; but the modern reproduces a model and seeks at most to give significance to the particular, whereas the Greek puts into his representation of the type only enough of the concrete human to lend it character. Sophocles, for example, takes the Antigone of mythology and makes of her the incarnation of the law divine in conflict with human statutes; the heroine of Ibsen's the Doll's House, on the contrary, remains to the last a Scandinavian provincial, with but little either in her story or her character calculated to confer upon her a deeper or more universal significance. The Greek style of portraiture as practiced in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., may be well illustrated with reference to Socrates. The representations here selected to exemplify the procedure of the artists are all more or less in the nature of caricatures; but, far from lessening their value, this fact enhances it. Among the ancient sculptures representing Socrates one, a marble bust, is now in the Villa Albani at Rome; another is preserved

in the National Museum at Naples. A study of the heads shows that they are late copies of originals dating from the fourth century, some time after the death of Socrates. A comparison of the portraits proves that both are idealized, exaggerating now this, now that characteristic of the strange face as depicted in literature. In each case the effort is made to penetrate the ungainly exterior and reveal the sacred treasure in the earthen vessel. In literature, aside from the undoubtedly idealized portraits of Plato and Xenophon, we have the caricature of Aristophanes in the Clouds. Some scholars even have been deceived by the artist, failing to use the light afforded by literary tradition. On examining the Clouds one finds that Socrates is represented as a Sophist deeply concerned about cosmology and meteorology, keeping a "reflectory" wherein his jaundiced disciples starve while they devote themselves to the study of grammar, to the art of making the worse cause prevail over the better, and disposing of the belief in the gods by arguments both futile and puerile. It has long been known that this indictment contains not a word of truth, so far as it applies to Socrates; and one cannot suppose that Aristophanes was ignorant of the facts. The good-humored tone in which Socrates in the Apology alludes to the charge of Aristophanes, and the good-fellowship which characterizes the charming scene in Plato's Banquet where poet and sage discourse till dawn on the subject of the drama, forbid us to believe that there was a suggestion of malice in the comic poet's portrait.

A clue to the explanation is afforded by Athenæus and Eustathius. The former says that the Flatterers of Eupolis was staged in 421 B. C.; the latter adds the information that in this play Eupolis ridiculed "Protagoras, the physical philosopher, who spoke pretentiously and sinfully of the things in the heavens, and ate that which came from the ground." Protagoras had come to Athens before 425 and had won for himself great renown, being then and thereafter regarded as the greatest and most brilliant of the Sophists. The Clouds was produced in 423. Aristophanes, casting about for a subject suited for a comedy, hit upon the Sophists. Who so well represented this class of men as the brilliant Protagoras? It was he who first exacted pay for his instruc-

tion, a trait by Aristophanes transferred to Socrates; it was he who first distinguished the gender of nouns, which is likewise ascribed to Socrates; it was he who first professed to teach the art of making the worse cause prevail over the better, obtaining the nickname Logos, to which allusion is made in the contest between the two Logoi; it was he who declared man the measure of all things, a doctrine to which several humorous references are made in the Clouds; finally, it was Protagoras who said, "As touching the gods, I do not know whether they exist or not, nor how they are featured; for there is much to prevent our knowing: the obscurity of the subject and the brevity of human life." We noted above that Protagoras was said by Eupolis to eat that which came from the earth. It is scarcely too fanciful to discover in these words an allusion to the amusing situation in the Clouds where Strepsiades asks what the disciples of Socrates are looking for as they gaze intently at the earth. On being told that they are looking for the things beneath the earth, he says, "Then they must be looking for carrots. Don't worry about that; for I know where there are some fine big ones." There are many other references to pre-Socratics, Sophists and philosophers alike, which make it evident that Aristophanes was consciously producing a composite portrait; but the features of Protagoras stand out too clearly to admit of doubt as to his main purpose. What, then, we must inquire, was his object in affixing the name of Socrates to his sketch? We may grant that he had not the insight to distinguish between the constructive thought of Socrates and the subversive, destructive criticism of the Sophists; but the determining reason for his procedure is to be sought in the requirements of his art. Protagoras might serve admirably as the typical Sophist; but none could offer more effective suggestions for the comic mask than the grotesque Socrates. The portrait of the Clouds, therefore, is typical in the extreme, with only enough of the individuality of Socrates to serve the ends of caricature.

Let us now turn our attention again to Greek tragedy. Since Æschylus was regarded as the "discoverer" of this art, his predecessors seemed to be wholly negligible. Their plays hardly

deserved the name of tragedy; they had groped about in the dark and had failed to find the object of their quest. Æschylus having discovered the type, his plays necessarily fixed it. Henceforth a tragedy, to deserve the name, must agree with his in form and spirit. A striking proof of the exceptional position which he held in his art is afforded by the decree passed by the Athenians after his death that anyone who proposed to exhibit one of his plays should receive a chorus from the archon. Aspirants for the prize would therefore have to expect the competition of Æschylus. Thus his works constituted a norm or standard by which the plays of the day must be judged. In the fourth century the same honor, but in a modified form, was conferred also upon Sophocles and Euripides; but at that time these heroes of the past were regarded rather as silent monitors of a golden age lost beyond recovery; for, though regularly reproduced, the old plays were no longer admitted to competition with the new. In the vigorous maturity of tragedy during the fifth century, however, refinement and variation of the type discovered by Æschylus were still regarded as both possible and desirable. Thus Sophocles was thought to have improved upon his predecessor in several particulars. He added a third actor and perfected the integrity and unity of the drama by limiting the action to a single play, instead of continuing it through three or four. And verily he had his reward. Aristotle, herein unquestionably voicing the critical judgment of the Athenians of the fifth century, held him up to admiration as the perfect poet. The reception accorded to Euripides by his contemporaries might appear at first sight as wholly anomalous. It is well-known that there was not in sculpture a single type, say, of Athena; but each aspect of her many-sided character received at the hands of successive artists its ideal treatment. Why then, one is tempted to ask, could not the Muse of tragedy assume as many forms? Accustomed as we are to the countless varieties of the drama it is difficult for us to perceive that, to the Greeks, tragedy appeared to be a distinct literary kind, standing quite alone. When Euripides, therefore, entered in the competition for the tragic prize dramas of a wholly different kind, both in form and spirit, he was felt to be departing from the truth revealed to

Æschylus, and he was anathema. It has been said, not without a certain measure of justice, that there runs a clear line of development from Æschylus through Euripides to Menander, which leaves Sophocles on one side. Æschylus, especially in the Oresteia, approximated to the individualization of character that is distinctive of modern art, and Euripides continued in the same direction. He emphasized to some extent the minor traits which distinguish man from man, and hence became to a degree a realist. Sophocles avowedly idealized, saying that he drew men "as they ought to be drawn; Euripides, as they are." This judgment involves moral ideals no less than the generic types. Menander went even farther on the road to realism, but, while Euripides was blamed, he was praised. One reason for this difference of judgment is doubtless to be found in the fact that comedy was not regarded as an art in the same sense as tragedy. "So some have asked, if comedy be poetry or no," says Horace; and Cicero expressed the same doubt. If, then, comedy was not in the strictest sense an art, the playwright was not under the same necessity to observe the traditions. The fact that tragedy reproduced the type had a further consequence which is of some importance. While modern drama finds its most congenial theme in the development of character, Greek tragedy presents no example of it. One might, indeed, incline to account for this difference by referring to the stricter observance of the unity of time on the part of the ancients. But, even allowing the severest restrictions as to time in the individual drama, it is evident that the trilogy afforded exceptionally favorable opportunities, if such a procedure had been consistent with the genius of Greek tragedy. Yet in the Oresteia, the only extant trilogy, there is no hint of character development. One may be tempted to cite the Alcestis; but one needs only to be reminded that it is the Admetus of Browning, not the Admetus of Euripides, who experiences the change of heart. Greek drama confines itself almost entirely to the development of a situation. As character development is possible only on the basis of a considerable individualization of character, it is not without interest to remark that the only instances of even presumptive change of heart in

ancient drama, those, to wit, in the Brothers and the Self-Tormentor of Terence, owe their origin to Menander, the disciple of Euripides. The use of the mask in the Greek theater should not be forgotten in this connection. The stereotyped forms, of which Pollux enumerates twenty-eight, and the absence of facial expression conditioned by the use of them, prevented those finer differentiations of mood and character which constitute the interest of the modern play. A change of mask was possible, and was no doubt employed at times to denote reversal of fortune; but the mask remained only a mask.

Sophocles was primarily an artist, and his plays reflect the harmony of his soul. But "Euripides the human" was first and last a student of human nature, and as such his interest centered in his characters. Soliloquy, devoted to a keen analysis of motives and to a faithful representation of the play of emotions, assumes marked prominence in his plays. Homer and Archilochus do, indeed, present examples of the now familiar address of the speaker to his own soul; but with them there is little evidence of a conflict waging in the speaker's heart. Not so Euripides. In his Medea, for example, the interest centers about the mental anguish due to the heroine's passion for revenge in conflict with the tender instincts of a mother's love. The *motif*, however, was henceforth to be a prime favorite, as witness the Heroines of Ovid and the Medea of Seneca.

While the seed sown by Euripides fell in his day on barren ground, circumstances were rather more favorable to Menander. His first play was staged in the year of Alexander's death. Thus his entire literary career falls within the era of individualism dating from that epoch. The spirit of the age manifests itself in countless forms. Human progress and thought cease to be impersonal, and scholars begin to display an interest in the particular opinions of thinkers for their own sakes. Theophrastus is prompted to research, and compiles the first history of philosophy. Antigonus of Carystus writes the first biographies that betray an interest in the personality of the subject. Artistic portraiture, which has hitherto aimed at reproduction of the type, now directs a more curious attention to the individuality

of the man. Public life yields to private life and the familiar haunts of the citizen about the agora are no longer able to monopolize his affection to the prejudice of his home, which begins to assume a significance and a splendor hitherto unknown in Greece. Men are found to say that the form of government is a matter of indifference so long as it does not interfere with private interests. Philosophy, whether Stoic, Epicurean, or Skeptic, aims first of all to secure the peace and happiness of the individual, even truth being a secondary consideration. And finally religion, which in the olden days had been essentially a concern of the state, and calculated to guarantee its stability and perpetuity, now addresses itself to the individual soul, promising comfort here and blessedness hereafter. The life of Greece had undergone a change. Coincident with this inner transformation came a collapse political, social, and industrial. It is common to say that the marvelous productivity of the Greeks had become exhausted. Hence historians carry their story down to the death of Alexander and drop it in his grave. One is tempted to ask whether this is not a mistake. The epic expired in the seventh century; melic poetry in the sixth; choral lyric and tragedy in the fourth. Each art had discovered its type, had brought it to perfection, and had rapidly gone to decay; yet Greece lived on. There was nothing in the change at the close of the fourth century essentially different from this. The types, as generalizations of past experience and embodiments of old ideals, had failed: like the proverbial old bottles, they could not support the ferment of the new wine. And there was new wine in abundance. It was an age of intellectual activity, although the times were not ripe for a reconstruction on new principles. Indeed the activity we behold was chiefly of the negative and destructive sort. The "hungry Greekling" who lived by his wits is the type of this epoch. As is commonly the case in a period of transition, the men of that time were versatile and superficial just because there were no unquestioned verities upon which one could rear the edifice of a symmetrical life. Aristotle's philosophy, the final codification of Greek thought as directed to the ideal and the typical, was antiquated as soon as formulated. It played no part until the

shadow of death had fallen upon all things Greek in the darkness of the Middle Age. But meanwhile Stoics and Skeptics had been busily engaged in sapping the foundations of his system; and, though we are rather tardy in our recognition of the fact, their work contributed not a little to the development of a modern theory of logic.

Greek art did not utterly perish. The universal elements gave place to the individual, outline yielded to decoration, and the claims of the intellect were subordinated to those of sense. But this does not mean merely that the old order had passed away; it betokens the birth of a new order, the beginnings of which were everywhere discernible. It is a mistake to look for evidences of an incipient reconstruction in the higher realms of synthesis and theory. Such things come when the fruitage of an age has been garnered. Yet in many particular fields there was maturing a rich harvest. In mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, geography, metallurgy, physiology, medicine, and philology, the last days of ancient Greece gave proof of her vitality. It was chiefly in the sphere of criticism, alike of art and literature, that the authority of the golden age was never disputed. This should not seem strange to one who has seen Virgil pay homage to Aratus and Dante to the least of Roman poets, such as Statius. After the richest harvest of the Grecian prime had been garnered into the royal libraries, the wheat was winnowed from the chaff. Canons of classic authors were sanctioned; principles, deduced from the practice of the masters, were accepted as ultimate and mandatory; and artistic procedure was condemned to imitation in a secondary sense—not imitation of the ideal type, as was the case in the days of the masters, but imitation of the masters themselves. This holds true of sculpture as well as of literature: in the latest period of antiquity were produced those faithful copies of the masterpieces of Phidias and Polyclitus to which we owe our knowledge of the originals; as in the church in after times the imitation of the great Exemplar enthroned in heaven was succeeded by the imitation of his saints. The former is felt to be too high; enfeebled human nature cannot attain unto the fullness of his stature. Plato had asserted as a

fact that art is the imitation of an imitation, and had therefore condemned it as unreal. Now this menial service of despair is commended as a means of grace. The historical reason for this lame conclusion to the splendid career of Greek art is not far to seek. In their higher development the Greeks stood quite alone. Their relations to their predecessors in Egypt and Mesopotamia were such as of necessity seemed to them chiefly negative. Their art life appeared unique, the flowering of a plant, originated by a strange saltus of mutation which left it alone and incapable of perpetuating itself. We have learned enough of the principles of human progress to know that such a view is very wide of the truth. Unsurpassed as Greek art is in its kind, it is only one of the forms in which the art instinct may embody itself.

Because of their isolation it is easy to excuse the Greeks for their want of historical perspective; it is otherwise with those who have essayed to interpret their art and literature to the modern world. Too often these critics have regarded the ancient masterpieces merely as unapproachable models, which the artist of to-day must nevertheless imitate if he would accomplish anything worthy of praise. It is customary to apply to the Greeks their own standards only, thus passing summary sentence of condemnation upon those who, like Euripides, were laying, however imperfectly, the foundations of an art with other ideals. Criticism, to be just, should consider both the worth of the ideal, as judged by its relation to the development of the human spirit, and the measure of success with which the artist's work embodies that ideal. In any such survey the universality and the intellectuality of Greek art, due to its devotion to the ideal type, may be trusted to win for it the enthusiastic recognition and approval of those who know it best.

W. Arthur Heidel

## Art. V.—SHAKESPEARE'S CONTEMPT FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

The infallibility of Shakespeare is an article in every orthodox literary creed. The righteousness of democracy is another. It may have far less than thirty-nine articles, but these two it must contain. For consistency, then, Shakespeare must speak as a prophet of democracy. "The strength of civil wisdom" and a "collected system of civil and economical prudence" ought to be culled from his pages, yet there, written plain upon many of them, is a contempt for the common people that laughs our modern ideas to scorn.

His fancy, like Ariel's flight, could wing its way whither it would, but it could not outstrip the Middle Age prejudice against the working masses, nor in its loftiest sweep catch one hint of the modern estimate of the common man. Every sort of villain is seen upon those deep-dyed pages, from the assassin hired for the night to the serpent-like Iago and the trembling Lady Macbeth. But his common people are not even capable of villainy, they are simply stupid. Every sort of wag and fool, from Justice Shallow to the melancholy Jacques and the incomparable Jack Falstaff, is depicted, but the working men are only blunderers. The aristocratic merchants of Italy, the patricians of Rome, the nobles of France, the lords and kings of England, from viper-like Richard to sublime old Lear, all these of the purple and fine linen crowd that splendid stage at any lifting of his magic wand, and around the feet of these crouch and crawl "the mutable rank-scented many." Heroes, from Cæsar to Hotspur, hold the destinies of nations at the point of their swords, for the battles are all won by generals and the nations saved by kings. His dramas are wrought out in courts and palaces; the populace is only the stupid onlooker or the coarse and cowardly destroyer. He perverts the whole story of Plutarch to degrade the Roman populace. Coriolanus, single-handed, can turn the fate of Rome. Blows may fall upon his dauntless head—they pain him not; blood flows in copious streams—it never weakens

such a hero; valor and strength are in every move. Opposed to him are "the souls of geese that bear the shapes of men." Jack Cade's rebellion was a protest of manly and rough-handed peasants that had reasons enough in harsh measures long suffered; but in Shakespeare's page this pathetic and ill-guided outburst is treated as a savage revel of raw anarchists. King John marches with red hands across the stage, but there is not a word of the Magna Charta. Norman and Saxon are all one to Shakespeare. He knows nothing of Alva or St. Bartholomew. The Field of the Cloth of Gold, however, is sacred soil because an English king won victory there. He drew his materials from the chronicles of old England steeped in a chivalry that knew only knights and ladies. The Italian sources from which he transcribed much has as little heart in their intrigues and passions as Iago himself. Shakespeare found an historic basis for all he wrote. He kept close to reality in all this. In the Greek and Latin plays and histories from which he gleaned there were citizens and slaves. In all the Middle Age world a back-ground of peasantry stood sullen and changeless. In his own world of the theater there were groundlings on the benches, well-to-do in the boxes, and the nobles crowded the edge of the stage itself. This picture of the world he saw no reason to alter. The "greasy cap," the "stinking breath" of "the million," he scorned. Tender, just, and wise he was, looking with open eyes into the mysteries of the human soul; yet one of the noblest efforts of that inner life to make better his nation—the laying of the foundations of the new era of the Puritan and the democrat—was lying at his feet, and he saw it not. The reasons why his eyes were holden are not hard to find. Shakespeare was the voice of the Elizabethan era. He was a man of his time; a man of all time indeed, for no age can ever listen to those gorgeous and affluent sentences or hear the wisdom of those deathless phrases without seeing itself anew. But he was distinctly the voice of this wonderful Elizabethan age.

Before 1550 England had only the sign of literature; four years after Shakespeare's last play the drama had lost its power and was in conscious decay. The surprise came in splendor with Spenser, then swiftly the noon-day came, the air vibrant

and musical with three hundred poets; then the decline as swift; the gloom, decay, and silence. "The age suddenly changed temper." Shakespeare's twenty-five years in London saw it all. There was a freedom to try everything in the new-found use of the English tongue. Freshness, spontaneity, gaiety, are everywhere in that dramatic lyric day. The riotous love of color, the cloying sweetness in sonnets and lyrics, the experiments in plot and meter, all tell of a day when the world was young. The gates of the West had just opened to reveal a new world, the wrecks of the Armada were still upon the shores of England, the classic ages coming through Italy were pouring their wealth of beauty into the English mind; the night and chill of the Middle Ages was gone, but all the glamour of knighthood and romantic love still shimmered in this crisp morning air. But the Queen, the Court, and London filled all that resplendent day. The people looked small and mean to the wayward and brilliant company of men who gathered in the taverns and theaters and palaces to write their sonnets and indite their dramas. It was very much the custom of that frank and youthful age to wear its heart on its sleeve, and the young Shakespeare fell into the poetic habit of his time. After the first sharp struggles came the courtly favor. The player whose honeyed speech and facile wit his fellow poets all celebrate found friends in its gayest circles. The sonnets are clearly autobiographic. They tell how fully he breathed this passionate and this rapturous life. The dark lady and the young nobleman are no abstractions. The lure of these intense attachments drew him to the very heart of this haughty and immoral court. If the sonnets reveal Shakespeare then, as Browning said, "So much the less Shakespeare he;" but the real Shakespeare voice of the Elizabethan age nevertheless. The baffling and elusive personality that has revealed to us a thousand characters who stand transparent has given a single glimpse of his own heart in the sonnets. Under the smile of that court he wrote the early plays. The matchless mirth of his jesters told how lighthearted was the man who was finding his own powers in the spring time of songs, of pageantries, and revels. Shakespeare lived under the spell of the Court and nobility. Essex, Southampton, the

Queen herself, were his friends. The grand manner of the glorious time is stamped upon every page, and on them, too, the contempt of the time for the common people and utter blindness to the destiny of the age. He walked with his back to the future. "Shakespeare," says Wendell, "has more in common with Chaucer, who died in 1400, than with Dryden, who was born only fifteen years after the greatest of modern poets was laid under his quaint epitaph in the Stratford Church."

Puritanism in that day had no voice. The Bible was chained with Fox's Book of Martyrs in every village church. There were harsh brave sermons and stern debatings enough, and Puritanism was fast becoming the conviction of the people. Later it became vocal in the sweetness of the minor poets like Herrick, in the prose of Bunyan, and in the epic splendor of Milton, but in the Elizabethan literature Puritanism was silent. Puritanism stood for equality; for leveling the mighty, and lifting them of low degree. It rebuked the court, closed the theater, pointed its finger of warning at the lustful gayeties of poetry, and preached the simple life. Shakespeare shunned Puritanism with the soul of the artist. Democracy loves averages. It has no place for kings nor villains, for pageantries nor revels. It seeks the middle way. But for the artist, the artist of the Elizabethan age, there is no middle ground. The heart broken by tragedy relaxes in comedy, the delirium of passion is followed by deep melancholy. What could the author of Hamlet make of Richard Baxter? He shuddered at the austere dogmatism and reforming zeal that was to give the world Marston Moor and Plymouth Rock. He knew his Bible, was Protestant in his ideal, interpreted deeply the individual life, but all this Puritanism was a thing of gloom and darkness to him. A ragged abyss was opening the length of England, but as he gazed at the grim crowd on the other side, the democrat and the Puritan, he turned in sorrow, saying it "pleased not the million." To Shakespeare the social classification of the world was fixed as the stars in their courses. He allowed no illusions of hope. To him as he moved through the awful crisis, like the silent Dante among the wretched shades in the Inferno, all hope was gone. Grim inexorable fate rested upon all. He had deep and tender

insight into the heart of the great sufferers, the burden bearers and mangled in the world's highway of sorrow. He heard with sensitive ear the moans and cries in the tragedies of life. The undertone of grief in millions who worked in the lonely fields or crawled in city hovels never reached his ear. Their sorrow was offensive, their poverty the stagnation of the common lot. Some inward destiny swept onward those souls of lofty station to the brink. On the knotted skeins of their lives he placed his finger only to point out its hopeless tangle. With folded hands and bowed head he brooded over the wayward workings of that fierce destiny. But these were the sorrows of princes; what could the rabble know of such pangs and bereavements?

Undoubtedly Shakespeare did not think of himself as a great man. What he did was done so easily that he never dreamed that no other man living in the world could come near to it. What hints we can gather from the stories about him suggest that he was never oppressed by any loneliness or loftiness of genius. If his inward companionship were with souls like Hamlet his outward friendship was freely given. "This plainness, this almost prosaic *camaraderie*," says Mr. Chesterton, "is the note of all very great minds. All very great teachers and leaders have had this habit of assuming their point of view to be the one which was human and casual, one which would readily appeal to every passing man." Shakespeare's Stratford neighbors found him a jolly companion who knew the price of land and would sue for debt. He did not walk like a king nor talk like a Roman senator. And they missed immortality by failing to make any notes about him. A Boswell among them would have made the whole world his debtor. He cared so much for his moderate and ordinary triumphs at Stratford, he was so close to the common citizen in his real life, that we wonder why no sympathy, no hint of it even, is revealed in his world of dreams, or why these children of his brain are so far from the men of flesh and blood who laughed at his nimble wit in rustic England. So completely was even his giant spirit walled in by the limitations of his age that it was easier for that creative fancy to "call up spirits from the vasty deep" than to see tragedy or even comedy in the quick and potent generations be-

neath his eyes. His only play with contemporary life in its scenes is the coarse and rollicking farce, The Merry Wives of Windsor. Perhaps the legend is true and this was written in fourteen days at Queen Elizabeth's command. At least he put no heart in it. It is shop work. Why could not Shakespeare catch the note of human tenderness like Burns? Because this discerning of spirits is not for genius; it is the work of spiritual appreciation that comes with the new estimate of life learned from the gospels. It was not the genius of Burns that led him to write

A man's a man for a' that,

but the Christian spirit of the age, with its doctrine of equality that had filtered into all sorts of brains. Burns made lyric what he had heard in everyday talk at home in his childhood. Shakespeare had heard no such talk of the vital sort. Nobody talked it but the Puritans. Nobody who could write poetry, of all that brilliant company, said such things. The Puritans were preaching in grim prose the common value of men before God, but the Elizabethans were only dreaming of Utopias in some far-off islands of undiscovered seas. Dull men among these elder Puritans grasped the secret of the brotherhood of man in Christ. They did not make books but they made nations. The light of religious sympathy pierced recesses dark to the eyes of genius.

The companies of players who appeared at Stratford in the days of Shakespeare's boyhood, with blazoned banners and mock heroic grandeur, must have seized the imaginative lad for their own. His life was given to the theater. His plays were written to be acted only. He took the form and content of what lay at hand, the crude stock of plays owned by each theater, with no question or craving for originality in any way. Sonnets, tragedies, comedies, were all worked over from this old material. But when these musty chronicles and absurb plots and pasteboard heroes and villains once fell under his brooding spirit, were once illumined by that vast and glorious imagination, then the dry bones lived. They who confront us are the quick, with life athrob in their veins. He dealt with problems, madness, the ruin woman can bring, the weak man on the throne, the reflective soul cast into

the field of action, hate, and jealousy, and the hot and wayward passions of youth, but never the problems of poverty or freedom. When the age rushed to its climax the great Queen became sullen; his powerful friends were driven to obscurity or sent to the block. Shakespeare turned to the tragedies. He dwelt upon the fall of earthly greatness, the sternness of justice, and the inexorable nature of fate. "A mirror for kings" is here indeed. Like Napoleon, he could put the crown on his own head and invest himself with kingly robes. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" burned forth in his judicial and impartial arraignment, in the name of righteousness and conscience, of all knaves and weaklings in regal vesture. The broad and finely-balanced handling of great questions reveals the wide compass and ethical clearness of Shakespeare's mind. The strong man driven to bitter death may be seen at every curtain's fall, but the saving and uplifting of men is sadly wanting in those fixed and fate-bound pages. Remorse that conscience brings, the punishment of evil-doers, he looks upon with sad, calm penetration that has made his pages one of the judgment seats for all humanity. But, lacking the spiritual vision of Dante, he cannot transcend his age and, passing the

> Bourne from which no traveler returns,

fix his gaze upon any White Rose of the Eternal. Without definite aim he sits apart,

> Holding no creed, but contemplating all.

He stands at the day dawn of modern democracy, but his eyes behold no sunrise. He gazes at the masses of England, but neither brain nor heart gives any signs of either pity or hope. For him Fate has written over the doorway of every common man, "Abandon hope," and he knows not that a new decree has gone forth.

Franklin McElfresh

## Art. VI.—RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE THIRTIETH CENTURY

Is education worth while? Parents, interested in the real welfare of their children often question what is the good, after all, in their knowing a lot of things? More than one such, when his boy has come home from Harvard, or his girl from Wellesley, has put to himself that modern query, half whimsical, half awful, "What's the use?"

I do not write from an evangelical standpoint, having in mind the welfare of "souls" and the fitting thereof for "glory." I am thinking of life, life terrestrial, present, that may be rich and good, or bare and empty. And having this in mind I wonder if trigonometry furnishes the soul at all against world-weariness. And art, letters, science, philosophy, and travel—we are pretty well convinced that as "substitutes for life" these things are failures, and we are pondering whether as ministries to life they are sufficient. Culture ought to mean a thorough equipment for life. Does religion give this? It is safe to say, the conventional article, preached and practiced in most conventicles and performed in most cathedrals, does not. On the other hand, we are becoming more and more convinced that in some way the secret of that true culture which the world needs lies nowhere else than in Jesus of Nazareth. If his religion could be shaken free from the conventionalism which has monopolized it, could be taken simply as a program for a free and noble life, there would be something in it to give all men courage in their highest aims; produce in them aspiration rather than ambition; regulate their passions by making the noblest of them consume the more unworthy; set them in livable relations to their fellows; hold them up to doing their best work; banish ennui, and diffuse a general gladness through all their days. Christianity must cease to be the football of contending denominations and become the common ground of civilized action. Now-a-days the subject is taboo in good society, because by "religion" we assume to mean a certain religious "party." We dare not teach it in schools for fear of clamoring sects. So also it is absent, as a motive, from

our best literature for the same reason. May we not hope that in time Christianity will cease to be a subject of dispute and become the generally accepted basis of conduct and of life? It will percolate through the stratum of authority, and saturate psychology, experience, and common sense. Jesus will shine, as the world's teacher, by his own light, and not by men's candles on his altar. Now, I give Christianity another thousand years to accomplish this thorough enfranchisement, inwardly hoping it may be sooner. And at that time the fundamental place in our educational system will be reserved for the problem, "How to live," as indicated by the immutable principles of Jesus, and not "What to know," as formed in the shifting sand heaps of "facts" recorded in books.

When that time comes, what will be the rudiments of education as taught in all schools, public and otherwise?

1. The child will be taught, first of all, that which is the basic conception of Jesus's view of man, the intrinsic worth of a human being because of its divine nature. The divinity of mankind is the logical end of Jesus's doctrine. As divine, the child will learn, primarily, respect for himself, reliance upon his own intuitions, and courage to live his own life. The medieval extravagance of emphasis placed upon unselfishness will be rejected, and the healthy conscience will not allow love for others to prevent the normal development of one's own body, mind, and taste. For only as we are thus normally developed are we equipped to be of real service to our fellows. A visible, sane, and gentle self-respect is first of all.

2. Going on from sound self-esteem, the child will be then taught that, as a grand aim in life, a preference for the weal of others is higher than to make one's own welfare one's object of existence. For Epicureanism is psychologically insufficient as a basis of permanent joy. The world will learn, is learning, that Jesus was wiser and more far-seeing, and that a man holds secure lease upon contentment only in so far as he lives for others. To serve is greater than to be served. Love of self is basal, but inadequate; love of others, built on a right love for self, gives an orbital life.

3. It follows that men who live for riches, and those who spend their substance in luxury, instead of being called the "cultured classes," or the "upper classes," will be seen to be the "lower classes," the "submerged tenth;" stupid, doltish, and uneducated folk. They will be looked upon as we now look upon the red Indian enjoying his war paint and other luxuries.

4. The art of service will be carefully inculcated by precept and exercises. First, the art of small services—those

> Little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love,
> That best portion of a good man's life.

This is courtesy, and gives that profound charm observable in those who practice it. Second, the art of larger service, the giving up of one's own comfort and advantage for the sake of the social unit, the family, the state, or the world, herein alone being found the greatest grandeur of soul. And these things being so firmly grounded in psychology, and proved by history, and illustrated in practice, we will look back with a smile upon the days when we left them to be taught by scrappy-minded Sunday school teachers one day in seven, and sent the children five days in seven to learn numbers and languages, and similar trimmings to life.

5. The youth will also be drilled and grounded in the invariable use and beauty and power of love, and in the folly and weakness of hate—from the petty hates that divide families and towns to the great organized engines of hate called armies and navies.

6. Boys and girls will be instructed in the knowledge of their own bodies, and the bearings which their physical appetencies have upon mental and spiritual joy. We will then read with amazement of the year 1906 when every person was left to settle the tremendous problem of the sex-instinct for himself; this affair so deeply bound up with his own happiness and with the welfare of the race. The whole question will then be freed from morbid glamour, on the one hand, and narrow, ignorant dogmatism on the other.

7. A very high place in this future curriculum will be devoted to the teaching of humility, a word now well-nigh dropped from

our serious vocabulary. The youth will be shown that to be proud is necessarily to be unhappy, to be a beggar from all men, seeking a food that is poison. The ambitious man will be seen to be a fool, ambition being but a civilized form of the beast's desire to fight and kill, and the bird's desire to attract attention. The eternal gulf that divides ambition from aspiration will be recognized. What the nineteenth century calls "success" will be recognized for the tawdry thing it is. We shall understand Ruskin, who discriminates between the desire to "be something" and the desire to "be called something."

8. Another one of Jesus' structural theories will be common educational property—I mean self-denial. The child will be thoroughly schooled in self-denial, without which, our psychologists will have established, there can be no strength or wholesomeness of spirit; exactly as a healthy body is impossible without exercise. Self-pity will be placed, along with self-indulgence in one's appetites, among the meanest of vices.

9. Even worship will have won its place in every schoolhouse, for it will be seen that no system of child training can make for greatness of mind and stability of principle which does not teach reverence for high and noble character, awe toward the vast unknown of the universe, and an apprehension of the eternal kindliness and helpfulness of the Master of destiny. The form of worship will probably be some eclectic system drawn from the historic sects. Even now the success of Christian Science is intruding upon the dull perception of men the deep relation between the devout attitude of the mind and the physical condition of the body. Other sects will arise to emphasize the still wider relation of worship to human well-being. When we have run through the changes of empiricism, and have tried out a hundred "discoveries," we shall have established the truth that prayer is the final attitude of culture.

Destiny teaches in a strange way, but it teaches. Creedal combats and denominational systems demonstrate in time their own weakness and their own strength. The crucible of years evaporates the temporal and leaves the eternal. And when the bubbling of argument shall have died away into everlasting stillness

the purpose and meaning of Jesus, which is that mankind shall have life, and life more abundant, will grow in measure with the ages. The nurse of "authority" will be dismissed, Christianity will stand upon its own inherent usefulness. Even the opponents of the church will be seen to have been used by destiny for its own ends. Rousseau, Renan, Voltaire, and Nietzsche will be seen to have brought each his increment of strength to the genius of Christianity, even while they seemed to be laboring for her undoing. To-day our culture is felt by our foremost thinkers to be vanity and vexation of spirit; it is because culture is not religious. And our religion halts and fails, and lays but a feeble hand upon the helm of progress, because we do not recognize it as essentially culture. When these two shall flow together, when religion shall be understood—as indispensable as arithmetic, history and science—then will education mean happiness, and cultivation will mean life more abundant.

I can close with no better sentiment than that of Vinet:

> The principle of the Reformation abides permanently in the church. The Reformation has still to be made, it is a thing which has to be remade in perpetuity; and for this remaking Luther and Calvin have only leveled and prepared the ground. For me Protestantism is but a point of departure; my religion lies ever beyond. As a Protestant my opinions are more and more catholic, and who shall deny them to me?

And Sabatier:

> The fulfillment of natural duty, the regulated exercise of all the human faculties, the progress of culture and of justice, these constitute the perfection of the Christian life. To aspire to this spiritual religion is not to imagine a new religion, it is to revert to the very principle of Christianity; it is to re-grasp the gospel in its essential verity; it is, in the following of the reformers, to disengage the gospel from all its human accretions (*superfétatioa*) in order to restore to it its pristine power.

Frank Crane

## Art. VII.—SUGGESTIONS FOR A REVISED CHRISTOLOGY

We cannot seriously entertain the thought of a new Christ, nor of a new gospel; for "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever;" and no man or angel may preach a different gospel than that which was from the beginning, unless he be anathema. But when we study in detail the various attempts of men to explain the marvelous personality whom we worship as the Christ of God we find such diversity of opinion as to prompt us to a deeper study of the biblical portraiture of the person of Jesus Christ. The antenicene doctrine of Christ, as found in the writings of Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian, is somewhat vague, conjectural, and speculative. The Arian controversy, as is well known, shook the early church almost to disruption; but it made the common people familiar with the profoundest conceptions of God and of Christ, so that day-laborers in the field and the workshop talked learnedly about *heteroousian* (that is, different nature), *homoiousian* (like nature), and *homoousian,* (identical nature). Bishop Apollinaris preached a Christ without a human spirit, maintaining that the eternal Logos occupied in him the place of the rational mind. Nestorius, on the other hand, constructed a theory which involved a dual personality in our Lord. Eutyches endeavored to maintain the unity of Christ's personality by a deification, or a sort of absorption of his human nature in the divine. The later monophysite and monothelite theories moved in much the same line of thought. The Sabellian and Patripassian theories also found numerous advocates, and the more rationalistic Unitarian Christology has ranged all the way from a high Arianism to a low form of Socinianism. Ever since Strauss, in 1835, put forth his famous *Leben Jesu,* and astonished the Christian world with his mythical theory of Jesus, the whole science of Christology has been undergoing a new test. Methods of biblical research have undergone remarkable revision. Every department of theological study has been affected by the movement, and not a few, it is to be feared, have

been swept away from their Christian moorings, and have drifted into skepticism and unbelief. What lifetime is now long enough to read all the "Lives of Christ" that have been written since 1835! Yet may we say, as our late Bishop Hurst wrote in 1865, "the replies to the work of Strauss present the most complete portrait of the career of the Messiah ever drawn by uninspired authority[1]." We believe that the only satisfactory Christology is to be had by a calm unbiased study of the New Testament. We do well to stand aloof from all partisan pleaders who display a habit of dogmatic bias and an unwillingness to admit testimony that is not clearly in their favor. A doctrine of Christ that cannot be fairly maintained apart from doubtful texts must rest upon an insecure foundation. When we ask for a truly biblical Christology we have a right to demand that any reasonable exposition of a contested text shall receive respectful notice, and when a reading or an exposition is shown to have the support of high authorities no contrary exposition can be allowed to claim any proscriptive right of way. Where there is room for two or more different views of a given text such text must needs cease to be employed by either disputant as having any decisive weight. In this particular, not a little of our current methods of "proving the divinity of Christ" needs revision. Our purpose in this article is not to awaken discussion, but rather to prompt inquiry into the best method of treating the doctrine of the Person of Christ.

1. We must concede that a number of biblical texts which once figured largely in the discussion are no longer valid for purposes of argument. Who would now presume to cite the old Trinitarian text of 1 John 5. 7: "There are three that bear record in heaven," etc., as if it were a real portion of the epistle of John? The connection of Matt 1. 23; Luke 1. 16, 17; and John 20. 28, is such as to show that none of these texts can *prove* what many have claimed. Let anyone take up the standard edition of the American Revised Version, and note the text and the marginal readings of Acts 20. 28; Rom. 9. 5; 1 Tim. 3. 16; Titus 2. 13, and Heb. 1. 8, and he will find that the alternative readings given

[1] History of Rationalism, p. 583

take from these scriptures all just claim to determine the question whether Christ is called God in any one of them. Observe, we do not deny that a sound grammatical construction of such texts as Rom. 9. 5 and Heb. 1. 8 may declare Christ to be "over all, God blessed forever," and "thy throne, O God, is forever;" but we do affirm and insist that that is not the only legitimate construction. We do not wish to be dependent for our doctrine of Christ on such equivocal interpretations.

2. We are also suspicious of any Christology that questions in the least the real incarnation and humanity of Jesus Christ. We have noticed tendencies of late, in some writers, to revive the old Apollinarian theory of a Christ without a human soul, and in some cases to intimate a revival of the old Eutychianism, and even a species of Docetism. There is often apparent a far greater anxiety to prove Christ "very God" than to maintain the equally biblical teaching that he was also "very man." It is almost amazing to note to what exegetical legerdemain some writers will go in their efforts to contradict the statement of Luke 2. 52, that Jesus grew in wisdom and in grace, and even to pervert the obvious import of our Lord's own words in Matt. 24. 36 and Mark 13. 32, where he declares most solemnly that the Son of man did not know the day and the hour.

3. We are equally suspicious of what is commonly called the "kenotic theory" on the incarnation of Christ. The text in Philippians 2. 7, on which it is mainly built, and which supplies the word ("emptied himself") is capable of a notably different interpretation from that which has been commonly given. Such eminent exegetes as De Wette and Beyschlag have maintained that the allusions of this kenotic text are not to the preëxistent but to the historical Christ. One may also question the nice distinctions often made between the words, *form, likeness,* and *fashion,* as employed in this text, and may boldly deny that the word "existing" here means preëxisting, or that "the form of God" is equivalent to "being on an equality with God," or that "emptied himself" means anything essentially different from "humbled himself." All this is matter of exegesis, and more than one interpretation of the different allusions is possible. It is

entirely legitimate to explain the passage without assuming any allusion to Christ's preëxistence. The apostle had in mind, as in other epistles of his, the remarkable contrast between the first Adam and the second. The first Adam, in his hour of temptation, grasped after "being as God" (Gen. 3. 5); the second Adam "counted not the being on an equality with God" a thing to be thus grasped after, but, himself existing like the first Adam in the image of God, and also in the likeness of men and tempted like other men, he emptied himself of all such selfish ambition and assumption of lordship, and, like a bondslave, became obedient even unto the death of the cross. Many may well think that such a construction of the passage offers a much more simple and natural example for the Philippians to imitate ("have this mind in you") than that of his divesting himself of the glories of heaven and the prerogatives of the preëxistent divine majesty. But our main objection to the kenotic theory of the incarnation is not based on this particular exposition of Phil. 2. 5-8, for the other interpretation which sees in it an allusion to Christ's preëxistence has too strong a support to be ignored. The limitations under which Christ was manifest in the flesh were not limitations of the Deity but rather of the essential humanity of Jesus. Our concept is not that of God limiting himself, or emptying himself of divine attributes, so as to become reduced to the *finite* conditions of a human soul; it is rather that of God himself, in all the fullness of absolute Deity, possessing the perfect humanity of Jesus from the womb of the Virgin until the time when "God highly exalted him, and gave him the name which is above every name." The concept of God emptying himself of his attributes, or of any essential qualities of his Godhead, is with many of us an unthinkable proposition. So far was Christ in the flesh from divesting himself of the divine *doxa* that, according to John 1. 14, he displayed that heavenly glory. It pleased the Father "that in him all the fullness should dwell." "In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." We maintain, not the *kenotic* but the *pleromic* theory of Christ's incarnation. He is both "very God and very man," so that the New Testament doctrine does not sustain the Arian notion of a

"different nature" (*heteroousian*), nor the semi-Arian "like nature" (*homoiousian*), but the Athanasian "identical nature" (*homoousian*). But the real humanity of Jesus had its necessary limits, which all the fullness of the Godhead could not abrogate, but only *fill* to the uttermost of human capacity.

4. But while we deem it simply honest and honorable to refrain from the use of dogmatic proof-texts which are capable of more than one legitimate interpretation, we by no means allow that such texts shall all be construed in support of any other contrary theory or doctrine. They simply cease to be controlling and decisive, and so we turn to other scriptures and other portraitures of our Lord. On purely exegetical and critical grounds we must insist that the real Trinitarian texts of the New Testament be fairly reckoned with. They are more in number, and more profound in their implications, than some men seem to believe. The Trinitarian formula of Matt. 28. 19 has been suspected as a later interpolation, but no one has ever questioned the genuineness of 2 Cor. 13, 14, which is conceded, on all hands, to be an older writing than the Gospel of Matthew. Nor can we mistake the divine unity of "the same Spirit, the same Lord, and the same God," in 1 Cor. 12. 4-6. In Paul's way of thinking the Lord Jesus is the Spirit (2 Cor. 3. 17), and every one of his epistles opens with an invocation of "grace and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." The apostle knew no other God than "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; " he preached and taught that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." The beginning of Peter's first epistle mentions "the foreknowledge of God, sanctification of the Spirit, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." Even the Apocalypse of John opens with a benediction from (1) Him who is and was and is to come, and (2) from the seven spirits before his throne, and (3) from Jesus Christ. Such varied and numerous allusions to an adorable THREE are no accidental or incidental matter. They are fairly explicable only as expressive of one and the same apostolic teaching, which affirmed the adorable *Trinity* and the fullness of the Godhead in Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

5. A full and fair New Testament Christology must gather up into itself, also, another array of facts which manifest the exceeding greatness of the power and glory of our Lord. All the historic facts of his life in the flesh must receive due attention. The supernatural element in his person confronts us almost everywhere in the records, but nowhere does it manifest itself in a way to warrant the assertion that "the human nature which he assumed was without personality" (Miley, Vol. 2. p. 39). He most solemnly declared that he "did not know the day and the hour;" a statement which is utterly inconsistent with a claim of omniscience. This statement, however, is very far from an admission that he ever made a mistake. There is all the difference in the world between saying that there was something he did not know and his saying something false. He never uttered an untruth, never had occasion to correct or modify any part of his teaching, never fell under the shadow of personal error. Never did man speak as he did, and no one could convict him of sin. He was a perfect human personality; "he did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." He called himself "a man who told the truth which he heard from God" (John 8. 40). These things are beyond possibility of dispute.

6. But while the evidence is abundant, and even superabundant, that our Lord was very human, and subject to temptation, and hunger, and anxious emotion, it is equally conspicuous that he was a personality of transcendent greatness. His personal influence over those who came close to him was of the most marvelous character, and the fact that to-day, after nearly two millenniums, the name and teaching of Jesus Christ command the reverence of the civilized world is evidence that Jesus stands second to no other that has ever appeared among men. The method of his teaching was that of naturalness and simplicity itself. He never sought to thrust himself into public notice. Most of his teaching seems to have been imparted privately to his disciples, and his great sayings are so self-evidencing in their truthfulness that they need no argument to make them more convincing. Harnack notes the fact that there appears nowhere, in the first thirty years of

Jesus's life, any evidence of violent soul-struggles, like crises, and storms, and a breaking with the past:

> Everything seems to pour from him naturally, as though it could not do otherwise, like a spring from the depths of the earth, clear and unchecked in its flow. Where shall we find the man who at the age of thirty can so speak, as if he had gone through bitter struggles—struggles of the soul—in which he has ended by burning what he once adored, and by adoring what he burned? Where shall we find the man who has broken with his past in order to summon others to repentance as well as himself, but who through it all never speaks of his own repentance? [1]

7. No sound biblical Christology can ignore the marvelous self-expression of Jesus. He calls himself "The Son of man," and says he has authority on earth to forgive sins. He assumes an authority in lawgiving superior to that of Moses, and in wisdom greater than Solomon. He is greater than the temple, and Lord of the Sabbath. What manner of man must he be who says, "I am the bread of life." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Take and eat of this bread and drink of this cup, for these are my body and my blood of the covenant which is poured out for many."

8. Such self-expressions, however, reveal a self-consciousness that inspires awe. His immediate consciousness of God finds remarkable expression in Matt. 11. 27, where he says: "No one knoweth the Father save the Son and to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal him." This superior knowledge found significant expression when Jesus was only twelve years old, and began to feel that he must be engaged in the things of his Father. It spoke out in his utterance of the beatitudes, and other words of grace and truth. How intimate the acquaintance with the heavenly Father which assures us that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without his sympathetic care! He knows of the "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." And yet this wonderful intimate of God was a man of prayer, and would rise up at times, a great while before day, and go apart into a desert place to pray, and sometimes he continued all night in prayer. The gospel of John is especially rich in its record of

[1] Das Wesen des Christenthums, p. 21. English translation by T. B. Saunders, p. 36.

the divine consciousness of Jesus, and, while it is generally admitted that its language is cast in a style peculiar to the writer, the content is essentially what we find in the synoptic gospels on this subject. One cannot but feel that the language of the prayer in John 17 discloses a consciousness of fellowship with God that has no parallel. At other times he intimated a conscious self-commitment to fulfill a divine purpose of the ages. He expresses the thought of some kind of a necessity to consummate an ideal that has been written in the Scriptures. He *must* suffer and be killed, and rise again to accomplish the purposes of heaven. But this fulfillment of an eternal purpose of love involved no compulsion from without himself. He freely accepted the mission, and his oft-expressed consciousness of the holy obligation is as marvelous as is his obedience unto the death of the cross. And this consciousness of his self-commitment to an eternal purpose accords with all his sayings which imply preëxistence. He knows himself as one "whom the Father sanctified, and sent into the world." "I am come down from heaven," he said; "I am from above; I am not of this world; I am come from God; before Abraham was born, I am." And when he prays to the Father, he says: "Glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was; thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Every honest attempt to construct a biblical Christology must deal fairly with these words. Whatever element of theosophic mysticism, or of idealism, is recognized in such language, no one can ignore the obvious consciousness of eternal union with God which is implied.

9. No Christology which presumes to base itself squarely on the facts of the New Testament can ignore the supernatural in the person of our Lord. It is impossible to separate his marvelous self-expression and his mighty works. There stands the record of his virgin birth, with its unquestionable basis in a belief of the supernatural beginning of his incarnate life. The testimony of his resurrection and ascension witnesses a like faith in his miraculous exit from the world. All the gospel records teem with the narratives of miracles wrought by him. The entire manifestation of this Son of God in the flesh seems to have been

compassed about with miracles. Some of the mighty works may be better substantiated than some others, but it is utterly futile to accept a part of the record as true and reject another as untrustworthy. Like the seamless coat which Jesus wore, the self-consistent story of his supernatural career cannot be rent. His miracles, moreover, stand in such a vital relation to his words of grace and truth that we cannot fairly hold to the one and reject the other. We do not construe or appeal to the miracles of Christ as proofs of his deity, or of his omnipotence, or of his omniscience. The apostles were also gifted to perform miracles, but that fact was no witness to any omniscience or omnipotence on their part. And Jesus himself made no such claim. On the contrary, he declared: "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father doing." But Jesus exercised his power on earth in a manner which no prophet or apostle presumed to imitate. The disciples performed miracles in the name of Jesus, but he performed them in a way that commanded astonishment "at the majesty of God" (Luke 9. 43). He possessed the secret of God, and real miracles are the exercise of such a knowledge of the secrets of the world as will secure wonderful effects without violation of any natural law. Other and inferior servants of God may be gifted to perform such works without supernatural knowledge, but to Jesus was given the wisdom as well as the power of God (Mark 6. 2). But it does not follow that "all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," possessed by Jesus in the days of his flesh, made him either omniscient or omnipotent under the limitations of mortal life. The pleromic concept of his person does not require us to affirm any self-limitation of the Deity, but does imply necessary limitations in the human personality. The divine incarnation revealed God in all the fullness that a bodily presence could impart, but not in all the fullness which unlimited, eternal, heavenly manifestations may disclose. We protest against the dogma of an "impersonal humanity" in Christ, and maintain the ancient faith of "two whole and perfect natures, the Godhead and Manhood, very God and very Man." But the fullness of the Godhead bodily is one thing, and the fullness of the Godhead inhabiting eternity

must needs require eternal ages for his inexhaustible self-revelations. Vainly will any man, or council, or synod, presume to explain *how* the Godhead and the manhood unite together in one Christ.

10. Our last but not the least important suggestion is that no really satisfactory Christology can be formulated without an intimate personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ. *No man can fairly teach or preach a greater Christ than he himself has known.* He may speculate on ideas of the Trinity, and may easily find much to question and reject in the statements of the great ecumenical creeds of Christendom which deal with the person of Christ. He may be a well trained critic and an accomplished biblical scholar. But if, with all these accomplishments, he shall lack the personal fellowship with Jesus, which is known only by having one's "life hid with Christ in God," it is impossible for him to know what Paul called "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." If we have not "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, through the Holy Spirit," how can we understand the Lord himself when he says, "If a man love me, he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." How is it possible to attain unto such full knowledge of the truth without having "our fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ"? We must live lovingly with Christ to know him.

Milton S. Terry

## Art. VIII.—"LES MISERABLES" AND "WITH FIRE AND SWORD." A COMPARISON

Victor Hugo was forty-four years old when Henry Sienkiewicz was born. Henry Sienkiewicz was thirty-nine when Victor Hugo died. Hugo had nearly completed his work when Sienkiewicz began his. Hugo and Sienkiewicz had little personally in common; and yet enough for the basis of a comparison. Hugo began to write at the early age of fourteen, but Sienkiewicz was twenty-six before he ventured before the public. Hugo wrung his preparation from his work; Sienkewicz was, like the modern scientific investigator, prepared for his work. Hugo was a self-made man. Sienkiewicz was a man of the schools. With these general comparisons let us consider their work in their greatest novels. Hugo took five volumes in which to say what a modern novelist would say in two volumes. At the most Les Miserables is marred by the prolixity of its extraneous discussions. With Fire and Sword has nothing extraneous to the story. Not a page can be spared. Hugo's heroes and heroines are talkers, with the single exception of Javert. Sienkiewicz's hero talks in monosyllables, but works so well and fights so valiantly and endures so uncomplainingly that one never for a moment loses sight of the fact that Skshetuski is the hero. It is an exhibition of marvelous artistic skill to create a clown with so great a brain and so strong a character that he might have been the hero. Zagloba has been well called the Polish Falstaff. A recent writer has said of Hugo: "But he is perhaps the greatest compiler and gatherer of fine words; the greatest master of language that we have known; a great writer rather than a great author, and therefore the more sure of an enduring democratic fame." On the other hand Sienkiewicz is the greatest artist of action that we know. His halls are filled with the smoke of battle, the wearing strain of the sleepless siege, and the clash of personal combat—marching, countermarching, fighting, living, dying *men*. Hugo's heroes meditate; Sienkiewicz's heroes have not had time, but they foresee and calculate and act. Hugo's halls are longer but more scantily furnished. In dramatic power the two men approach

each other. Victor Hugo has drawn a wonderful psychological picture of the struggle of Jean Valjean with his conscience. Joseph Cook used to thrill his audiences when he quoted the story of this struggle in his lectures on conscience. In With Fire and Sword there is a noteworthy struggle with the conscience. It is that of Prince Yeremi. The question is, Shall he accept the command of the Polish army? He has many enemies, many ambitions. He must placate his enemies and resign his ambitions if he takes command. Great toil and trials innumerable would follow. Will he stand aloof or will he obey the call of duty? He struggles with his problem all night long, sometimes making a decision in favor of his desires; but the sight of the crucifix brings him to himself and conscience triumphs, and he cries out, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner! O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" And peace comes to his struggling soul. When the commanders were gathered in the morning, he said, "Last night I communed with God and my own conscience as to what I should do. I announce therefore to you, and do announce to all the Knightly Order, that for the sake of the country and that harmony needful in time of defeat I put myself under the commander." This great human struggle is on a higher plane than that of Jean Valjean. Prince Yeremi had nothing to restore nor did he need to give himself to justice. It was simply a question of service on the one hand or the gratification of ambition on the other. Motives must be weighed, conscience must be heard.

One of the greatest pictures given in Les Miserables is the horrible journey through the sewers of Paris. Jean Valjean was bearing the unconscious Marius on his back. It reads like the story of a nightmare. Wet, dirty, tired, Jean Valjean tramps for miles to save a man. Probably the greatest picture in With Fire and Sword is that of Skshetuski as he goes from the beleaguered garrison of Zbaraj to ask immediate aid from the king, who is a few miles away with his army and knows not the desperate state of the besieged. One man had gone forth and lost his life in his vain attempt. Skshetuski was the second of the three who had volunteered. The most feasible road was by the pond and the marsh. It was not a dark night, so he could not swim across the

pond. He must go through the reeds and rushes which skirted the shore. It was a "terrible road." As he drew his feet from the mire bubbles were formed the gurgling of which could be distinctly heard in the darkness. He moved only when the guns of the fortress were fired, for then the noise that he made was lost in the greater one. The water of the pond was simply awful. At any moment he might touch the decaying body of a drowned soldier. He passed one Tartar patrol after another. As he was passing the fourth something pushed his legs. He looked down and saw at his knees a human face. It was the face of a corpse. He was seized by a fever and began to wonder if he could find the way out. Visions oppress and confuse him. A Cossack boat patrol passes near and he fears discovery. They pass on and he is saved. His imagination kindles and he cries out for his friend Michael, but a friendly reed slaps him across the face and he is again saved. He finally comes to the river, and in among the high reeds finds a tuft that will bear his weight. He is hungry and crawls near the place where the patrol had feasted and finds some mutton bones and pieces of turnip thrown in the ashes. He crawls back to his tuft and feasts. The besieged in Zbaraj had not had such a meal for days. Then he stretches himself out on his tuft and sleeps. When he awakes the stars are shining overhead. He starts again on his journey. He comes at last to a place where the reeds cease and a great fire is blazing on both banks of the river. A Tartar guard is on one side and a Cossack guard faces him on the other. But there are boats lining the shore. After watching and waiting for two hours he slips into the water and crawls under the stern of the boats and so passes on to where the reeds begin again. He reaches the woods at last and finds his way to the king. He was ushered into the king's presence: "Before them stood a kind of frightful looking man, or rather an apparition. Rags torn to shreds barely covered his emaciated body; his face was blue, covered with mud and blood; his eyes burned with feverish light; his black tangled beard fell toward his breast; the odor of corpses went forth from him round about; and his legs trembled to such a degree that he was forced to lean upon the table." He was barely able to tell his story but

finally did so, and the king moved to the rescue of Zbaraj and it was saved from the Tartar horde. Skshetuski was ill for weeks. Jean Valjean saved a man for love of Cosette. Skshetuski saved a garrison for love of country and commander. In the sequels to With Fire and Sword, The Deluge, and Pan Michael, there are some equally splendid dramatic passages. The struggles of Kmita toward the light, the siege of Chenstohova, the harrying of Jmud, the flight of Basia, the revenge of Pan Adam, the dramatic funeral of Pan Michael, the siege of Warsaw, and, finally, the description of the last stand and the defeat of the janizaries, all are passages of power. Hugo is sometimes criticized for the vein of vulgarity that appears in his works. Sienkiewicz in his story of the life of the soldiers introduces some of the same element. If Hugo in places is too effeminate, Sienkiewicz is, if possible, too brutal. If at times he makes us hold our breath at others he makes us shudder. The two books were produced twenty-eight years apart. Les Miserables was published simultaneously in ten languages. It had been much heralded and was supposed to be a blow at the existing state of things in France. With Fire and Sword came without unusual heralding and has had a large sale and will long be read as one of the great novels of the world. Hugo was much mourned at his death, and his countrymen were proud of him while he lived. Sienkiewicz has won not only the plaudits of his countrymen but their love also. They gave him a home as a testimony of their love and have rejoiced with him at the worthy bestowal upon him of the Nobel Prize.

One word more before we leave this comparison. Sometimes Sienkiewicz is compared to Dumas. There is something in movement that suggests Dumas, but Sienkiewicz moves on a higher plane. The words of another best express the contrast:

> In Sienkiewicz there is also a deep psychological interest, the working out of the inner problem, the struggle of noble minds between selfishness and duty which raise these novels out of the class of romantic tales of adventure into the higher region of poetry, where we breathe the air that swept the plains of Troy.

S. G. Ayres.

## Art. IX.—EARLY METHODISM IN PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

My purpose is to record a page from an unwritten chapter of early Methodist history and relate the story of a struggle for Independence. The materials were collected by me from the original sources several years ago and have never been put into print. They are the records of the town of Provincetown, Mass., and the quotations are made *verbatim et literatim*. They introduce us to a forgotten period when church and state were as much one in New England as in Old England, and when the introduction of a new religious society was an interference with the established religion. The scene of the narrative is on the extremity of Cape Cod, where, on November 21, 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers made their first landing, and where were located the "Province Lands." The time is ten years prior to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Provincetown was then a scattered fishing hamlet on the inner bay of Cape Cod harbor. The Town Meeting was considering the choice of a pastor, and a Rev. Mr. Mills, duly orthodox and learned, had been "candidating" to the satisfaction of the people, for we read:

votted to rev mr mills to staye sixe Sabbath from the time first come. Votted that if the Reverend mr Mills would come next Somer Insuing to have him again. votted for Johnathan atwood should keepe the minister next Somer for four pounds a week and if madam Comes for four pounds ten Shillings old taner. votted to dew the meeting house in march the 18 day and if it is a fouel day the forst fair day.

We may presume that Madam came, for on the records of January 8, 1766, we read that it was

votted to Raise twelve pound old taner for to pay mr mills on his Journe in coming Down to preach among us.

In January, 1771, a committee was appointed by the Town Meeting to get a permanent minister, and finally, in December, 1772, it was decided

for a minister to setel.

This minister was the Rev. Mr. Parker, a man of blessed

memory, who faithfully served his town and church for more than a third of a century and who died of a broken heart on account of the disestablishment of Orthodoxy and the establishment of Methodism in his parish. The matter of choosing and settling a pastor surpassed all other business in interest and there was no option as to whether they should have one or not. A Province law passed in 1714 reads,

the inhabitants there [Provincetown] are obliged to secure and support a learned and orthodox minister of good conversation to dispense the word of God among them, and to allow him sixty pounds a year maintenance.

At the time Mr. Parker came the town was almost depopulated by the enforcement of those laws which led to the Revolution, but the struggle between their poverty and this requirement was finally ended, for we read, that on

December the 7 Day 1773 at a meeting of the Inhabitance of provincetown Being Legely Warned Thomas Killburn Being morderator in Said meeting there agreed By vote to give Mr Samuel parker for his yearly Salery 66–13–4. Lawfull money to Setel in Said town and preach the gospel to the inhabbatance also to give unt him the fraim of his house and to Buld haff of it purposed to Bee 30 feet inding 27 wide, 8 in the wals Likewise Cut his fire wood and to give him meddo to keep Two Cows in the Best of the meddo per me Town Clerk Samuel Atwood.

Mr. Parker was ordained January 20, 1774, and remained pastor until 1811. He plays an important part in the subsequent history of the town and was the leader of the people in their long and unsuccessful struggle against Methodism. The town's care for the pastor extended to domestic matters. On Jan. 22, 1777, it was

agreed with Ebenezer Rider to cut the minister's fire wood for the insuing year for ten pounds old tener.

The minister's salary was part of the town account, paid out of the taxes the same as salaries of teachers or the repair of roads. The varying amount voted to Mr. Parker during the revolutionary struggle not only illustrates the town's attempt to do the honest thing by their pastor but is a study of finance. On January 26, 1778, it was

agreed to Raise the minister's salery ten pounds lawful money, thus making in all 76–13–4.

In July, 1779, it was

voted to raise the Reverend mr parkers Salery for this present year to 500 pounds.

Quite an increase indeed. Yet on March 6, 1780, it was voted

that each man should give to mr Parker one Dry fish. votted to give to the Reverend mr parker one thousand pounds salery for the present year.

And as if this salary was not sufficient, the General Court added 3,000 pounds to their annual grant of 45 pounds and Mr. Parker was serving for the truly magnificent sum of 4,045 pounds, or about 16,000 dollars, and also a dried fish from each man. But we must remember that in the neighboring town of Truro, by vote of the town, one "*hard* dollar" was received as taxes for 75 paper dollars.

In 1872 we read that

the select men should agree with the Revrend mr parker What he shall have for his Salary this year wether fish or money,

and it was finally decided that

each man Should pay his Rate Either in fish or money by the first day of June next, Seth Nickerson to have it in keeping tel it is sent to the market at the rate of 4 dolers per quental the Rev mr Parker's salery this year is forty pounds Lawfull money.

At the same meeting the

millpond meddow was given out, the parties having it to keep it fenst and find the Rev mr parker three loads each year.

Two years later the "salery" was raised to 45 pounds, and in 1788 a final agreement was made by which the town laid out a woodlot for the minister and agreed to pay him 85 pounds a year

which he agreed to take up Satisfied with and preach the gospel in Said town as long as he is Able to perform the Same.

This was in the nature of a contract and has a decided bearing on the struggle that followed. The town was bound to Mr. Parker, and to introduce another preacher of any denomination was a breach of faith. At one time a committee was formed to look

into the settlement of Mr. Parker.

Not only was the pastor called, settled, and paid by the town,

but the church was built by it and the pews sold. On December 14, 1774, we read,

agreed that every one who pais his rates and pais for his pew Before the town meeting in Jan 1775 Shall have a bill of sail for his pew,

and receipts for amounts paid for pews are recorded in the town books. Do you care to look into the meetinghouse and see these sturdy fishermen? The town records give us a view of them:

february the 22 1779 at a meeting of the inhabitance of provincetown Being Legely warned agreed By vote that the frunt alley should Be two feet and nine inches wide and the front Seats Below to be made three inches nared than thay ware Before. Likwise agreed By vote to Sell the ground in the meeting house to make the pews at vandure.

In 1792 it was decided to build a new meetinghouse and set it near the North meadow and the Selectmen purchased 10,000 feet of boards. Any of the inhabitants of the town had the liberty to subscribe for building the meetinghouse

so fare as on sheir or a half sheir.

A full list of subscribers and shareholders is given in the town records. When any improvement was to be made on the meeting-house all were required to assist. As early as 1757 it was

agreed to underpine the meting house of this instant January the last day and if any man is out of the way the Selectmen shall lay a forfit as they think fit for the use of the town.

I have quoted thus largely from the records to indicate how closely the town and church were associated in the early day when taxes were collected for the support of the gospel in the same way as to meet the other town expenses, and also in order to enable us to appreciate the confusion which resulted when another than the orthodox church came to the settlement.

It was into such a community among such conditions that the first Methodist itinerant came, who landed on Cape Cod in 1790 in the person of Rev. Mr. McLain. The first Methodist sermon, however, had been preached some years before at the home of Captain Samuel Ryder by Captain Humbert, a local preacher, who had been storm-bound in the harbor. But McLain came to

establish a society. This was the beginning of trouble, and even those who would have welcomed the itinerant felt their obligation to Mr. Parker and would not encourage the new society and progress was slow. After a time Joseph Snelling, one of the men who carried the table from which Lee preached on Boston Common, was sent by his presiding elder, Lee, and under his direction the second Methodist church which was built in New England was erected by the Methodists of Truro, Wellfleet, and Provincetown at Truro. This was in 1793. The persecution of the Methodists at Provincetown, and the accommodation of the people of Wellfleet, led to the choice of the intermediate point. Oak timber was donated by Jesse Rich from which the frame was made, Provincetown Methodists furnished the shingles and boards, the labor was all donated by the willing people, and the only cash paid out was eight dollars for nails. The house was not plastered and the Lord's swallows had ample opportunity to find their way through the open beams to the altar. Eighteen rough planks on each side of the narrow aisle furnished seats for the worshipers. Such was the second best Methodist church in New England a century ago. In 1795 the Provincetown Methodists prepared to build a church of their own, as the Truro church was twelve miles away and could be conveniently reached only in boats. Timber cut and fitted at Truro with the help of the friends there was landed at Provincetown and conveyed to the chosen site. But a mob gathered, made a bonfire of the timber, burned the preacher in effigy and threatened to treat him in the same way if he did not leave. Jesse Lee visited the spot soon after and remarks:

> I went to see the timber destroyed by the mob and felt astonished at the conduct of the people, considering that we live in a free country. However I expect that this will be for the good of the little society.

And so it was. Timber was again hewed and fitted and carried to the spot and for four months a nightly guard of four Methodist brethren, armed with loaded muskets, was set, while all the male members slept with clubs and staves at hand, ready to run to the defense of their slowly rising Zion. The Hon. Nathaniel Atwood, Agassiz's friend, told me how, night after night, his father stood

guard over the growing walls of the Cape Cod Jerusalem. The usual result of persecution followed. Methodism triumphed and in a few years went to the town meeting with a majority and voted the old society out of their church and took possession, compelling them to build a church of their own. Orthodoxy suffered this humiliation in scores of places at the hands of the Unitarians, but this is the only instance within my knowledge where the Methodists set them on the doorstep. Let us not think that the victory was accomplished without a struggle. That struggle manifests itself in the town records from which we have been quoting, and we turn to them again. The Methodists had as allies in the legal struggle all those who, having no religious convictions, objected naturally to being forced to pay taxes for the support of the church, as well as those who on principle demanded the separation of church and state. Finally these refused to pay that part of the tax which went to the support of the minister, and to bring them to time, it was on August 3, 1795,

> voted that any that will not pay the Standing Ministers Rate Shall have his intrest sesed. voted that that there Shal not Be a Methedes meeting house Built in this town. Solomon Cook, Moderator.

This was sufficiently explicit and gave legal warrant to the violence of the mob; and this ordinance remained in force until the incorporation of the Methodist church in 1811. Methodism was an outlaw in Provincetown for sixteen years.

Let us not think that there were none to protest against this law. On December 21, 1795, thirty persons signed a protest which was entered on the records as follows:

> This is to certify that John Kinney (and others) attend the public worship of God with the Methodists and contribute to their support. Samuel Atwood, Town Clerk.

Nothing more clearly indicates the intense feeling of the majority than the fact that Samuel Atwood, who had been Town Clerk for twenty-three years, immediately lost his office because his name was on this document. The subject of taxation received a great deal of attention during the next three years, and on the general principle of no taxation for church purposes the Methodists won out. The Orthodox party then set about to deprive the

Methodist poor of the benefits of the poor fund. A clause in the warrant for the town meeting of May 13, 1799, read,

For the purpose of seeing whether the town would take care of hannah Rider or not.

Now the only difference between Hannah Rider and any other of God's poor was that Hannah was a Methodist and the meeting voted that she should not be supported by the town.

At the same time, in order to warn others of these troublesome Methodists, it was

voted to petion to General Cort to let them know the Disturbance that is likely to arise Concerning the Support of the Methodis poor.

But the Methodists were on the side of progress and the town meeting next spring

Voted that Ebenezer Rider Keep Hannah Rider for 45 dollars this year if the Selectmen Cannot get any body to keep her for less.

The records do not tell us more of this struggle until 1811, but tradition tells us that it was a time of bitter contention and triumphant progress for Methodism. In 1811 the Methodists were legally incorporated but the friends of the "standing order" sent a remonstrance to the General Court which resulted in a remonstrance to this remonstrance, which was recorded in the town records as follows:

Jan 8th. 1811 voted unanimously by the following persons (37) *not to remonstrate* against a petition which the M. E. Society of Provincetown are about to present to the Legislature of this Commonwealth at its next session for an act of incorporation. Also voted unanimously by the same persons that the Town Clerk shall present to our Agent a true copy of the proceedings at the meeting when applied to.

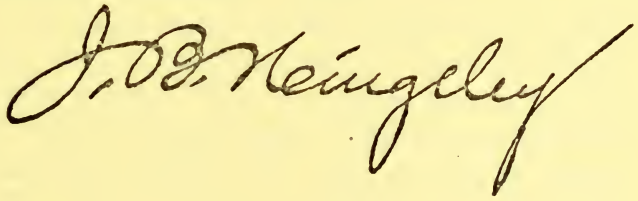
On the date of July 11, 1811, we find twenty-six certificates like the following:

This is to certify that Freeman Atkins of the Town of Provincetown is a member of the religious society in the town of Provincetown called Methodists. Certificate given by Seth Nickerson and Solomon Cook, Jr., Committee of said society. Dated this 12th. day of July A D. 1811. Samuel Cook, Town Clerk.

The recording of this certificate freed the individual from the necessity of paying the tax for the minister, and was a voucher for the assessor. In this same year that Methodism obtained a

legal standing in Provincetown Mr. Parker died, grieving in spirit over the evils which came to his parish with the advent of Methodism.

Methodism has had many a battle to fight for its right to be, but they have been battles against prejudice and sin. This struggle is unique in the fact that alongside of this moral struggle for success there was a sharply defined and bitterly contested legal struggle and the breaking down of a positive enactment which outlawed the society. It was unique also in the fact that the appeal to the power of the majority was made and the established church turned out of its holdings. Orthodoxy never recovered from its displacement by the Methodists and is represented to-day by a comparatively feeble church, while two fine edifices, either capable of seating a thousand people, represent the material interests of Methodism. Thus endeth a story of a struggle for ecclesiastical and religious independence.



## Art. X.—MINISTERIAL COURAGE

There is no vocation which calls for more of genuine courage than that of the Christian ministry. A cowardly pulpit is the last affliction that a patient public should be called upon to endure. On the other hand, here as elsewhere, there is much that passes for courage which does not merit so high a name. To dare to come before an intelligent congregation, for instance, without either a carefully prepared message or a justifiable excuse for its absence is not courage, but braggadocio; while the palming off upon the unsophisticated of sound for sense, rant for reason, and phraseology for fact, is the merest bullying. To bind oneself never to preach an old sermon, or never to repeat a sermon before the same congregation, is a subtle species of cowardice. It may be said that the man who never preaches an old sermon either does not preach often or does preach a good many poor ones. The public speaker who never repeats himself becomes an easier prey to the pernicious habit of repeating what other men have said—with credit marks omitted. What a man has made is his own, and he should not blush to use it again and again as occasion calls for it. The greatest preachers have been among the greatest repeaters. And only the inferior craftsman will abuse this privilege. To refuse to be governed in a general way by the conventionalities that have grown up around one's craft or calling is often one of the clearest evidences of personal weakness, and not that sure badge of courage which so many are tempted to regard it. It requires far more strength of character to develop a genuine individuality than it does to assume some freakish method or manner of doing one's work. Mere oddity is the cheapest of all attainments, and the weakest of all modes of action. Superiority and contrast are two vastly different conceptions. Pike's Peak and Mount Washington are not mere curios among the mountains. Their glory is not that they stand out in contrast to their fellows, but that they tower above them as superior types of the same mountain grandeur. In human characters that are truly great and strong, the points of resemblance out-

number the points of contrast to their fellows. It takes a strong man to acquire superiority; but any weakling can divert the public gaze toward himself, for a little while, as a striking contrast to the prevailing type. To fight with men of straw in a manner to win popular applause requires little else than the qualities of a good actor. It is a tinsel glory, for the spectator always tacitly understands that he is chiefly being entertained. A sham battle calls for no courage at all. And there is many a spectacularly assumed martyrdom, even, over which hangs no crown visible or invisible. To present the truth in such a fashion that the evil doer, if he be present, cannot fail to recognize himself therein as in a polished mirror, that is one thing—and a most commendable achievement, particularly if the message contain some inspiration to nobler action. But to preach in a way that singles out some individual either in or out of the congregation and fastens the gaze of his fellows upon him—that is distinctly another thing, and a procedure to be justified only by the rarest of circumstances. But when it comes to actually making use of the pulpit as a barricade from behind which to hurl denunciations and invectives against individual men or classes of men, that often is downright and despicable cowardice. It takes about one hundred times more courage for a minister to sit down by the side of a man in the privacy of personal conversation and expostulate with him, than it does to attack him publicly. How often and how much too widely is it true that the man who is bravest where courage counts for less is sadly lacking where that virtue is in real and imperative demand. A quarreling preacher is a scourge to Christendom. There may be times enough in his career when he must, in the right place and at the right time, stand up in the name of sheer manhood and defend himself against unquestioned injustice. He is a man; and to impress men he cannot afford to submerge his manhood even in his ministry. For this age is not to be moved by a passive, pious automaton standing in the place of a man. But on the other hand, there is nothing so supremely weak on the part of a minister as the continual airing of his personal grievances through the twofold medium of his pulpit and pastoral work. In this matter it requires a braver man to keep still than

to speak. To drag into a message born presumably of one grand motive, the edification of men—to drag into this holy thing a whole burden of petty personal pique, of revenge and retaliation —O what disloyalty to sacred trust; and what a prostitution of sacred craftsmanship! What a shepherding of the flock is that whose daily round of pastoral calls becomes a running fire of caustic criticism or of sarcastic innuendo! And, coming back to our theme, how far short of real courage such practices fall!

The fashion that all too many of us have of stalking periodically across the assumed battlefield of science and religion—laying low with our ponderous blows everything that our overwrought imaginations have first conjured up in opposition—presents a truly ludicrous spectacle to men who think. Ludicrous, were it not so pitiable! A truer exemplification of courage in this sphere of influence consists in having our own convictions so well in hand, and our own minds so tempered to the requirements of just and equitable debate, that we could even dare to sit down with the intellectually troubled man and actually be of help to him. It would not infrequently be revealed that the troubled man knows more about science, and even about religion, on the philosophic side, than the doughty dogmatist himself. It is easier to down science in the pulpit than in the study. And it calls for a more or less courageous type of man to do some thinking on his own account; to learn from actual experience what is the awful pressure of doubt upon the philosophic mind. Having done this, and having come off more than conqueror, one is rendered for the first time capable of giving actual help to the doubter, both publicly and privately—which is an infinitely better process than the most skillful handling of Gatling guns on parapets that are kept immune from counter attacks by the polite usages of society. It is well to remember that opinions are not convictions. Opinions are handed down unquestioningly from generation to generation, from age to age; convictions are the freshly wrought products of a soul's own thinking. A man's opinions may be many; his convictions are by comparison strikingly few. Bigotry, dogmatism, and the fanatical zeal go with the declaration of opinions; toleration, emphasis, and genuine ear-

nestness go with convictions. On the basis of these distinctions much that is said concerning the courage of one's convictions resolves itself into so much thin air.

The commanding need of the pulpit in our day is the courage to believe in its own supremacy. It is all too generally believed and too frequently asserted that the ministry has lost ground in matters pertaining to leadership. But the evil day has not yet come when earnest men and women have ceased to look upon the ministers of Christ as leaders of thought in all matters pertaining to spiritual life and growth. The preacher's acknowledged vocation is the lifting up of lofty ideals. The man who recognizes this, and conforms his preaching to it, is a leader still. "Lift up a standard for the people" is an ancient mandate with an eternal freshness of application. Let the humblest minister of Christ have the courage to believe that in the domain of character-making his vocation precedes all others. In holding men to vital truth, to conscience, to justice, to the dictates of humanity as reinforced by the sacred vision, let him regard his position among men as not having suffered one whit from any so-called changed order of things. Everything that has been lost of relative value has been more than compensated for by a certain increased public estimate upon what has always constituted the pulpits legitimate work, the making of men. The preacher's specialty has to do with the case of successful living. It is his to work for the purification of the springs of human action. The world is quick enough to recognize real authority. And real authority for the preacher consists never in self-assertion, but always in the self-embodiment of such forces, truths and principles as have their counterpart in the eternal needs of men. To believe this in the face of all contesting sophistries—to practice this in face of an over-wailing storm of pessimism—takes some courage. But it is a courage that will "win out." And for such workmen the world has ever in waiting a place of command.

Fred Clare Baldwin.

## Art. XI.—A WINTER DAY ON A COUNTRY CIRCUIT

I am a circuit preacher. This statement does not entitle me to any special consideration. I make it merely to make clear that I have the opportunity of seeing wonderful things. You will have to accept my unsupported testimony that I really see wonderful things. I thank God for the eyes and the opportunity to see the wonders of his out-of-doors. One Sunday afternoon in December I started on a four-mile drive to a lonely country church. I really drove four miles through the aisles and corridors of God's most wonderful temples. The afternoon air was full of a peculiar, dusky semiradiance. The sky, neither blue nor gray yet both blue and gray, was a color-tone that I can liken to nothing that I have ever seen—soft, fluffy, modestly brilliant, as if summer blue and winter gray were mingled yet not merged. And the whole was permeated by a myriad of floating, dust-like particles of a dun-like tarnished gold. Through this beautifully weird atmosphere of dusty brilliance, fire-lines and gemmy sparkles shot and glimmered and shifted as if the earth were at the center of a great opal and I could see from inside the jewel the magnificent play and change of fire and color. The sun was veiled—not hidden, not obscured, but veiled, as the face of an Eastern woman is veiled when she goes abroad—with a misty, transparent, filmy veil which heightens and enhances the rose and carnation tints of cheeks and lips, the pearly gleam of brow, the brilliance of the eye, yet conceals the grosser appearance of the countenance. There was none of the hard, diamond-like brilliance of the winter sun. That was hidden by the veil. There was none of the intolerable, piercing, eye-destroying fervor of summer. That was subdued by the gold dust in the air. There was none of the languorous glow of spring. That was invigorated into keenness by the cold. There was none of the burning, scorching ardor of autumn. That was cooled and filtered by the film of mist. It was just the sun of that day, neither summer sun, winter sun, spring sun, nor autumn sun. You have heard singers speak of a veiled voice: this was a veiled sun. His beauty, his light, his

glory shed themselves through the veil about me and over the earth, like the melody from the throat of the singer, and my soul melted into the glory of that great mystery which came filtering and sprinkling from the face of the heavenly sun through the color and change and misty glow of the winter afternoon. It fell upon me, about me, into my heart. I was one of the infinitesimal bits of gold dust that floated in the air. I was part of it all. This was the intoxication of the melody of light that flowed downward through the veil, and lifted my soul as melody of sound has never lifted me. All the landscape luxuriates in the unusual glow. It seems not unreal nor unusual, however. None of the moods of nature are unusual. All are a matter of course. And I am glad that God has made the earth so that it is never incongruous nor abnormal. And I am glad that he has made it so it is all and always so unusual that we ever see something new about himself in the change. Field and meadow, brook and bank, snow and cloud, tree and shrub and grass tell me a different story this afternoon than any I have heard, because God deluges them and me with the light of a veiled sun, and reflects the light back into my eyes from every ice-pool and snowdrift, and brown hollow of meadow, and tree bole, and corn leaf, and frozen, upturned clod, and bank of stream, and snow and earth, and cloud. I see a new earth and my eyes almost penetrate into a new heaven.

The road lies along a field newly plowed. The rough, uneven surface lies like a suddenly congealed sea of lava. The smooth surfaces left polished by the plowshare gleam in the peculiar light and send back bright beams and points. The thin snow does not cover the ground, but overlies the inequalities as the lichen overlies the unevenness of the boulder. Looking across the stretch before me, the field presents a symmetrical, regular succession of wave-forms in alternate black and white, as if two lakes of pitch and milk were tossing in the same basin, under the same wind, yet without mingling. How strange this day is with its minglings and mixings and dual appearances! But it is not black and white at all when a closer look shows up the real colors of that field. It is not black, but a deep brown, rich as the cloying lusciousness of the cocoa berry, and showing a silvery sheen

in the sunlight: a brown that supplies, in the symphony of this afternoon, the deep, rich, heart-shaking, 'cello tones which give substance and volume and weight to the entire orchestra; smoothing the shrill piccolo of the snow crystals; bearing up and carrying in irresistible sweep, the soft, whispering, violin tones of the golden, trembling air; steadying and softening the brassy blare of the ice-blue shadows on the brook.

And the snow is not white, but shaded and modified by tints that have no name, and that are never seen save through the tears which well up from a heart bursting in its effort to contain and retain the strains of the color-melody. What a symphony it is—a symphony of color, of mystery, of gray mist, of subdued tones, of soft minors, and mystic, hidden themes! How the heart aches! How it longs to burst out and swell and swell and swell until it can contain all the intensity, the meaning that is so mightily apparent, that throbs in the color, in the symmetry, in the sighing winter wind, and yet is hidden. It is exquisite music. It is exquisite pain. The heartstrings are like to snap as they attune themselves to the symphony of a winter day.

Beyond the plowed field is a cornfield. The stalks, stripped of their burden of ears, stand bravely in their rank and file like tattered soldiers guarding their line of battle even when the bullets of the enemy and the roughness of their own march have well-nigh stripped their uniforms from their backs. They stand bravely, these warriors of the field. They have a right still to wave their ragged plumes in the chilly air, and rustle their tattered, gold-bright uniforms in this gold-bright afternoon. Have they not stood there all through the spring and summer and fall and done battle with the wind and rain and hail and scorching sun, guarding the precious trust given them? Have they not conquered? Have they not captured, by very force of dauntless energy and wonderful skill at arms, the ozone from wind, and oxygen from rain, and mysterious life and force from sunbeam, and brought all into the treasure their husky knapsacks held? Have they not turned the very guns of the enemy against him? Have they not a right to stand still in their yet unbroken line? And they do stand and wave their plumes in this dun-gray day,

and send out little modest flashes of light from the untarnished portions of their once polished bayonets. The cornfield is a yellow-brown stretch with the snow giving an additional mellowness to its brown. Unlike the plowed field, the brown of cornstalks and the white of snow do not contrast. Rather do they mutually mellow each other. The snow has a softer, milder white from its juxtaposition with the brown stalks. The corn has a mellower, more evasive tone because of the snow. And both are beautiful beyond expression. This mingling of a light snow with the autumn tints is one of God's everyday miracles. And when it occurs on a gold-powdered day it is more wonderful still.

This is a brown day. In the meadows is a deeper, richer brown than that of the cornfields; a brown that shades imperceptibly into gray as it recedes into the shadows of the distance. The dry, waving grass does not reveal the snow, but I know it is there because of the hint I have in the whisper and glimmer that come when the brown grass moves. I know it is there as I know that love is in the heart of my wife when I look into the shadows and the deep-gleaming mysteries of her eyes. Varying, shifting shades play over the brown shadow as the clouds float in front of the sun and then move aside like playful children passing between the lamp and the wall and laughing at the shadows. And ever that luster from the wonderful sky! A rattling bridge of planks crosses a stream. The boards are shrunk so that great gaps appear between them through which come the gleam and ripple of water, and I have the peculiar sensation of traveling in mid-air and looking downward toward the earth. The horse is startled at the sudden transition from terra firma to the air route, and bows his neck and glances apprehensively downward as if to assure himself that he still stands on something tangible and secure. The view from this mid-air observatory is like a scene from an old fairy play. Upstream is a snowy white wood vista. The bed of the stream forms a passageway among the trees, and the rounded banks, rising on either hand, look like heaps of pillows piled by the creatures of the wood to retain the little brook within its bounds and mark off the limits of its license. The stream itself is a long ribbon of white and blue-black ice, broken into fragments

near the bridge by the outcropping of rocks from the bottom. The stones are ice-covered and glistening, rounded and smooth, but forming a piece of most wonderful mosaic of blue-white shades laid upon the dead white of the ice below. A fringe hangs over each margin of the stream so that no hard distinct line appears where earth and ice meet; a fringe of softest, purest white where the grasses and twigs have caught and held the snow in fluffs of down. Here and there a dark opening appears in the etched white wall where a rabbit has made his way down to the edge and turned back to his cosy winter home when he found there only ice. There is not a sound that one can name, not a movement that one can see, yet down that rounded channel through the interlacing nakedness of boughs and shrubs comes the pulse of all the wonderful life of the winter woods. I feel it on my cheeks, the scent of it is in my nostrils, the throb of it is in my heart. But I cannot go up that pathway to meet it, because I belong for this afternoon to the creatures of the shingled roof and ruddy hearth.

But I want to go. Below the bridge the water tumbles from beneath the ice into a little open basin, and dimples and blackens, and gives out little silver flashes and invites me to a plunge. But I know it has a chill which strikes through the very marrow, even though it does try to hide it in silver and blue dimples. I will come back here in August and accept the invitation then, for I know the stream is laughing in anticipation of the prank it would play on me. I am acquainted with the ways of brooks. And there it goes, rippling out along between its banks across the wide wonderful meadow. A little further along lies a wheat field. Here is another of the singular beauties of this singular day. The wheat is green, brilliantly, deply, richly green, such a green as flashes from the bleeding heart of an emerald just cut on the lapidary's stone. How green it is! And how cold! The snow is half hidden among the wheat, but the wheat is green of a hue that cannot be heightened but is peculiarly affected by the half-hidden white. The field is not mottled with white like the plowed ground. It is not overlaid with white as the smooth surface of the road. It is not underlaid with white like the brown meadow. But among the green wheat the white of the snow lies mingled

like the colors are mingled which a painter spreads upon his canvas. A practiced eye can discern the different colors, but each one gives to all the rest its own peculiar tone while at the same time sinking its own hue into the color-tone of the whole. Peculiarly enchanced is the green, peculiarly modified is the white in this frigid combination. It is a combination of color to make the heart shiver with cold. No wonder the little oak shrub, standing in the edge of the field, rattles its stiff leaves as if in distress. The frost has been sudden and severe. The leaves on that little shrub have not had time to change gradually to the dark red which is the oak's winter cognizance. They have been frozen while the sap yet flowed, and have retained their glossy green with just an edging of brown. And that green and white field seems to keep them stiff and hard by the very force of its cold color. It looks familiar and yet strange. Those leaves should be dry and red. They are green and brown, with a sheen upon them like that of opal glass in old cathedral windows. They are stiff and rigid and rattle in the breeze. They should be soft and rustling. I gather some of them, but soon they melt from exquisite porcelain to a mass of wet unpleasantness in my hand.

A sudden whirr of little wings attracts my attention to the other side of the road. When I turn I am in fairyland. The snowbirds have risen from the brow of a long stretch of snow dunes that are more beautiful than anything ever imagined by the most ethereal of mystics. The horse must go slowly here. Not a single curve or glint of this beauty can be missed. The drifts lie along the hedge and the coping of their summit reaches to the height of the wheel and, in some places, to the horse's back. As far as I can see the marvelous succession of surprise goes on. The wind has erected the snow into ramparts of marble. Beneath the protection of their overhanging ridges the Master Sculptor has done his choicest work. Here are forms as graceful as grace of angels; shapes and patterns that no geometrician can ever measure and no artist ever pencil, as beautiful as the dreams of a child; shapes fantastic as the wildest hallucinations of hashish; mounds and swelling undulations and upheavings, as daintily rounded and velvety soft, as sweetly, dazzling white, as a maiden's

bosom. Here spring up pillars, and columns, and pilasters, such as never were seen in classic sculpture. Forms of grandeur, nobility, majesty, are here. Grand, sweeping, perfect curves alternate with long stretches of the most delicate and dainty lace-work. Great fluffs of down lie piled up about the borders of gleaming flats like the clouds that tumble away in mighty, rolling masses from the face of the summer moon. Deep grottoes and mountain peaks, fairy caves and enchanted hills, castles, palaces —I wander through them all, and the treasures of the infinite are mine for I find them in the snow. Along the base of the range of snow-mountains the roadside weeds have been transformed into things of wonder. Tall plumes, whiter than the brow of purity, lift themselves, feathery, soft. But they fall in a shower of diamonds at my touch. Mantles of whitest ermine drape the columns, and couches of fur invite repose. Here I seem to see, condensed into one stretch of country road, all the beauty of form that the universe contains. It is as if I had within my grasp the abstraction of beauty and could express it as I would. But I am afraid to try to express it, for only in the out-door world of God can such beauty as this be born.

It is growing too dark to see more. My heart is full, too, and I am bending, tired from the beauty of the day. The air has lost the golden mistiness, and the blue is dying from the sky. A great gray cloud comes out of the west. The shadows grow gray. The earth and sky and all lose their tints and merge into the gray. I cannot see where earth and sky meet. A snowflake falls upon my face, soft as a baby's kiss. The night is falling too. It was a kiss—the good-by kiss of the day. The cloud from the west comes on and more flakes fall.

It is growing dark. I answer the farewell of the day.

I'll go home.

C. D Robertson.

## ART. XII—THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

On no other work was Tennyson engaged so long as on the Idylls of the King. More than fifty years separated the Lady of Shalott, Tennyson's earliest study in Arthurian romance, from Balin and Balan. The first installment of the Idylls themselves was issued from the press in 1859. Ten years later, The Coming of Arthur, the Holy Grail, Pelleas and Ettarre, and the Passing of Arthur were added; in 1871, The Last Tournament; in 1872, Gareth and Lynette. In the latter year, the Idylls were arranged in their present order. In 1885, the series was closed with Balin and Balan. But if the Idylls were the chief, they were not the greatest, work of Tennyson's life. There is a sad lack of unity in the central impression. And this rises less from the nature of Tennyson's materials than from his chosen method of treatment. Malory's knights are hard-hitting fellows. Tennyson's are shadowy. The fights described in the chronicles are as convincing as any accounts to-day of battles in Cuba or Egypt. The battle-scenes of Tennyson appear as if woven on Bayeux tapestry. Wherein lies the difference? One man is telling a thrilling story; the other, according to his own confession, is "shadowing sense at war with soul." I have yet to be convinced that allegory is a thoroughly successful literary form. The long Middle-Age romances are very stupid reading. Spenser's poem is effective in spite of its allegory, not because of it; it is best where the allegory is least plain. Perhaps the only remarkably good allegories in English are Swift's and Bunyan's, but both Gulliver and Pilgrim's Progress can be read with interest by children who understand nothing of the satire on English institutions, and little, if anything, of the struggles of the human soul on its road to Heaven. If the writer of allegory leads us to care overmuch for the story, however, he lessens the value of its meaning; if the didacticism is made obtrusive, on the other hand, the story suffers.

The fault with Tennyson is that he fails clearly to impress us either with the allegory or with the story. He wavers between the two with the result that the whole thing seems ineffective. He

should have been more consistently didactic, or more vigorously epic. If he had been consistently didactic, he would have enforced the lesson that purity in the end is triumphant. This is not made clear. The certainty of In Memoriam that "somehow good shall be the final goal of ill"—this is notably absent from the Idylls. The poet seems to prove exactly what he does not intend, namely, that purity is impracticable. Only two or three characters remain chaste. There is no vindication of virtue at the end. Even Arthur is uncertain whether his kingdom will not "reel back into the beast." And if the allegory is not convincing, the story is less so. The epic hero should issue from his struggles with victorious courage. Arthur, broken-spirited, passes into other lands. There are vague rumors that he will never return. But the confused impression does not belong only to the final pages. The characterization is unsatisfactory throughout. Most of the figures are dream creatures; they have no warmth or life. If they approach reality, some touch of overdrawing, some inconsistency, is certain to mar the portrait. Lynette is too saucy and self-conscious to be, as she was meant to be, merely piquant. In the worst Yankee sense, she is "smart." Enid is too patient to be human; she is more absurd than Griselda. She unresentingly bears gross insults such as no pure woman would suffer even from lover or husband. Vivian is not only vulgar; she is impossibly malignant, inhuman. Merlin is not made to fall into a dotage, as in the old tale. He is as wise as ever. He hates Vivian, reads her falsity, understands that she plots his ruin—and yet yields. As to Arthur himself—it is a commonplace to say that he is a prig, that the one character held up for undivided admiration lacks the warm human sympathy which is the most lovable thing in character and the sense of humor which is the balance-wheel of conduct. We do not pity his downfall half so heartily as we are desired to; we feel that he has, to a large degree, brought it on himself. Arthur embodies Tennyson's favorite virtues—order, self-restraint, obedience, chastity. These are not active, but passive, virtues. In Tennyson's philosophy of life, yielding to unrestrained impulse is the unpardonable sin. The downfall of the Round Table began with the yielding to a noble impulse, but this was followed, as Tennyson meant us to see

it must be, by the yielding to an ignoble impulse. Mysticism and impurity are the two enemies of Arthur's government. As soon as men leave knightly exploits to listen to fanciful visions, so surely as the marriage bonds are carelessly regarded and loosely kept—so soon and surely will heroism cease and the bonds of national allegiance weaken. This is all true, but only negatively true. And, as it happens, the class of virtues which wakens enthusiastic response in the hearts of most readers is never that of the negative virtues. Tennyson is always a little afraid of passion. We agree with him that passion unrestrained is disintegrating and ruinous. But it is open to doubt whether even that is not preferable to a cold incapacity for passion. Human nature will always give its heart to Lancelot, with his red blood and noble impulses, rather than to Arthur, who finds self-control easy because he has so little passion to control. Had Arthur striven to the uttermost for his life's set prize, he could not have lost the love of Guinevere, he could never have lost the loyalty of his subjects. But the philosophy of Tennyson is as far removed from Browning's as Carlyle's philosophy is from Matthew Arnold's. The moral teaching of the Idylls can never enlist our heart because it represents only half a truth, and that the negative half. Passions are not given us simply to be sat down upon. Self-control is good. The generous yielding to our highest impulses is better. Order, denial, resistance to evil—who finds such qualities anything but praiseworthy? But greater than these is—Love.

To say that Tennyson fails both in characterization and enforcement of his central conception, is to make very grave deductions. But it is not equivalent to saying that the Idylls do not have remarkable merits. In the first place, the very thing that removes Tennyson's poem from the realm of reality places it in an atmosphere of charm. Your hard-and-fast realist tells you that we want nothing from literature except a reproduction of the facts of life. On the other hand, what we want is often an escape from the tyranny of those facts. Real life we have always with us. It is one of the glories of poetry that it beckons us into the world of youthful illusion and joy which we had feared never to revisit. The Holy Grail, for example, is as charming a poem as

any modern pen has given us. It is mystical, suggestive, charged with sensuous and symbolic beauty. It offers us vistas; our imagination is enveloped in the purple haze of romance. The Idylls, moreover, are a triumph of merely technical skill. I incline to think their blank-verse the finest that has been written since Milton. Its only competitors, surely, are the blank-verse of Sohrab and Rustum and The Ring and the Book. But the vigor of Browning's blank-verse hardly makes up for its frequent harshness, and Arnold's lacks the flexibility of that in the Idylls. Tennyson's later blank-verse is well-nigh perfect. It is strong or graceful as the mood suggests, but its strength never descends into uncouthness nor its supple ease into weakness. Praise can hardly be too high for the choice of metaphors, for the diction, for the tone and color values of the Idylls. In no other work has Tennyson shown more clearly his artistic supremacy; in no other work, also, have his limitations as a teacher of ethics, and a student of human character, been more conspicuous.

Frederic L. Knowles

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A HIGHER critic, with keen nose for the personal aroma, whereby he easily detects the presence of any writer whether living or dead, insists that the spirit of Walt Whitman is now contributing to the Springfield Republican, probably through Mrs. Piper, of Boston; and, in proof of his contention, submits the following poem which recently appeared in the Republican:

"This is the wooing, the winning, the gracious, the maidenly June—ready for bridal, for the true love, for the long love, and capturing all.

And now there are calopogens, pogonias, and the supreme arethusa that follow.

And now, too, how rich and voluptuous are the mountains, with their woodland advancement."

### THE BEGINNING OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA

So significant is the opening chapter of a volume[1] by Professor George E. Woodberry, of Columbia University, with reference to a Book which came over in the Mayflower and which was the primal fountain of American literature that we condense its substance for our readers. The professor says that it is not often that books make an important item in the cargo of an emigrant vessel; that the mother-tongue is brought, and that in it usually is the great sap of thought, aspiration, and resolve to feed the institution of church and state as they arise; but that the book-language is in the main left at home by the emigrants, so that it is the mouth-language that will generally be used on the new soil. But now and then an exodus has gone out with one great book which was like brain and blood to the venturesome little race; and as, in the dawn of England's history, the Anglo-Saxon poem, "Beowulf" had come in the long Danish boats, so on Massachusetts Bay in 1620 a Book came ashore with the little English colony; and every ship that brought the twenty thousand souls of the first emigration brought that Book—the one book out of all the books of men that has oftenest crossed the sea—the Bible. In this small folk of English stock, the great Book which was making England great found a human vehicle suited to its greatness, and fit to convey and perpetuate its divine

[1] America in Literature. 12mo. pp. 253. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $1.50.

power to a new nation. That nest of Puritans on the New England coast is thought of by many as unimaginative and unliterary. Yet in England the Puritan line included Spenser and Milton and Bunyan, the three most imaginative minds of their generations for a century of English life. And those Massachusetts Puritans, being of the stock they were, could not but be imaginative, romantic, intense, in vision and emotion and idea. They were highly charged with all this intellectual and spiritual energy; and it was kindled in them by the Bible which was their literature. If they required songs of praise, they "rolled the hymn to wintry skies." If they sought expression for humiliation, or desired to illustrate their fortunes or their passions, their sins, or trials, or deliverances, there in the Scriptures was the typical narrative and drama reflecting and epitomizing human life as they knew it. They turned to that one Book and found in it not only the guidance and inspiration of life, but the mirror of all their experience and the consolation of all their perilous hardships. It is an ignorant mistake to regard as unliterary a people to whom the Old Testament was more thoroughly known than was Homer to the young Greeks, and the New Testament more familiar than Victor Hugo to young France. It is the function of literature to lift the thoughts of men, to educate the emotions, to shape character toward ideal ends, to exalt and to console, and always to minister to the human spirit in its earthly pilgrimage; this office the Bible discharged in the early New England settlements with an adequacy, a constancy, a penetration, a completeness of efficacy such as is hardly paralleled in history. The Bible was their rubric of prayer, their lyric of praise, the parable of their morality; and they adopted it to be the epic of their growing state where they, too, like ancient Israel, were a chosen people of God planted in the wilderness.

In addition this Book bred a learned and scholarly clergy who were vast producers of sermons, theological treatises, and controversial tractates; it enforced that respect for learning and the literary faculty which has never ceased in that region; and it made the people a lettered community by the mere necessity that it must be read by all. Those generations of early settlers were not a dull, darkened, unimaginative folk, but in a true sense one of the most literary states that ever existed, having their most passionate life in a Book more intensely cherished than is the Koran by Islam, and as much richer and more potent in art and in truth than the Koran as the Christian life exceeds the Moslem creed. The Bible was the book in which the first

Americans had their full and overflowing literary life, and, it should be added, their artistic life as well.

And what a life those Puritans led with this life-giving and immortal Book vivifying and feeding brain and heart! Note their prayers, sweet and solemn with cadences known to us now in the English prayer book. Read the letters of their wives, like Mrs. Winthrop's, mingling human affection with divine love, as if those New England mothers were also nuns of Christ's cloister. Read their sermons, now terse and tense with feeling, now studded with learning better known to us in Milton, now marked by an amplitude and flowing eloquence akin to Jeremy Taylor's, now vivid with a realism that resembles Bunyan's. The clergy who were the spiritual leaders of those early Americans were men of great force of character, immense intellectual vigor, impressive moral dignity, recognized authority, and touched with the scholar's refinement; and, judging by the testimony of their friends, in some of the Puritan clergy all the poison of human nature had gone out of them into their creed, leaving only angelic sweetness in their souls. The people who sat under their teaching were on the one side absorbed in practical affairs, hunting, fighting, exploring, contending with nature and the elements, toiling hard to wrest a living from a grudging soil, building with heroic courage the foundations of future empire; and, on the other, absorbed in spiritual self-scrutiny, heart-searching, and communion with the Infinite; so sure in every touch on this world with ax and plow and gun, yet living in the unseen and looking steadily toward the world to come. We see, in imagination, the little hamlets of low houses dotting the coast, the clearings inland, the few boats by the shore, the deep woods all about—a wilderness dark and silent, infested by lurking savages—the shriveling summer heat on the sparse corn, the white winter drift burying all; peril always near, subsistence often uncertain; a grim, stern, trying physical life. Yet in these harsh and hostile conditions the one most intense and vivid reality was spiritual life—the life which is kindled and kept burning in the souls of men by the quenchless fire of God's Holy Word.

The first Americans were steeped in literature of the highest quality; and that one, wondrous Book, exhaustive of the meaning of life and death, time and eternity, and adequate to all human needs, did for them everything that the noblest literature can do for the mind and heart of a people. It filled them with a vivid perpetual sense of the Divine Presence in all their life. An aura of special

providences illuminated the whole heaven above the settlements, not with the aloofness of miracle, but with a homely nearness, so that the gray goose which John Dane shot on Ipswich River could not fall from the sky opportunely for his hungry dinner except as the Master says the sparrow falls. The goose was sent to him, he doubted not, by the same watchful and providing Power that sent Elijah's ravens. The mental and moral life of those hardy pioneers was thus made infinitely spacious, lofty, momentous, grand.

Saturated as they were in mind and soul by constant study of the sublimest of all literature, they were an eminently literary people. And the Book which gave them their ideals, and which expressed through its narratives and imagery their daily experience, also colored the early colonial writings which were the first literary products of American life. So that the Bible was the fountain-head and beginning of literature in America. And that supreme, indestructible Book is still, as Professor Woodberry says, the great Gulf Stream in the literary consciousness of English-speaking peoples the world over, and the centuries through. If its salutary and saving influence could be taken out of the world ruin would demolish and rottenness dissolve the structure of modern civilization. And especially the literature which is of greatest value to mankind would be lost. That Book, the Word of God, is to-day more widely and intimately known to the human race, dearer to the world's heart, and firmer in the faith of mankind than ever before. Age cannot stale it. Every year it outsells every other book in the world. It is among books, as Christ is among men, divine. Historical and literary criticism cannot dissolve it or diminish Him. Even such a man as Harnack says: "Let the plain man continue to read his New Testament as he has read it, for in the long run the critic can read it no otherwise."

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## BESIDE THE SEA

For inlanders to be going to the shore is almost the blithest and breeziest of anticipations; and when at the end of a hot day's dusty travel one snuffs salt meadows from the car windows, and feels his hair lifted, face cooled, and lungs filled by the good sea breeze, it is enough to make a pelagian, though not a heretic, out of the most orthodox. The newcomer feels at once a physical blessing subtly diffused through his frame, as if nature had pronounced over him her most potent benediction, and soon finds that the sea air is a drowsy

syrup which drugs his jaded nerves and senses into a life-saving stupor. He drinks sleep like nectar all night long, and scarce wakes up by day, but rests with his body in a kind of lethargic swoon, and his mind too deliciously indolent to do more than sit in its easy chair and rock. Then after days and nights of abysmal repose, wherein he was sunk like a drowned man in the sea, he rises to the surface of full consciousness again, and swims ashore to the definite and firm realities of wide-awake life. And now he thinks it bliss to be alive, and says within himself:

> How good is man's life, the mere living!
> How sweet to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses
> Forever in joy!

Fifty years ago our fathers were listening to Rufus Choate fascinating lyceum audiences with his lecture on The Romance of the Sea. Always romance has brooded over the mystery and perils of the great deep, and poetry has dwelt upon its beauty. It has tempted and defied all generations of poets to describe its moods and tenses. It and the human mind are so inexhaustible that several thousand years after Homer and Pindar it is still possible for new things to be said about it. Whittier said a new thing in his lines:

> The white waves kneeling on the strand,
> The priesthood of the sea;

and Longfellow, when he spoke of "the sea grinding its curved battle-ax on the beach." Who does not instantly see the smooth breaker bending its sharp edge toward the sand? Sidney Lanier also, when he wrote, in a Marsh Song—At Sunset, of the bright Ariel cloud and the Caliban sea, "monstrous and shambling," "humped and fishy," "huge and huddling." The seashore is a realm for the imagination. Romance, mythology, and poetry take possession of the mind. The fancy grows tricksy and frolicsome. A plain man, only ordinarily imaginative, and far from being a delirious poet, looking from the rocks down into the summer waves, sees and hears things not possible, even if lawful, for him to utter:

> Has sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> And hears old Triton blow his wreathèd horn;

sees mermaids riding on a dolphin's back, and catches glimpses of Kingsley's water babies playing in Neptune's garden, and tender-hearted little Tom helping unfortunate lobsters out of the pots.

Horace Greeley wrote Thurlow Weed an invitation for a trip to

Rockaway: "If you never bathed in the sea by moonlight or at sunrise in July, it is a pleasure you ought not to miss much longer. Rockaway is magnificent—I mean the ocean, there is nothing else there." Grim-visaged Bismarck, man of blood and iron, with face like a mitrailleuse, frequently staring Europe out of countenance, said years ago: "I am an enthusiast about nature, and I love the sea like a sweetheart." In him the sea had a lover as rough and stern and dangerous as itself. Most of us think of Garibaldi at Caprera as a farmer, but when after illness they carried him out on a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean, he cried: "Here I have the sea, and for us sailors the sea is life." Victor Hugo, at Guernsey, constructed a singular lounge, a succession of broad upholstered steps, each one a couch with a pillow, on which, high or low, he stretched himself at full length when weary with work at the tall desk where he wrote standing; and so he mused and rested by the hour, gazing off upon the sea in a reclining posture, which gives a peculiarly picturelike effect to any scene of land or water so viewed.

The most attractive coasts are rocky ones, where, as at Mount Desert, bold, broken, ragged cliffs have Thunder Cove and Schooner Head and Spouting Horn, where one lies, like Southey:

> On the cliff's huge height
> And marks the billows burst in silver light;

or stands upon the dizzy brink above the weltering flood, and remembers Hamlet following his murdered father's ghost to "the dreadful summit of the cliff that beetles o'er his base into the sea," wherefrom one "looks so many fathoms to the deep, and hears it roar beneath;" where the surges swing their wrath against the flinty front, to fall back impotent and shattered; where, when the tide rises to due level, the billows boom and bellow in rock caves and crevices; where, on steep, small beaches in gaps between the cliffs, when wind and sea are up, one hears what Tennyson describes:

> The scream of a maddened beach
> Dragged down by the wave,

the loose pebbles and stones rolling harshly over each other with a noise like the death rattle in the throat of some marine monster.

Few things are less monotonous than the sea; no lack of episode and incident; incessant rearrangement of elements; inexhaustible variety of appearance and interest. From some cool, breezy perch upon the rocks one can look long away upon the watery vastitude,

plural with multitudinous waves all moving unanimous toward the shore; note the color variegations, inshore greens and offshore blues, and, contrasting sharply with the indigo water, the white suds with which the sea washes the face of the ragged ledge; blink at the dazzling brightness which flashes sunward along the water, silver-plating its repoussé surface; observe the lazy clouds loitering like sacred white elephants between sun and sea, and darkening the sunlit bosom of the deep with their vagrant shadows; watch the wheeling and the diving of the gulls, those shrill, hardy, fearless, and tireless nurselings of the waves; then wander down the white beach, strewn with dainty shells tinted in pink and pearl, and see fairy rainbows flit through the line of lather left for a moment by the refluent wave upon the smooth wet sand; mark the swift process of a breaker's history, its brevity from birth to death, its swelling rise, its growing prominence, its instantaneous, upright poise, its crystal curve, its falling crest, its plunge, its sobbing subsidence—a human life emblemed in miniature. Off yonder the tilting bell-buoy nods to all the thirty-two points of the compass, tolling irregular warning above the rocks, that church bells on the land may not have mariners' knells to toll. Presently a dense mist drifts in from everywhere, smothers sea and land, and shuts us in as with dull gray dripping curtains; and in a little while we hear the huge muffled voice of the fog-siren wading off through the woolly atmosphere like an Indian on snowshoes to find the groping ships and guide them. If anybody doubts the infinite variety of the ocean, let him, through her books, make friends with Celia Thaxter on the group of rocks ten miles off Portsmouth, kindling in her girlhood the cheery, punctual lighthouse lamps on White Island, calling the sandpiper comrade, poking fun at the burgomaster gull, joining soulfully in the song sparrow's sweet litany, and through the long years after singing from Appledore her hundred poems of the sea, all smelling of the brine, flowing with billowy rhythm, and full of the music, mild or magnificent, hoarse or halcyon, of the ever sonorous sea. "Isn't it lonesome off on these bleak rocks in winter?" was asked of a dweller on Smutty Nose, and the islander replied: "Yes, rather, but then not so lonesome as you'd think. Vessels are passing, weather's changing, and water's allus in motion. The sea is a good deal o' company." The "shoaler" was right. The sea is alive; its bosom heaves, it breathes, it has a pulse. It has more moods and variations than a woman; it has a voice, sometimes a whisper, sometimes a murmur, sometimes a savage growl, sometimes an awful roar.

The sea is indeed "a good deal o' company." Immensely interesting and forever fresh, to attempt to describe its eternal changefulness would be like trying to paint a soul.

To be lost at sea seems dreadful from the shore. Land's folk dying mostly prefer to have their bodies rest under the green plush of summer grasses or winter's white quilt of eiderdown. Yet some have loved the sea so much as to desire it for a grave. A young Scottish wife who has crossed the Atlantic many times by requirement of her husband's business, and has witnessed more than once the solemn simplicity of a burial at sea, in which the body is consigned to a vastness almost as measureless as that infinite into which the spirit has passed, would be content if she knew that at life's end her lifeless form, sewed in white canvas and weighted at the feet, would be slid down a smooth plank over the ship's side into the clean, blue ocean. We are told that Father Taylor once said, "When I am dead I do not want to be buried in dirt. Bury me rather in the deep salt sea, where coral rocks below shall be my pillow, seaweeds my winding sheet, and choral waves above sing my requiem forever." And when the old sailor died they did it not as he said. One of the oddities of old Diogenes was that he expressed a preference to have his remains fed to the fishes rather than the worms. Where can one have sweeter burial than in the undefilable sea? What better is a narrow cell in the graveyard than a boundless sepulcher in the great deep? Why are not swelling waves, heaving their marbled slopes toward heaven, always falling, yet ever replaced, as fine a monument as granite block or marble shaft? Why not as well blend our material elements with the water as with the soil or the atmosphere? Why not have one's atoms flung up in rainbowed spray or flashing foam as cheerfully as to have them rise in blades of grass above a mound of earth, or float off in puffs of smoke from the chimney of a crematory? What could be more beautiful than that Lady Brassey, who wrote charming books about the voyage of her steam yacht, the Sunbeam, should, on her last trip, be laid to rest in midocean in the pure bosom of the sea she loved? The following most pathetic incident is given us: A few weeks after the sinking of the Elbe, of the North German Lloyd Line, the Ems, of the same line, was passing the spot where the wrecked steamer lay. "On board the Ems was a passenger who lost his wife and three children when the Elbe went down. He had requested the captain of the Ems to pass slowly over the place where the Elbe's masts could be seen above the water. The order was given to move

slowly, the whole crew was called to quarters, flags were hoisted at half-mast, officers and crew stood uncovered, and while a salute of nine guns was fired, the passenger, with tears streaming from his eyes, cast into the sea a flower wreath heavily weighted with lead. The waves closed over the flowers, and the Ems proceeded on her voyage." Why was not this sorrowful tribute of a sad heart to the sacred memory of its beloved dead as beautiful and satisfying as planting a rosebush on a mound?

The sea begets in mankind moods as various as its own. It typifies and suggests the mystery, immensity, and restlessness of existence, and rolls in upon us a sense of the eternal which underlies and backgrounds all fleeting forms. In the cadence of winds and rhythm of waves we overhear an undertone of that grand harmony which runs through all God's works. To be beside the sea or on it may easily and naturally solemnize and spiritualize the serious and thoughtful mind. Charles Kingsley wrote in his diary, the night he was twenty-two years old: "I have been for the last hour on the seashore; before the sleeping earth, and the sleepless sea and stars, I have devoted myself to God." Young midshipman Foote (afterward admiral) paced the deck of the Natchez at midnight, communing alone with his conscience between ocean and sky, until he looked up and said: "Henceforth I live for God." Horatius Bonar found by the shore invigoration of soul, for he wrote:

> That rugged rock-fringe that girds in the ocean,
> And calls the foam from its translucent blue,
> It seems to pour strange strength into my spirit,
> Strength for endurance, strength for conflict too.

Another, watching the close of a calm summer day, with thoughts of peace and not of evil, wrote thus:

> Homeward the swift-winged sea gull takes its flight;
> The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
> The sunlit boats draw shoreward for the night;
> The shadows deepen over sea and land:
> Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
> Behold, one evening God shall lead thee home.

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## "WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

This was the greeting habitually given to friend and to stranger by one of the most radiant, engaging, and irresistible personalities ever seen in a New York pulpit, as he held the hand and looked eagerly into the eyes of whatever man, woman, or child he met. Those

who best knew Maltbie D. Babcock, the pastor of the Brick Church, say that this greeting, far from being an accidental form, epitomised and expressed the whole spirit and action of his life. He was a disciple of One who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and this mind which was in Christ was also in him. By the path of service he climbed to heights of greatness. "Ich Dien" should have been the royal legend on his coat-of-arms. In enthusiastic sacrificial service for Christ and for men, nothing was too humble or too hard for him. Panting, breathless, spent, and happy, he came home night after night from "one more day's work for Jesus," exulting in the exalted privilege of spending himself utterly in ministering to those for whom Christ died. Since it is this passion for service that makes the true minister, we may well contemplate so glowing an example as Maltbie Babcock; praying that the self-consuming fire which burned in him may kindle us to like intensity.

His Christianity from boyhood was of the active, athletic, unsanctimonious, practical kind. His healthy virtue made him a terror to lewd fellows of the baser sort. Once, when a big boy on the ball grounds was annoying and bullying the younger ones, and defiling the air with obscene profanity, Maltbie took the bully by the nape of the neck and the most available part of his trousers and flung him over the fence, hurling after him the familiar phrase, "Over the fence is out." In the summer vacation between his freshman and sophomore years in Syracuse University, Maltbie hired out as a "farm hand," for the sake of health and experience, and a knowledge of another side of life. The only other "hand" on the farm was a typical Irishman, and Pat and the young collegian had a friendly time, living together the simple life with work of the hardest and fare of the plainest. Maltbie was instructor as well as friend to his fellow laborer, and after a field lecture on astronomy, Pat would lean upon his hoe and exclaim with admiring wonder, "Phwat a big thing an eddycation do be." Full of health and good stories, the browned and stalwart sophomore returned to his studies, to work as hard at them as he had at farming. So strong was he all round, and so affluent and versatile in his gifts, that when his senior year brought him face to face with the necessity of deciding his course in life, one friend, an army officer, declared that he was evidently made for a soldier; a cultured relative said his talents suggested a brilliant literary career; a prominent legal practitioner told the family they would make a great mistake if they did not put him into the law; a member

of Congress thought he should prepare for political life; a well-known organist said his musical genius clearly pointed out his profession. But there was a wise and vigilant pastor at Syracuse who watched the brightest boys in the homes of his parish, coveting earnestly the best gifts of the most gifted for the altars of God, and he saw and said that this splendid fellow ought to be a minister of the gospel; and the faithful minister set himself to bring it to pass. For this also Maltbie's parents prayed. Add the warm friendship of a student at Auburn Theological Seminary, and we see the combination of influences by which God brought it to pass that when this Syracuse University senior spoke from the platform on Commencement Day his oration was a manly voicing of the high summons as sounding in his own soul to a consecrated life. The sacredness of life as a sphere of opportunity made him write with solemn joy:

> This is my Father's world;
> Dreaming, I see his face.
> I ope my eyes, and in glad surprise
> Cry, "The Lord is in this place."

And then his cry to himself and his fellows was:

> Be strong!
> We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
> We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
> Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

In Lockport, New York, young Babcock first harnessed his athletic strength to the hard work of pastoral life. In the third year of his ministry there sudden affliction overwhelmed him. He himself was prostrated for seven months by serious and distressing illness. His child died. His wife lost her mother and grandmother, and her own health broke under the fourfold burden of trouble and grief. All this in one year! This was his baptism of suffering. Out of it he came with recovered strength and with deepened consecration, heightened spirituality, broadened affections, and tenderer sympathy for the afflicted; fitter than ever to be a son of consolation and a shepherd of souls. From this time there was a new intensity in his passion for the saving of men; a passion which increased through his five years at Lockport, fourteen at Baltimore, and one year in New York —twenty years of as winsome, helpful, and fruitful a ministry as has been seen in our day.

From the time when he came out of the fiery furnace of suffering, two notes were dominant in his life; the note of urgency in his

work, and the note of service in his intercourse with men. Rudyard Kipling put over the mantel in his Brattleboro home the quickening words, "The night cometh when no man can work"; Maltbie Babcock pasted on the margin of his desk the words, "Do it now." Thus two men of force and fire tried to keep themselves from wasting any moments or postponing any work—from dreaming or drifting. Another man's experience with himself has brought him to the similar maxim, "The time to do a thing is when you think of it." Even a moment's delay is dangerous, for something may arise to prevent, or the mind may be diverted and forget.

"What can I do for you?" was the question with which Maltbie Babcock searched every human face he met, and the greeting with which he put himself at the service of all sorts and conditions of people, maintaining toward the world the superb attitude of philanthropist and benefactor, Christlike lover, helper, servant of mankind. With this spirit he mastered the art of getting near to individuals, and drawing everybody to himself. Nobody could resist him. His influence simply surrounded people. He flowed in like a tide, he blew in like a breeze, he poured in like sunshine. In a New York city church where conditions, traditions, and neighborhood favored his being a minister to an exclusive, wealthy class, he made himself minister to universal human nature. His message and adaptation were not to a literary, refined, rich, or aristocratic few, but to human beings of all classes; all kinds of people, rich and poor, cultivated and uncultivated, young and old, men, women, and children were equally hypnotised by him; equally satisfied with him, equally fed and filled. If only one were human Dr. Babcock could understand him, lay hold of him, and bind him fast. Scorning the miserable aims that end in self, he lavished himself without reserve to be "all things to all men" that he might serve and save them. In Baltimore and New York city many stories are told illustrative of the spirit which made his life radiant and his ministry irresistibly magnetic. One day when passing a hardware store, he remembered that some screw-hooks were needed at home. He was a stranger in the store. He found the clerks all occupied in waiting on other customers. Being in a hurry, he looked along the shelves, and, high up, saw what he wanted. Then he moved the light ladder along, went up and got the box of screw-hooks, and took it to one of the clerks, saying, "I want two dozen of these." The clerk looked his surprise and said, "We do not like people to help themselves in this store." Babcock

explained, "You were all so busy that I wanted to help you, and save your time and my own." This he said genially, and then told the clerk who he was, adding as he grasped his hand in parting, "I wish you'd come to my church some time and let me shake hands with you after service." The rest of that day the clerk felt as if some great, splendid brother of his had visited him. The next Sunday he was at Babcock's church, drank in the message, and waited for another grasp of that strong, warm hand. The following Sunday he brought a number of his fellow clerks to see and hear this captivating man. And soon the clerks of that store rented an entire pew, where they sat together in a row every Sunday. Napoleon stormed across Europe carrying everything before him, and bringing much spoil back with him. Even the bronze horses on the front of St. Mark's in Venice got down and trotted off to Paris in the conqueror's retinue. From many lands he brought home large plunder, but no love. Babcock was a conqueror who came to give, not take, and he won all hearts. One morning an officer of the Brick Church called about nine o'clock to see his pastor, and, finding him just breakfasting, was disposed to rally him on his late rising. "At what time did *you* rise?" asked Babcock. "Before seven," was the man's reply. "Well, I was up and out at four o'clock," said the minister. "What in the world was that for?" said the wondering layman. "To see a poor sick girl who was near death." "But why couldn't you do that just as well a little later in the day?" "Because she was very low, and I feared she might be gone if I left it later. Besides, I've gotten up at four o'clock to go fishing many a time. Why shouldn't I do it for the sake of those who need me?" The sunrise, that morning, had looked in at a humble window and seen the minister of a great, rich church comforting a dying daughter of poverty with sympathy and prayer, and the words of the Master whose worthy messenger he was. To many souls, known and unknown, Maltbie Babcock was a cup of strength in their great agony. An elder of the Brick Church several times thought he caught sight, at a distance, of a woman whose history he knew, not belonging to that church, nor living near it. She had been reared in abundance and in ease. Bereavement and financial reverses had forced on her the necessity of earning her own living. On a desperate venture she had rented a house and filled it with boarders. Unaccustomed to work and care, the burden was almost crushing to her. It did not seem to the elder possible that she could get free on Sunday mornings to attend a distant church. But there she was regularly.

When the elder managed to overtake her before she got out of church, one day, and asked her how she could possibly manage it, her answer was: "It is a sheer necessity for me. I cannot go through the week without the strength and help I get from Dr. Babcock's sermons. He puts new life and courage into me."

Babcock had a great fascination for boys. He was a sort of splendid big, stalwart, buoyant boy himself. A little fellow who lived in that part of the city but did not attend the Brick Church came home one day in a state of excitement and high enthusiasm. "Mother," he cried, "I have had the time of my life! O I have had a bully time! I've been to a fire!" "But, my son, I told you that you must not go to a fire, without some older person to go with you." "Well, that's just what I did—I was standing on the curb and watching a big fire engine go tearing by, and wishing I could go too, when a man stopped, and said to me, 'Little man, would you like to go to that fire?' and I said, 'You bet I would!' and he just took my hand and said, 'Come with me,' and while we were going, he told me all about fire engines, and some grand stories about firemen saving people's lives from burning buildings, and everything!" "Well, my boy, who was it?" "Why it was that minister at the Brick Church."

Naturally enough Dr. Babcock was in much demand as a preacher to boys and young men in many schools and colleges. Two weeks before sailing on the voyage from which he never came home, he visited the Hill School at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and preached in the chapel from the text: "There go the ships." He pictured the Voyage of Life to the boys, dwelling particularly on three points, the port, the cargo, and the pilot. He described each human being as standing at the wheel of his own life, and told of the various pilots that come and ask to be allowed to take the helm and steer him—selfishness and dishonesty, ambition and lust, cowardice and hypocrisy. And then he made his mighty appeal to the lads, just setting sail on life's great sea, to let Jesus Christ, the only safe Pilot, who knows all the rocks and reefs and currents of danger, take the helm of their lives.

Maltbie Babcock scrupulously abstained from everything that could possibly impair his influence as a minister of the gospel. He believed in Christian liberty, as Paul did, but also like the great apostle, he found his highest joy in waiving his personal liberty for the sake of others, in order to keep himself unspotted from the world, and lest any of Christ's weak ones be grieved or offended. A friend,

knowing his familiarity with and appreciation of the great dramatic masterpieces, asked him if he ever went to the theater. "Never," was the reply. Knowing his passionate love for the works of great composers in orchestral music, oratorio, and opera, the friend said, "How about the opera? Do you go to it?" And again Babcock answered, "Never." He held his life and his influence aloft above all soil and stain. The following instances are authentic. One day when lunching with some business men, he was offered a cigar, and on declining was urged to join them in a social smoke. But with a winning smile he said to them: "Thank you very much! But you must excuse me. You know my work is more to me than everything else. A minister's profession is peculiar. It must be guarded very carefully. I am liable to be called out at any time of night or day, in the service of my profession, and if I were called suddenly to the bedside of some one who was dying, it wouldn't seem just right, would it—if I had the odor of tobacco in my clothes and on my breath. It might be offensive or trying to the sick one. So you will pardon me won't you, if I don't join you in this." At another time one of the wealthier members of his congregation offered him the use of his box at the opera, through the season, and instantly this reply came: "I can't thank you enough for the kindness you are showing me. But you know how a surgeon, in practicing his profession, is not only obliged to keep his hands and linen free from dirt, but he must keep himself aseptically clean as well. Now, in my profession, I have to be even more careful than a surgeon, and so I must be careful about things that might do harm in even the most indirect way. You will understand perfectly, I know, why I cannot accept the great kindness you are offering me, though I do thank you for it from the bottom of my heart."

The secret of the strength and radiancy of this man's ministry is an open one. Years after poor Professor Clifford had said, "The Great Companion is dead," Maltbie Babcock wrote out of his own heart these verses on Companionship:

No distant Lord have I,
  Loving afar to be.
Made flesh for me, he cannot rest
  Until he rests in me.

Brother in joy and pain,
  Bone of my bone was he.
Now—intimacy closer still
  He dwells himself in me.

I need not journey far
  This dearest friend to see,
Companionship is always mine,
  He makes his home with me.

I envy not the twelve,
  Nearer to me is he;
The life he once lived here on earth
  He lives again in me.

Ascended now to God,
  My witness there to be,
His witness here, am I because
  His spirit dwells in me.

O glorious Son of God,
  Incarnate Deity,
I shall forever be with thee
  Because thou art with me.

Other lines of his which breathe his spirit and shed light on the mystery of his beautiful and mighty ministry are these:

O Lord I pray
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From thy command.
Not to be served, but to serve.

This too I pray
That for this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art
Not to be loved, but to love.

The passion for service and the lavish lovingness which were in him may be in all Christ's ministers. Without that spirit none can show himself a workman needing not to be ashamed. Few may have Maltbie Babcock's native gifts and personal graces, but all can stand as he stood, stretching out brotherly hands all the day long to all mankind, finding men wherever they were, and facing everyone whom he met with the habitual greeting, "What can I do for you?"

## THE ARENA

### PRESIDENT ELIOT TO METHODISTS

On a November Monday morning in 1902 President Eliot of Harvard University addressed the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting. The address was of value as giving the view point of a scientific mind in relation to the church problems of the age. President Eliot, because of his position and eminent reputation as a thinker, was well received by his Methodist friends, and at the close of his address was tendered a vote of thanks. That his remarks provoked thought is evident from the following considerations, which may well interest every lover of our common Zion. The quotations here made are taken from the Boston Globe as giving verbatim utterances. In speaking of the influence of the church, as a whole, and the civilizing forces at work for the amelioration of mankind, President Eliot said:

"We educated Americans are face to face with the lamentable and extraordinary fact that the influence of the church as a whole among our people has visibly declined in our generation. Millions and millions of our people never go into a church at all, and therefore escape the beneficent influence of these religious institutions. As I weigh the forces that affect mankind, and look back upon the course of human history and the progress of Christianity, it seems to me the first and greatest civilizer is steady work. That is the way by which the race is lifted up out of barbarism into semicivilization, and into civilization. Labor, steady labor, is the great civilizer. The combining force of education is the second thing. It is important to consider that the great educational forces, which include the church, must proceed always by training to work, by influencing the young people to strenuous and continuous labor. Through work comes the uplifting influence."

This eminent authority in the educational world specified "work" as the "first and greatest civilizer." By work we may understand the systematic processes of activity expressive of human life and directed toward intelligent ends. It must be conceded that the motive power of toil proceeds from the human will. As to the incentive for the effort put forth, we must look to the impulses resident in the emotional nature. "Labor," therefore, is but the machine expression of spirit activity. It is granted that there cannot be any development or refinement of spirit without properly directed activity. But, while "labor" is the concomitant of spiritual growth, it is evident that it is not the inspiration of spiritual growth. Labor is the means to an end. The inspiration for toil must come from the incentives of that Life which is author of the life of man, and in which man exists. The contingent means by which a higher form of life may be realized is but a method. Labor is that method. But the method is not the inspiration. Hence it is not the refiner and cannot be the civilizer. The machine is not the spirit, although the spirit may be

within the machine. President Eliot recognized that the race has been "lifted up out of barbarism into semicivilization, and into civilization." He holds that "labor" has done it. In other words, the machine has done it. We have presented for our consideration the proposition of the method or machine producing itself and, as civilization advances and higher organic states of society ensue, the machine or method enlarging and refining itself as an ever accentuating cause to produce still loftier states of civilized life. It must be evident that the "method" and the "life," which makes known itself through its method of activity, are confused and coalesced by the distinguished gentleman. In the confusion the life is lost sight of, and the process only is left. This is the monumental blunder of the materialistic conception of evolution. It identifies both "cause" and "process," introducing the "cause" in the "process." But a given set of ordained means to an end cannot produce themselves; neither do they continue in their activity by their own power; much less are they capable of enlarging or refining themselves into inspirational causative agencies. We might just as well suppose that civilization advances by "labor," and attains thereby to increasing possessions of intellectual and moral life, as that the physical man may achieve maturity from infancy without the indwelling "ego," or spirit. Let "labor" be given its proper relation. It is not self-invoked. All extremes of "strenuosity" will not make it causative spirit life. It is simply that process of activity which is expressive of life.

There will be no lack of "labor" in a normal and well directed life. Such a life must act. The training is upon the life. It is expressed in beneficial forms of activity. If we were to take President Eliot's view, and eliminate the inspirational forces of spirit life from labor, the inevitable conclusion would be Edwin Markham's "Man with a Hoe," cursed by an absence of adequate spiritual life to inspire his toil:

> Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
> Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
> The emptiness of ages in his face,
> And on his back the burden of the world.
> Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
> A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
> Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
> Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
> Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
> Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Such, indeed, is the concrete product which it is the mission of the church of Jesus Christ to redeem. Labor without an adequate inspiration in spiritual life is a curse. Only as the spirit of man is enabled to see the vision of his possibilities in a higher, nobler life, and only as he secures the power to attain unto that life, is labor a blessing. Then it assumes its divinely ordained relation as a means to an end. It is unnecessary to say that the vision of the God-Man, and the power of his Spirit, constitute the only adequate inspiration for systematic and unremitting toil. Only as a man is awakened into divine life, and secures the

power of that life, is he willing to put forth the effort and make the sacrifice essential to the unfolding of all his higher powers. It is only as this divine life is realized in human life, and is being realized in increasing ratio, that there is any progress whatever in civilization. God's Holy Spirit is the only civilizer in the universe. The progress of Christ's kingdom is the progress of civilization. Such progress is the process of redemption. The labor involved to achieve it is man's everlasting joy. Civilization is, then, no empty phrase, nor labor its own end, but a divinely ordained means to the end of a perfected individual and social life. Without such inspiration as is afforded through the church of Christ by the Holy Spirit labor becomes a badge of slavery; the legitimate purpose of labor, in giving liberation and exercise to the spirit of man, is perverted into a curse, and the toiling myriads of lash-driven masses, who have reared pyramids to tyrants, and hanging gardens and heathen temples, give their own irrefutable historic testimony. Only as labor has gone hand in hand with the Man of Galilee has the soul been able to cast aside its chains and rise into the dignity of its civilized worth. The calculation of the progress of civilization is the computation of the Spirit of Christ increasingly resident in the lives and institutions of men. Of course there must be activity in order to achieve the divine purpose "to which the whole creation moves." And the better we are able to imitate the processes of divine activity the more rapidly will our labor, thus systematized and harmonized to best express the divine life in man, bring forth its full fruition.

Everett, Washington. WILLIAM W. SHENK.

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## MALTBIE D. BABCOCK'S LAST SERMON

THE Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in its annual session for 1901 in the city of New York. This is always an important gathering and has interests before it of the deepest moment to the church. This session following the General Conference of 1900, which was held in Chicago, was one of the most significant in the history of the church. Business interests of much importance required the careful and constant attention of the members day and night for four days. The session on Saturday evening had extended a little beyond the hour of midnight. This late hour of adjournment precluded the possibility of the members getting out of the city to spend Sunday and many of them were too weary to arise early enough to be ready for the morning services at accessible churches; but it was announced by some one that Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, the popular pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue, would, at the afternoon service on that Sabbath, preach his last sermon before going on a vacation to Southern Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. Some members of the committee were very anxious to hear him, and having learned that it was difficult to obtain seats went an hour early, hoping to be among the favored ones who would have this privilege. On reaching the door and meeting an usher we were informed that there were no vacant seats, and that all pew holders expected their seats to be

reserved for them until the beginning of the singing of the first hymn. We were disappointed sorely, but I ventured the suggestion to the usher that our party were not residents of the city, but one was from Rock Rapids, Iowa, another from Los Angeles, still another from Denver, and that if we were denied the privilege of hearing Dr. Babcock that day it was more than probable we would never have another opportunity. He was exceedingly courteous and gentlemanly, but replied that he had no choice and no other way was open before him than the one by which he was proceeding. So he quietly and deferentially dismissed us, saying, however, that if there was any room left after the music began he would be glad to give us seats; but that he doubted seriously whether there would be any vacant pews that day, as every pew holder would probably be in his place, as Dr. Babcock was exceedingly popular, and everyone would want to hear him in this last sermon before his departure for the Holy Land. We determined to wait and see whether it were possible to get a seat. In a few moments, however, the usher returned and asked us if we would be willing to take a seat in the choir loft, saying that though the roar of the organ when we were seated so close to it might be somewhat annoying there was room in that special place, and that they had recently changed from a chorus choir to a quartet. We accepted the proposition with gratitude and were soon seated in the most desirable place for seeing and hearing the great preacher. We had hardly gotten our place when a gentleman evidently of foreign birth followed us and took a seat next to myself. He proved to be an exceedingly interesting neighbor during the long wait which followed before the service began. He said: "I take it you're a stranger here or ye would not be up in this loft. I am not a mimber of this choich. I belong to another choich here in town, but I always steals off and gits down here ivery Sunday afthernoon if it is posshible. I am lyal to me own choich but I loike to hear this mon. Now, sir, if ye have come to hear an arator ye will be disappinted, for he has noon of the flashes of an arator. Indade, sir, he doosent same to think of himself. I do not coome here to be entertoined but he fades me. Soomehow I coome hungry and go awoiy satisfied. I am stronger always afther I hear him. He's so simple that a poor old Scotchman loike meself can understhand ivery woid and somehow I go awoiy forgitting ivery ting except that I am a choild of the King meself, and that I just heard the message of me inheritance from one of his own children. I am glaad you are going to hear him, sir. Probably you'll not think much of the mon but you will think a dale more of his Master than you have iver done before, or I am more misthaken than I iver was in my loife." He ran on chatting about several things. After a little while the organ began and the assistant announced the first hymn. Before this moment nearly every seat had been taken, and instantly there was a great rush for the few vacant places. The house was filled; those who could not be seated had to retire. The introductory services were very simple, exceedingly appropriate, and helpfully impressive. After all the preliminaries were over the preacher anounced as his text, "For we are saved by hope." His voice can never be forgotten. It was unlike anything I had ever

heard before; a voice which had the vision of a poet, the heart of a mother, the tenderness of a saint, the passion of a devotee, and the strength of a giant, all in one. His sermon was apt, direct, tender, without any straining for striking effects, but an absolute reliance upon truth in its simplest, sweetest, most complete form. The sermon closed, the services were dismissed, Maltbie Babcock descended from his pulpit never to enter it again. It was the beginning of his final vacation, and his voice was never heard within those walls again. In a few months the hope which he presented that day was realized, and he had gone to heaven from Naples.

DANIEL L. RADER.

Portland, Oregon.

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## WHY SHOULD THE YOUNG MEN FEEL EMBARRASSED?

MY quondam India missionary friend, Dr. Mudge, in the Arena of this REVIEW for May and June, attacks most vigorously, not to say arrogantly, the questions of our Discipline, put to young men on the subject of Christian perfection or perfect love, when they are being received into the ministry of Methodism. He calls the situation "embarrassing" to the young men. But the writer of these lines is simple minded enough, or so far belated in Methodism, as to wonder why such young men should be embarrassed by these well known questions. Any intelligent young man is not supposed to be so very young as to be unacquainted with the standard teaching of Methodism on this subject. Hence if he is not prepared honestly and manfully to face these questions, he should seek a place in the ministry of some communion where no such embarrassing questions are asked. Whatever the "practice" may now be I am not aware that the "theory" of our church has so changed on the subject of Christian perfection that these questions are obsolete. Dr. Mudge asks what do these questions about going on to perfection and being made "perfect in love in this life" mean in the light of "history" and "well known views of early Methodism"? Now, the standard books of Methodism leave no doubt about the meaning, and, as stated, intelligent young men, fit to be candidates for our ministry, know that the standards of Methodism speak of the glorious privilege, now and here, of entering what Jesus calls a perfection like that of the heavenly Father, which John calls "perfect love" for, and Paul speaks of as sanctification of "spirit, soul, and body," in which perfection all is surrendered to God in love and obedience. This is no mere *ideal* or *transcendental* perfection, like the circle of pure mathematics, yet it is a perfection complete for all practical life, as is the circle of practical geometry and trigonometry. This perfection is like that of our divine-human Master and Pattern, and is *attained* or *obtained* by the human and divine coöperating, by the "groaning" which S. E. Quimby wishes restored, and by the "striving" which he deplored as resting too much in human effort. We do not derogate from God's power in this matter when we hold that we must "work out" our perfect salvation, which he "worketh in." Dr. Mudge demurs at what he deems an unfair "plain implication," "that the young man, however much qualified for his

work by a complete consecration," is not yet "made perfect in love," but must "look forward," etc. Now these questions are just as they should be, for, as a matter of fact, the ordinary experience of young Christians is that they are not "perfect in love," and the examination is based on this common experience, touching which, alas, Dr. Mudge makes the melancholy claim, that it is "the experience of the mass of the ministry of Methodism"! However, it might be perfectly in place for some candidates to answer that they have attained the object of their "groaning" and "striving."

Again, Dr. Mudge says, "The form of the question excludes the thought that perfection in the sense of maturity is meant." Well, what if it does? Perhaps the maturity the objector has in mind here is something toward which we will be "going on" to all eternity; for we have no reason to believe that a maturity precluding growth and development will ever be reached. And further, suppose the phrase, "in this life," and the word "made" of these questions, do point to an experience effected "instantaneously." Why may this not be so attained, like conversion in innumerable instances? Besides, it is not the *instantaneousness* of the state that is implied or emphasized by the questions so much as the *reality*, in God's own way, of the great *fact* of a soul brought into complete willing submission to God's great law of love as stated by Christ. If this is "not the experience of the mass of the ministers of Methodism," as Dr. Mudge affirms, so much the worse for the mass. Dr. Quimby is to the point; "better to be inwardly groaning until we are assured that that which at the time we joined Conference we declared we were expecting, has become an established experience." If not attained why not "expect" it? Why should it not be a "purpose" and "desire"? Most certainly it may be "imagined," and for many "moments," that a young man who has no such "expectation," and "purpose," and "desire," is less fit for the pastorate. I pray God that these reasonable and scriptural questions may ever be kept in, and let the young men "embarrassed" by them, if there be such, enter the ministry where there may be no such embarrassment.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

T. J. Scott.

## THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

### THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JUDE—CONTINUED

VERSE 8. "These defile the flesh," they are subject to base desires and passions from which only divine grace and God's power can deliver them; "*and set at nought dominion*," human government. They have no respect for authority. They despise the law, and become the disturbers of the peace. They not only despise government, but they speak evil of rulers. "*They rail at dignities*," men of dignified position, the rulers of the people. In the margin of the Revised Version we read "*glories*." They aim at the overthrow not only of established authority but of the persons of rulers. Some have applied this passage to God and to their rejection of his authority.

The close relation of vice with lawlessness has been often noticed. A virtuous people is a law-abiding people. When the church was under the severest persecution Paul counseled submission to the state—Rom. 13. 1: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God."

A similar passage to this is in 2 Pet. 2. 9, 10: "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished: But chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." We may not enter at this time into a discussion of any similarity between Jude and Peter; it is enough to know that both express the same thought, and have employed in part the same examples of warning.

Dr. Gardiner remarks: "Three hundred years have passed away since Calvin, commenting upon these same words, wrote, 'These two things are always joined together, so that they who abandon themselves to iniquity at the same time seek the abolition of all order.' Human nature has not changed since the days of Calvin or of Augustine, nor has the unholy alliance of self-will and sensuality ceased. Self-will seeks its gratification in setting aside the will of God." This whole passage is not without its application in the age in which we live, and the Epistle of Jude has its lessons for our times as well as for his own.

Verse 9. "But Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing judgment, but said, The Lord rebuke thee." The word "Michael" means "like unto God," and is here introduced to show the modesty and obedience of the highest order of the heavenly intelligences. Any authoritative statement concerning the details of his personality beyond that given in the Scriptures is now impossible. In some passages he is regarded as a man, but in others, and in this passage also, he is represented as belonging to the angelic order. In Dan. 10. 13 he is spoken of as "one of the chief princes" who had power to resist the "prince of the kingdom of

Persia." In Dan. 12. 1 he is represented as the prince "who standeth for the children of thy people." In Rev. 12. 7 we read, "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon: and the dragon fought and his angels; and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven." It should be assumed in this interpretation that this reference to Michael is an allusion to a fact known and accepted by those to whom his letter was addressed. Otherwise these examples would have been without force to his readers. The interpretation of this passage has been quite diverse. That there are different orders among the angelic hosts is apparent from other passages. Michael is supposed by some to be the highest of the good angels in rank and is here described as in a personal, judicial conflict with the chief of the fallen angels, the devil. Michael has been supposed by other very competent expositors to be Jesus Christ, who is represented in the Scriptures as being in perpetual conflict with the chief of the forces of wickedness. Two things seem to contradict this view. The subordinate character of Michael in this passage is not in harmony with the view of Christ given in the New Testament, and, further, Christ in an important crisis in his life, namely, at his temptation, did rebuke Satan. The former view is the more tenable, namely, that it speaks of Michael the archangel in his own personality as the chief of angels.

The subject of dispute was *the body of Moses*. Here again in our interpretations we are largely in the region of conjecture. The expression *body of Moses* is employed typically to represent the Jewish Church, just as the New Testament Church represents the body of Christ from whom it derives its substance. On this point Gardiner remarks: "Christians are often called the body of Christ and with evident reason: they draw from him their spiritual life, and maintain with him an intimate and real communion of which the union of our members in one body is a lively and appropriate image. But with Moses the Israelites had not, and never could have had, any such connection. He was their lawgiver and their prophet, and it might be allowable to speak of him as in some sense their head: but to call them his body would have been too bold a figure of speech, even while he lived: much more when centuries had elapsed since his death. The federal head of the Israelites was Abraham; yet even to him such an expression could not properly be applied: to Moses it would be still more inappropriate. He thus sets aside this interpretation as not sustained."

Another view is that *the body of Moses* is typical of the Jewish economy, that is, its polity and ritual. This view is maintained by Dr. Adam Clarke in his commentary, who quotes with approval the explanation of MacKnight: "In Dan. 10. 13, 21; 12. 1, Michael is spoken of as one of the chief angels who took care of the Israelites as a nation: he may therefore have been the angel of the Lord before whom Joshua the high priest is said (Zech. 3. 1) to have stood, Satan being at his right hand to resist him, namely, in his design of restoring the Jewish Church and State, called by Jude the body of Moses just as the Christian Church is called by Paul the body of Christ. Zechariah adds, "And the Lord (that is, the angel of the Lord as is plain from verse 1) said unto Satan, The

Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee." Dr. Clarke adds, "This is the most likely interpretation which I have seen."

The literal rendering that there was a dispute between Michael and Satan over the body of Moses, meaning thereby his real body, has some support in the atmosphere of the passage. It bears the marks of a real transaction. The mystery connected with the burial of Moses makes his burial a matter of interest which might well produce interest among the spiritual powers. The passage concerning the burial of Moses is Deut. 34. 5, 6: "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulcher until this day."

Out of this historical passage, treated literally, there have grown two interpretations. One interpretation is that the devil was anxious to preserve the body of Moses as a snare to the Israelites in order to seduce them to the idolatrous worship of his bones. It is objected to this that there was little danger of the influence of such temptation because such worship of relics of the dead was foreign to their tendencies. There was an uncleanness about such relics, in their view, which would render such a danger of temptation and consequently such a controversy over his body on this basis impossible. The other view is that the dispute grew out of the desire of Satan to keep the body of Moses in the embrace of death. Moses, it is believed, desired that the body should be raised and glorified even before his final resurrection. That he was raised and glorified is evident from the account of the transfiguration of Christ. Elias had not died, and hence there was no improbability of his presence in bodily form at the transfiguration. The account of the transfiguration showed that Moses was not held in the embrace of death, although evident from the Scriptures that he had actually died. It is said that Moses and Elias appeared with Christ in glory and consequently in bodily form that had been glorified. And it was concerning this resurrection of Moses, previous to the general resurrection at the last day, that the dispute took place. This is held by many to be the interpretation that more nearly represents the historical facts. We regard the view indorsed by Dr. Clarke, already mentioned, as the more worthy of confidence.

The historical fact here mentioned, namely, the controversy over the body of Moses, is not recorded in the sacred Scriptures. It is not necessary to suppose that all the facts of that ancient history are recorded in the Sacred Writings. There may have been facts not inserted in the Scriptures which were not necessary to the great plan of salvation which the Scriptures were designed to unfold. The statement in St. John's gospel, "These are written that you might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God," may apply here. The evangelist declares that he had not inserted all that Jesus did, but that he had inserted that which was in harmony with his great purpose. There are facts which the inspired apostle might know, or which he might have found in reliable history, which were not written in the sacred books.

## JOHN WESLEY'S GREAT QUEST

THE explanation of the life of a great man must be found largely in the ideas that dominate him. The many biographies of John Wesley that have been written, and the sermons and addresses that have been delivered, are so extraordinary, both as to quality and quantity, that perhaps nothing can be added to what has already been said.

It may be well for the young preacher to pause and inquire what was the special idea that controlled Mr. Wesley's life. It is clear that the great search of Mr. Wesley was for salvation, fellowship with God, and the consciousness of divine favor. This was his struggle from the very beginning. He was always seeking a life of righteousness through purity of heart. This will explain his rules and regulations; it will explain his visit to Germany, his conversations with spiritual-minded people wherever he met them. It affords an explanation of his austere practices. He passed through those experiences which great, religious souls must ever pass through in searching for the deep things of God. Herein we have an explanation also of his contempt for the things of the world, his indifference to money and to fame, his extensive travels, his endurance of persecution. No other motive could have so molded a life as this motive—the search for God's favor. It seemed to have dominated every period of his educational career. His soul was always open toward God and toward truth. This will explain further his ready belief in supernatural visitations, and his faith in the ghosts of Epworth. Men so controlled by the religious idea, view everything from that standpoint. That his primary search was salvation is manifest in all his sermons. The titles of his sermons, the texts which he chose, were full of the great themes of salvation. If one were to take a list of the titles of Wesley's sermons, and place them side by side with a list of the sermons announced for any Sabbath as topics of discourse in our metropolitan pulpits he would be astonished at the contrast. The modern sermon has many things of interest, much of value, and often much of salvation, but personal salvation does not seem to be the keynote of modern preaching as found in the sermons of John Wesley. In short, John Wesley recognized the divine life in the soul as the great object of human search, and the attainment of it as the great achievement of a human being. To this great quest he devoted himself with an industry that never flagged, and with a persistence that was only satisfied when he came to the recognition of his heartfelt union with God by faith in Jesus Christ. He recognized the value of spiritual nurture.

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

### BIBLICAL PAPYRI

We no longer ask, When was writing invented? for certain it is that the origin of this noble art is lost in gray antiquity, and that there never was a nation in any period of the world's history which did not make use of writing in some form. We may doubt the existence of Menes and Minos, of Hammurabi and Abraham, if we have theories to maintain, but few there are who would deny that writing was known and practiced in those remote ages when these old worthies are said to have lived. Different systems and various materials were employed in the ancient world for writing purposes. No one can say with certainty whether the solid rock, the plastic clay or the equally indestructible papyrus was first employed by men for the keeping of accounts or the preservation of ideas, for very ancient documents have come down to us from the distant past upon stone, clay, and papyrus. Some of the most ancient inscriptions from Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria, and Babylonia are on stone. The Old Testament contains frequent references to writing on stone, from Sinai down the ages. The Hammurabi stele and the Moabite stone are witnesses of the large amount that could be inscribed on comparatively small spaces. Yet it is evident that the labor and time necessary for executing such work made it impossible for so slow a method ever to be popular. Thus it is easy to understand why other materials, such as wood, bark, leather, lead plates, papyrus, and wax, were employed. No doubt practice differed in different countries. While the use of soft clay prevailed from the first in Babylonia and Assyria, Egypt, on the other hand, from times immemorial employed the papyrus. Mr. F. C. Kenyon, of the British Museum, a most competent authority, says that the oldest extant specimen of writing upon papyrus comes to us from the time of Assa, an Egyptian ruler of the fifth dynasty, supposed to have reigned about 3580-3536 B. C. This venerable document, a purely business record, was discovered at Sakkara in 1893, or more than five thousand four hundred years after it was executed. It is evident therefore that, though the papyrus appear brittle and unsubstantial, it is as enduring as the solid rock and indestructible as the pyramids.

The preparation of the papyrus fiber for writing purposes must have been a great industry in Egypt from remotest times. No doubt the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean Sea, and having direct commercial communications with Egypt, also made use of the papyrus for writing and other purposes. Though there can be no reason for doubting the Egyptian origin of the industry it is yet a fact that the first written papyri were discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum. Here in 1752 the excavators came across a collection of several hundred papyri. Judging from the contents of those deciphered, these venerable rolls must have formed a portion of the library of some philosopher, probably of the Epicurean school.

Some thirty-six years later a vast collection of papyri, most of which unfortunately were afterward destroyed, were unearthed in the Fayum, Egypt, the great depository of papyri. Since the latter part of the eighteenth century great numbers of papyri of all descriptions have been brought to light in this very same region by archæologists from different countries. Even while writing these lines cable dispatches from England announce a most remarkable discovery of papyrus within the past few weeks by those veterans, Grenfell and Hunt, at Oxyrynchus. To-day all our large museums number papyri by the thousands. The large majority so far discovered, like the clay-tablets of Babylonia, remain undeciphered. While by far the greater part of those deciphered and published are non-literary in character, and mere fragments at that, yet scarcely a year passes without producing some which throw light upon important questions in profane or sacred history. The chief value of these ancient documents, whether they be mere official records and business contracts or documents referring to some phase of work in the early Christian Church, is that they are first hand—not a "secondary or tertiary tradition of antiquity." Deissman, in an article in Encyclopædia Biblica referring to this point, says: "They bear witness to the conditions of the past with an accuracy, a warmth, and a fidelity such as can be predicated of no ancient author and only a very few of the ancient inscriptions. The tradition handed down to us by the writers of antiquity is always, even at its best, secondary; it is always more or less artificial and sophisticated. The inscriptions are often cold and dead things, like the marble on which they are carved. The papyrus leaf is alive; one sees autographs, individual peculiarities of penmanship—in a word, men; manifold glimpses are given into inmost nooks and crannies of personal life for which history has no eyes and historians have no glasses. . . . It may seem a paradox, but it can safely be affirmed that the unliterary papyri are more important in these respects than the literary. The peculiar treasures of science which lie hidden in those new fields are not the fragments of ancient art and literature which they may perhaps contain, but the fragments of living, palpitating actuality which we may hope to recover from them."

Every style of Egyptian writing—hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic—is represented on papyri. Texts of all dimensions, from the tiny fragment to the immense roll 144 feet in length, have been discovered. The width of the papyrus, depending entirely upon the stem from which it was cut, varies from six to seventeen inches. These pieces, glued together, could be made into any length desired.

As students of the Bible we are not so much concerned with the very ancient papyri as with those of the so-called Greek period, or that time when the use of the Greek language prevailed in all cultured and literary circles. Greek papyri covering about one thousand years, or from the fourth century B. C. to 640 A. D., have been very numerous. It is to this period that most of the biblical papyri belong. As already stated there can be no reasonable doubt that the use of papyri extended at this time over all civilized countries, and it is highly probable that copies of the Septuagint were written on papyrus. The same must be true of every book of the

New Testament, whether written in Palestine, Asia Minor, or Rome. The few fragments of the Holy Scriptures written on papyrus already discovered prove, as far as they go, that this was the case, and since constant additions are made almost every year it is not too much to indulge the hope that the future has greater things in store for us than the past has yet revealed.

It is a significant fact that most of the papyri so far discovered have not come from the ancient libraries but from the rubbish-heaps of Egyptian villages or towns; just such materials as would in our day be consigned to the waste basket or the fire. The number of biblical papyri or texts of Christian literature, compared with those pertaining to business, private or public, have been few. This is not difficult to explain. In the very nature of the case business documents would be more numerous. Then, again, contracts, receipts, wills, mortgages, school-exercises, and the like were purely secular, while the books of the Bible, whether of the Old Testament or of the New, were regarded with great reverence, and were not subject to the same careless treatment as were purely business contracts or profane literature. Consequently papyri with portions of the Holy Scriptures written upon them would scarcely ever be thrown out upon the rubbish-heaps.

Dr. Deissman, of Heidelberg, has a very interesting article on Biblical papyri in a recent number of The Expository Times, in which he discusses at length the fragment of a codex now in the possession of the University of Heidelberg. This is the largest papyrus manuscript yet discovered of any portion of the Bible. It is not a roll but leaves of a book, twenty-seven in number. They are written on both sides, in uncial letters, and contain Zechariah 4—Malachi 4. These old leaves very probably formed at one time a part of a complete copy of at least the minor prophets. There can be little doubt that it is of Egyptian origin, but its age is still a matter of dispute. Some would put it in the third century of our era, while others would bring it down to the sixth or seventh century. Discussing the *provenance* of this old codex, with a history similar without doubt to scores of other fragments, the learned professor ventures the following opinions: "The codex was written, was corrected, was used until it was worn out. Then it was kept in a corner, perhaps of the native church; here the hungry guardians of this corner lay in wait for the booty they had descried, and one day at a church cleaning the old worthless fragment was cast on the rubbish-heap by a modern, sensible, cultured man. Then came one more sympathetic than men, the south wind, and brought its cloud of dust upon it, year by year, century by century, till a deep layer of sand and earth had formed itself about the cast-off fragments. Then an unknown man in our age burrowed in the rubbish, found the old leaves, perhaps made a good stroke of business with them, and, in any case, helped them on the way to Herr Graf, from whom they came by Vienna and Paris and other cities, to Heidelberg."

Though extremely probable it is not absolutely certain that the Hebrews made extensive use of papyrus, either in Palestine or even in Alexandria, the great center of Jewish learning. But, even if they did,

the soil of Palestine, as well as that around Alexandria, was too damp to admit of the preservation of papyri. And yet we do possess Hebrew papyri. Berlin, Vienna, Heidelberg, Oxford, and Cambridge have specimens. The University library at Cambridge has a very interesting fragment, which contains the Decalogue and the Shema. (Deut. 6. 4ff.) It may be remarked that the Ten Commandments bear greater resemblance to the version of Deuteronomy than to that of Exodus. It is generally believed that this papyrus was written in the second century of our era.

To return to the Greek papyri which contain fragments of the Holy Scriptures, the following list given by Kenyon is exhaustive, at least as late as June, 1903: Gen. 1. 1-5, 14. 7; Exod. 19. 1, 2, 5, 6; Deut. 32. 3-10; 2 Sam. 15. 36-16. 1; Job 1. 21, 22; 2. 3; Psa. 5. 6-12; 11. 2-19. 6; 12. 7-15. 4; 21. 14-36. 5; 40. 16-41. 4; 108. 13; 109. 1, 2, 12, 13; 119. 111-122, 127-135; 137. 1, 6-8; 138. 1-3; 139. 20-26; 140. 1-6, 10-14; 141. 1-4. There are besides quite a goodly number of smaller fragments of the Psalms. Cant. 1. 6-9; Isa. 38. 3-5, 13-16; Ezek. 5. 12-6. 3; Zech. 4-Mal. 4. Besides the following from the New Testament: Matt. 1. 1-9, 12, 14-20; Luke 1. 74-80; 5. 3-8; 5. 30-6. 4; 7. 36-43; 10. 38-42; John 1. 23-31, 33-41; Rom. 1. 1-7; 1 Cor. 1. 17-20, 25-27; 2. 6-8; 3. 8-10, 20; 6. 13-18; 7. 3, 4, 10-14; 2 Thes. 1. 1-2. 2; Heb. 1. 1. The discoveries of the past two years do not add materially to this list of biblical passages. Quite a number of other papyri bear more or less directly upon the sacred writings, especially upon the teachings of our Lord. Such are the so-called Logia, or Sayings of Our Lord. Then there are several liturgical and sermonic fragments as well as citations from the writings of several church fathers, such as Gregory of Nyssa, Cyril of Alexandria, Basil of Cæsarea, and others. There is quite a collection of letters from unknown Christian teachers, which are valuable because they give us an insight into the native churches of Egypt in the first centuries of our era. Of these should be mentioned especially a letter from the Patriarch of Alexandria to the churches under his direct supervision. This is chiefly valuable on account of a great number of citations from a commentary of Cyril on the gospel of John.

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**F. R. Lipsius.** He has recently dealt with a subject of vital importance to theology and, indeed, to religion. In his book Kritik der Theologischen Erkenntnis (Critique of Theological Knowledge), Berlin, C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn, 1904, he undertakes to show that the methods by which Christians seek to assure themselves of God and of his nature are inadequate. After criticizing the usual arguments and supports of the doctrine of God he proposes an argument which he thinks leads us to certainty, but to a certainty which is Christian only if we are willing to give up the historical Christian conception of the divine personality. His argument is based on the doctrine of the universality of the law of causation which compels us to assume a principle of order which reveals itself in the world, though it is in no sense transcendent, and which finds its highest manifestation in conscious personal spirit—that is, in man. The arguments used by Lipsius against the personality of God are not new and their worthlessness has been shown so often that nothing need be said here against them. But one would think that it might have occurred to him that this principle of order which finds its highest manifestation in man's conscious personal spirit could not well be less than conscious and personal. The very law of causation to which he appeals requires that the cause shall be adequate to the effect. But it is interesting to note his criticism of the different arguments. He includes in his range not only the older arguments but the newer as well. He will have nothing to do with the newest of all—that is, the argument drawn from the theory of knowledge. So also he renounces Lotze's argument, which, in one form and another, has been much in vogue. Likewise he rejects the so-called biological proof which argues for a transcendental teleological principle from the manner in which organisms originate. All these must go. But the most interesting portion of his treatise is that which is directed against the Ritschlian theology. He starts out by showing that this system must be designated as an emotional one. In this same class he places Kant and others who make their starting point the moral law or the ethical experiences, and on the basis of this seek to establish the doctrine of God. All such systems must be regarded as fundamentally emotional, because the moral law cannot possibly be regarded as a good except as a result of an emotion. But the feelings are always the results of impressions and are conditioned by them. The only way, therefore, by which the emotional theology can hope to sustain itself is to show that, besides the feelings resulting from impressions, there are others not so conditioned, but having their ground in themselves. This Schleiermacher undertook to do; but modern psychology has completely shattered that doctrine. His conclusion is, therefore, that the emotional theology has

no sufficient foundation. While we must agree with this, and while we cannot regard the Ritschlian theology as altogether well grounded, it is a fact that Lipsius does not do that theology justice, and, therefore, has not overthrown its contentions. The Ritschlian theology does not pretend that there are feelings that arise spontaneously, but it holds that the estimates of value that accompany observations are the source of mental conceptions, and judgments of a special kind; namely, religious conceptions and judgments. The Ritschlians may or may not be right in tracing our religious conceptions to this source, and they may or may not satisfy the mind's demand for certainty, but at least Lipsius has not touched their position. It would seem that, while no argument is absolutely compulsory, the result of so many lines of argument converging to the same point is compulsory. Lipsius's mistake is in looking only at the single argument.

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**G. Holscher.** This is by no means a new name in the theological world; and while he is recognized as having some well defined faults it is also recognized that he is a man of unusual power in some respects. His latest venture, which has been met with the usual mixture of commendation and condemnation, is a book entitled Kanonisch und Apokryph. Ein Kapitel aus der Geschichte des Alttestamentlichen Kanon. (Canonical and Apocryphal. A Chapter from the History of the Old Testament Canon). Leipzig, A. Deichert Nachf, 1905. Hölscher maintains that the collection and use of the Scriptures was earlier than their canonization. This is well known to be the fact with the New Testament Scriptures and Hölscher has undertaken to show that it is equally the fact with the Old. He regards the passage in Josephus (Against Apion, 1, 8) as indicating that only those books were canonical which had the four marks of inspiration, holiness, fixed compass, and inviolable wording. Judged by this measure there was not, according to Hölscher, an Old Testament canon prior to about the year 100 B. C. Neither the Son of Sirach nor the translator of the Book of Esther knew any such canon, as their meddling with the text shows. It is, therefore, erroneous to assume three stages in the process of canonization of the Old Testament: first the law, second the prophets, and, third, the poetical books. Even the law was not regarded as canonical prior to the time mentioned. Neither the subjection of the people to the Deuteronomic law, found in 2 Kings 22 and 23, nor the similar subjection to the law of Moses, found in Nehemiah 8-10, can be called their canonization, for while the compass of those books was fixed the other three characteristics of canonization were lacking. The same was true in the same period for the prophetical and the poetical writings. The limit of the collection of these books was as uncertain in Palestine as in the dispersion. Ruth and Lamentations were reckoned alike by the Palestinians and the Alexandrians as part of the prophetic books, Ruth being attached to Judges and Lamentations to Jeremiah. But from the beginning of the first century B. C. the idea of the canonicity of the books must have existed. There was a dispute in the schools of Hillel and Schammai as to whether Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon made

the hands unclean, that is whether they were sacred Scriptures; so that at that time the idea of canonicity must have been abroad. Hence Hölscher fixes the time of the origin of the concept of canonicity in the century just preceding the Christian era. When the Scribes came to fix the canon they determined that that was canonical which arose in the prophetic period, that is, in the time between Moses and Artaxerxes, or, as some said, Alexander the Great. Nothing prior to Moses was canonical. The adoption of that principle made it possible to reject all apocalyptic writings attributed to pre-Mosaic authorities, as, for example, Abraham. And this was the actual motive, dislike for apocalyptic literature, which led to the limitation of the canon. It was not because the rabbis were unsympathetic toward books of late composition, for such books were permitted for reading; and apocalyptic literature which arose subsequent to the time of the Maccabees was received in a friendly manner. With the destruction of the temple the rabbis came into sole power. Their chief delight was in the law. Hence they did not approve the visionary element and private speculation dominant in the apocalyptic literature, and in order to do away with its authority they invented the theory of canonicity. We shall have to leave to experts the question of the correctness of these views.

## RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Geschichtswene in den Evangelien nach modernen Forschungen** (Historical Truth in the Gospel acording to Modern Researches). By Adolf Müller. Gieszen, A. Töpelmann, 1905. For the most part Müller does not profess to have done here an original piece of work, but rather to set forth the results which Werule in his "Synoptic Question," Wrede in his "The Messianic Mystery in the Gospels," and Johannes Weiss in his "The Oldest Gospel" have reached. It is a fact that there has broken out afresh a spirit of doubt relative to the synoptic records. This is seen in the recent books published on both sides of the Atlantic concerning Jesus Christ. Müller confines himself exclusively to Matthew and Mark, and thinks that some parts of their reports, at least, are to be trusted. Especially in the words of Jesus reported in connection with the circumstances in which they were spoken do we have trustworthy and religiously valuable material. Out of these words it appears that Jesus regarded himself as the Messiah and future Judge of the world. It is possible also that he used the term Son of man concerning himself in a Messianic sense. But we have no trustworthy report of any series of events in the life of Jesus in any of the gospels. Much that is reported to us in connection with the healings which Jesus wrought sprang from the glowing phantasy of the disciples subsequent to their vision of him as the risen Lord. Müller is of the opinion that John or Mark wrote a primitive gospel in Aramaic based on recollections of the preaching of Peter, and that our canonical Mark is this primitive gospel wrought over in the spirit of Western Gentile Christianity. So also he thinks that the writer of our canonical Matthew used an Aramaic document either directly or in

a Greek translation. This primitive Matthew may have been written by the Apostle Matthew and contained reports of addresses of Jesus, together with a report of the circumstances in which they were spoken. It is an evidence of the quality of Müller's judgment when he supposes that the Apostle Matthew may have used the primitive Mark in writing his own primitive Matthew, as though Matthew would not be better able to write such words of Jesus from his own memory than Mark would be to write them from his memory of Peter's memory of Jesus. Müller thinks that a Logia-source for our canonical Matthew is a vain hypothesis, as the disciples would not have given any words of Jesus except in connection with the circumstances under which they were spoken. A part of the addresses which are generally referred to the Logia-source were taken from the primitive Matthew. They were all brief and connected with a report of the circumstances. The longer addresses reported in our canonical Matthew are made up out of shorter ones found in the primitive Matthew. This whole theory that the disciples would not report words of Jesus apart from their historical occasion, and therefore would not report long addresses, is contrary to the known facts of composition in those days. The only way by which we can determine whether Jesus did deliver any of the longer addresses attributed to him or whether they are made up of brief sayings on different occasions and strung together by the authors of our gospels, is to examine them as to their self-consistency and in connection with the reports of the different evangelists. We have thus given the substance of this book with some strictures which spring from the feeling that Müller is not a good guide for the memory, but that he is suggestive to one who is able to discern and uncover his fallacies. Such books serve their purpose but they are not for the novice. To the initiated they are more valuable than books that contain more truth.

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**Ur-Marcus. Versuch einer Wiederherstellung der altesten Mitteilungen uber das Leben Jesu** (Primitive Mark. An Attempt at a Reconstruction of the earliest Reports Concerning the Life of Jesus). By Emil Wendling. Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1905. The book arose out of some supposed discoveries in connection with Mark 4. 1-34. Wendling came to the conclusion that the passage in question was not the work of one hand. Applying the same thought to the whole of the gospel he became convinced that it is the product of three different hands. He thinks he has succeeded in separating from the remainder of the gospel a portion which he attributes to Peter. This includes 1. 16 to 3. 5, 31-35; 4. 1-9, 26-29; 6. 32-34, though not in its present form; 8. 27-38, in an earlier form than ours; parts of 11. 15-12. 37, and of the eschatological address in 13. 1-11, together with the institution of the Lord's Supper, the arrest and mistreatment of Jesus, the hearing before Pilate, and an account of the crucifixion. This he has called $M^1$. He regards this portion as essentially historical. Another portion he calls $M^2$, and thinks it a sort of poetic enlargement of $M^1$, which was probably written in Aramaic and translated into Greek by $M^2$. This part includes 1. 4-14$^a$; 4. 35-5. 43; 6. 14. the accounts of the execution of

John the Baptist, the feeding of the five thousand, the transfiguration, the healing of the epileptic and of the blind beggar of Jericho, the triumphal entry, the agony in Gethsemane, the hearing before the high priest, the denial of Peter, the mockery of Jesus by the Roman soldiers, and the details of the crucifixion, burial, and resurrection. The third writer, $M^3$, has portions throughout the entire gospel. He furnished 1. 1-3; 3. 6, ff.; the call of the disciples, the Beelzebub controversy, the explanation of the parable of the sower, the parables of the leaven and the mustard seed, the scene in Nazareth, and the commission and sending out of the disciples, and the whole of 6. 45 to 8. 26. $M^3$ was also a kind of editor, and he worked over the scene in Cæsarea Philippi, and furnished the most of the sayings of 8. 34 to 9. 1; the words concerning Elijah, 9. 9-13, and verses 28-50; the words concerning divorce; the cursing of the fig-tree; 12. 38-44, and the principal part of 13, and small additions to 14 and 15. His $M^3$ wrought in the interest of a dogmatic conception of Jesus. His reason for thinking that Mark is not all from one hand is, he claims, certain unevennesses in the text, the patchwork quality of the contents, and the varying tenor of the different narrative portions. For example, $M^1$ gives us the portrait of a teacher of great power, doing miracles, indeed, but making them subordinate. $M^2$ thinks of Jesus as the Son of David and the Son of God who can not only heal all human sickness but triumph over the forces of nature and over death. $M^3$ sees in him the Son of man, the Messiah of the Apocalyptic literature, surrounded by mystery, but he does not in any way make him more noble or lofty. One is reminded by this performance of the separation of the books of the Pentateuch into various documents. But it has by no means as much justification in the gospels as in the Pentateuch. In Genesis, for example, there are traces of two or three stories of the same event which appear to be woven together. In Mark, Wendling supposes that each writer took what lay before him and supplemented it. To make the process parallel with what happened in the Pentateuch it would be necessary to suppose that $M^1$, $M^2$, and $M^3$ wrote independent of each other, and that some editor bound their documents together with slight editorial modifications to suit the needs of the compilation. One thing comes out with ever-increasing clearness in all the somewhat radical gospel criticism of recent years, and that is that the healings of Jesus stand fast; also that the great substance of his teaching is unchanged. If we had nothing left but what Wendling thinks belonged to $M^1$, we would experience practically no change in our conceptions of Christianity.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

**Church Problems in French Switzerland.** The question of the use of the individual cup in the Lord's Supper is much agitated, chiefly on the ground that the use of the common cup is dangerous to health, but no decisions have yet been reached. Much more important is a movement looking toward the separation of church and state. Both in Geneva and Neuenburg legal enactments to that end have been proposed

and with good prospects of becoming law. In Geneva the proposition comes from a Roman Catholic, who, of course, is opposed to Protestantism as the Establishment. In Neuenburg a social democrat is agitating the matter on the ground that a deficit in the budget is caused by the payment of funds toward the support of the church.

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**The Norwegian Church and Separation from Sweden.** The church in Norway is, like the church everywhere, the object of much criticism. But during the discussions which finally led to the separation between Norway and Sweden the Norwegian clergy were so firmly loyal to Norwegian interests that the church gained much in public esteem.

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**The German Monistic League.** When in 1892 Professor Haeckel wrote his Confession of Faith of an Investigator of Nature he probably little dreamed that he was starting a religious movement which was to have its congregations called after his name, and which would lead to the organization of a league to advance his monistic ideal. But such a league was in fact established on January 11, 1906, in Jena, with Professor Haeckel as president. Negatively the League renounces the idea of revealed truth having absolute authority, supernatural forces of all kinds in the natural world, and a heavenly future as the goal and completion of human existence. Positively the League holds that nature is unitary in the strictest sense, that nature must be explained from within itself, and that every event comes to pass according to eternal, unchangeable laws founded in the nature of things. The idea is to produce by education an ever greater number of sound, capable, rational, and noble personalities who, by well-planned effort, shall elevate the life of nation and state to ever higher stages of freedom and order, justice and mutual helpfulness. The League saw some difficulties in the way of organization, but proceeded in spite of them. They were: first, that organization with reference to so personal a thing as a view of the world is improper and may restrict freedom; second, that such organization may lead to a dogmatic attitude toward truth; and, third, that the experience of other organizations, such as the Ethical Culture Society, gave little hope of success.

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**Limits of Teaching in the Pulpit.** A German professor has stated the matter recently as follows: Every minister recognizes that he can hold on to the old formulas or he would be obliged to forsake the church holding them. But as a preacher he has to do alone with matters of positive faith. Outside of the pulpit he has the same right of criticising old formulas as other men. He should never discuss critical matters in the pulpit unless some external necessity compels him thereto. The minister must not hold one thing in private and another in public; but he need not, for conscience's sake, tell all his theories concerning questions in dispute to everybody. In other words, his duties as minister must be fulfilled, and if he cannot do these he should conscientiously withdraw.

## GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO, poet, dreamer, and idealist, has widened the basis and motive of Italian fiction, by presenting in the guise of romance in his novel, Il Santo, some of the religious questions which stir the best minds of Italy to-day. The discussion over it recalls the talk in England over the first appearance of John Inglesant or Robert Elsmere. The book is reviewed by Mrs. Virginia M. Crawford in The Fortnightly Review. Fogazzaro is frankly Christian, and his writings depict the ultimate triumph of the ideal aspirations of the soul over man's baser instincts. Though a Catholic in faith, that does not blind him to the evils from which the Roman Church is suffering. He sees in it much external observance and little interior piety, a great multiplication of petty devotions to saints and little cultivation of true prayer, which is a union and communion of the soul with God. His church does not teach men to think and act for themselves, but keeps them in intellectual and spiritual subjection. He deplores the indolence and avarice of certain prelates, and the lack of moral courage in others to oppose acknowledged evils, and the obstinate clinging to customs and notions which have lost significance and only clog the wheels of progress. He denounces the intriguing, the petty jealousies, and the personal ambitions which surround the Papal Court. He preaches toleration for individual variations of views, and insists that "those who love their brothers and believe themselves indifferent to or ignorant of God are nearer to the Kingdom than many who think they love God and have no charity for their neighbors." The four evil spirits which trouble the Papal Church are said to be the spirit of falsehood, the spirit of priestly domination, the spirit of avarice, and the spirit of inflexible rigidity and unprogressiveness. The central figure in Fogazzaro's novel is Benedetto, the saint who has purified himself from his sins by a life of prayer and of severe penances and of emaciating mortification of the flesh, enduring much toil and suffering. Some one has described sanctity as genius in religion, and Francis Thompson recently suggested that saints may be the only true men of genius. Benedetto is a pathetic spiritual figure, instinct with moral beauty, and lifted far above average humanity by his utter detachment from worldly things. Yet his transparent purity of heart, his self-forgetfulness, his love for the poor, do not differ in kind, but only in degree, from those of any really religious person. In this Roman novel there is no touch of spiritual arrogance in Benedetto's preaching; his addresses are on broad, evangelistic lines, simple and direct in language, inspired by tolerance and charity to all men, and urging the need of individual conversion and the futility of outward observance without the interior spirit. Il Santo is a book of high moral purpose and great literary charm, not only a book of faith but of noble and overflowing poetry, though written in prose. It appeals to the laity for a deeper sense of responsibility and a more serious purpose in life;

and to the clergy for a wider tolerance, a more ethical teaching, and more disinterestedness. Its author aims to promote a spiritual awakening in Italy, and especially in the Papal Church.———In the same number of The Fortnightly, Constance Elizabeth Maud tells of a visit with a friend to a model old French archbishop, whose benign, bountiful, beautiful life had won him the title of "Father of His People." His greeting was so gentle and friendly that his visitor's first thought was, "That smile on his face places him at once in the category of God's good gifts;" and next, Browning's words about the cardinal came to mind, "through such souls, God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light for us i' the dark to rise by." The archbishop showed his guests a statuette of Joan of Arc and said: "To me this little figure represents the true Jeanne, which so few of the countless pictures and statues succeed in doing—a young girl, very simple and unlearned, yet possessed of a wisdom which astounded the most wise, a dauntless courage, and a soul so white it dazzled as the sun at midday. In this little figure we see her advancing at the head of her troops, listening to the Voice, and following where it leads, heedless of all else." To the question whether he believed Joan heard an actual voice, he replied: "Without doubt. One must remember the soul has ears and eyes as well as the body, and of a finer quality and power. How else can the marvel be accounted for, that a peasant girl of seventeen years was, according to the testimony of the generals who fought under her command, the greatest military genius of her day, showing a perfect knowledge of tactics and strategy? Only when they refused to follow her counsel did the French troops experience failure." "But, alas! the Voice once failed her in the hour of her direst need," said the visitor; to which the Father of His People answered, "But it was not the hour of her nation's need, remember. Her mission was accomplished. Like her divine Master, she had to pass through her hour of darkness and seeming abandonment, but the sun was behind the cloud all the time, and the dark hour passed." The old archbishop showed his visitors his garden, and leading them to a clump of trees which shut inclosed a little green arbor, he said, "This is my concert-room. Here the birds sing always. Morning and evening and through the day some of them keep up the song of joy and praise, like the lights which burn always before the altar." Just then a thrush warbled a lovely solo overhead, and one of the visitors said, "I cannot imagine a happier lot than to be a bird in the archbishop's garden." "Ah, my daughter," answered the old man, "even here you would encounter the devil in the shape of a big black cat. This world is not a paradise for anyone, not even for the birds of my garden."———How useless, inconsistent, and imbecile it is for us to scold men for resorting to injurious forms of diversion and places of amusement, when we provide nothing better, is put sharply to us in an article on Frontiersmen, which tells us that the men of the sea, coming ashore for a holiday, or discharged into the melancholy slums of big seaports often find the only real amusement visible within reach to be getting drunk. And one of them says this word for himself and his fellows: "After the great silence we want noise, after the loneliness we need company, after the tension we want to relax, after

the discomfort to be at ease for a while, after the restraint and confinement to break loose, and after the dullness to take life red-hot for a change —and the hot stuff is taken in a glass. Let only him who has suffered our hard life dare to judge us, for this is a matter of natural law, not of morals; inevitably the greater the restraint the more powerful the reaction. One might as well take hair oil for a cough, as prayers and sermons for this malady. O, we know better than you can tell us, what a big price we pay for our fun; but in most places there is nothing else for us to do. No alternative to the bar-room is open to us. In places where getting drunk is not the only diversion the bottle has small patronage from our tribe. When a contingent of us was sent to attend the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and again, later, to share in King Edward's coronation celebration, being turned loose in London, they behaved like Sunday schools."——— Henry James, that long-anglicized American, returning for a time from his chosen exile in Britain, visited Philadelphia and let that fine old city take effect on him. Very interesting is his report of impressions received. Starting from New York the Pennsylvania Railroad seemed to him not to be as other railroads are. It beguiled him with a style and *allure* of its own, as something superior. He says, "The spell began to work on me at Twenty-third Street and on the constantly-adorable ferry." And when seated in the train in Jersey City it seemed as if it must in the end carry one to some ideal city. Arriving at Philadelphia he was struck with the houses, which seemed to wear their little marble steps and lintels and cornices and copings in the manner of nice white neckties and collars and cuffs and stockings. In the hospitalities of the place he had a sense of large friendliness, ordered charm, and perfect peace. The secret of serenity is possessed there as in no other city. That friendly community on the bland banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, Mr. James thinks, is more than any other town a *society*, settled, confirmed and complete. New York cannot be thought of as a society, and Chicago still less. Quoting the epigram that Boston is not a place but a state of mind, he says that Philadelphia isn't a place but a state of consanguinity, which is an absolute final condition. An atmosphere of infinite cousinship colors the scene and makes the predominant tone. "Having arrived at this felicitous social state Philadelphia has nothing in the world left to struggle for or to bristle against; whereas New York, and above all Chicago, are only, and most precariously, on the way to it, and indeed, having started too late, will probably never arrive. There are for them interferences and complications; they will yet know other conditions, but the beatitude I speak of—that of being, in the composed sense, a society—is lost to them forever. Philadelphia, without complications or interferences, enjoys it in particular through having begun to invoke it in time. And now she has nothing more to invoke; she has everything; her *cadres* are all full; her imagination is at peace. This, exactly again, is the reason of the bristling of the other places: the *cadres* of New York, Chicago, Boston, being as to a third of them empty and as to another third objectionably filled—with much consequent straining, reaching, heaving, both to attain and to eject. What makes a society is thus, more than anything else, the

number of organic social relations it represents; by which logic Philadelphia represents nothing *but* organic social relations. The degrees of consanguinity are the *cadres;* every one of them is full; it is a society in which every individual is as many times over cousin, uncle, aunt, niece, and so on through the list, as poor human nature is susceptible of being. These degrees are, when one reflects, the only really organic social relations, and when they are all there for everyone the scheme of security, in a community, has been worked out. Philadelphia, in other words, not only is a family, she must be a 'happy' one, and a probable proof that the happiness comes as a matter of course if the family but be large enough. Consanguinity provides the marks and features, the type and tone and ease, the common knowledge and the common consciousness, but number is required to make these things social. Number, accordingly, for her perfection, was what Philadelphia would have—it having been clear to me that she couldn't *not* be perfect. She must be, of all goodly villages, the very goodliest, probably, in the world; the very largest, and flattest, and smoothest, the most rounded and complete." Mr. James likes Philadelphia also because it is not so pushing, nor grasping, nor frantic. "It draws its breath with ease, never sounding the awful 'step lively!'" The large absence of the foreign element and the tenement-house life strikes him as one of the city's consummate blessings. His memory of the town is like that of "a vast firm chess-board, an immeasurable spread of little squares, covered all over by perfect Philadelphians." The prevailing temperate good taste seems to him like the original Quaker drab lightly touched with a modern flush, giving it something of the iridescence of the breast of a well-fed dove. He is enamored of the elegant simplicity of Independence Hall, particularly with the fine interior chambers, looking at which he indulges in this expression of his sense of the congruity of the noble building with the noble Declaration which made it famous: "One sees them immediately as good, delightfully good, on architectural and scenic lines, these large, high, wainscoted chambers, as good as any could thinkably have been at the time; embracing what was to be done in them with such a noble congruity (which in all the conditions they wellnigh might have been, as they were luckily no mere tent pitched for the purpose), that the historic imagination, reascending the centuries, almost catches them in the act of directly suggesting the celebrated *coup.* One fancies, under the high spring of the ceiling and before the great embrasured window-sashes of the principal room, some clever man of the period, after a long look round, taking the hint. 'What an admirable place for a Declaration of something! What could one here—what *couldn't* one really declare in a room like this?' And then after a moment: 'I say, why not our Independence?—capital thing always to declare, and before anyone gets in with anything tactless. You'll see that the fortune of the place will be made.' It really takes some such frivolous fancy as that to represent with proper extravagance the reflection irresistibly rising there, and that it yet would seem pedantic to express with solemnity: the sense, namely, of our beautiful escape in not having had to 'declare' in any way meanly, of our good fortune in having found the suitable building ready for the

great occasion." The one excrescence which afflicted Mr. James by its grim gray exterior and its suggestions was the Eastern Penitentiary. Its towers and walls remind him of some blighted minor city of France or Italy like black Angers or dead Ferrara. He remembers its reputation of having given the first flourishing example of the strictly cellular system of confinement, the complete sequestration of each individual prisoner; and that this system moved Charles Dickens to the passionate protest recorded in his American Notes. This huge house of sorrow affected Henry James quite painfully, but its rigors must have considerable abatement, for he says that parts of the interior of the prison suggested a sunny Club at a languid hour, with members vaguely lounging and chatting, with open doors and comparatively cheerful vistas, and plenty of rocking-chairs and magazines. But, looking on the prisoners who were thus lounging about, they seemed to him to consist of "full-blown basenesses." Looking from convict to convict, from type to type, from one pair of eyes to another, he could not take them for anything else than base men. So far as he could see, the innocent victim of circumstances wasn't there; the poor well-meaning creature who had been merely misled or betrayed was not to be found among them. And as he looked the whole company over he felt that they were well suited to each other and fit for mutual companionship. He studied many of them and was impressed with the number and variety of ways there are of looking morally mean. He talked for a long time with a rather stylish convict, a charming murderer whose death-sentence had been commuted to imprisonment, whose manners were such that Mr. James half expected him at any moment in that Club-like room to call for coffee and cigars. He explained fluently to the visitor, with perfect urbanity and much lucidity and plausibility, how it was that appearances had taken such an unfriendly attitude toward him. But all his explanations did not take out of his face the baseness Mr. James saw there. The brand of evil was visible on him.

———A bit of pretty writing is the opening of a chapter in Eden Phillpotts' story, The Whirlwind, picturing an English dairymaid milking the cows in the early morning: "Dawn had woven her own texture of pearl into the fabric of the moor, and the sun, like a great lamp, hung low upon the shoulder of the eastern hills. Silence brooded, save for the murmur of water, and all things were still but the stream, upon whose restless currents morning wrote in letters of pale gold. The world glimmered under sparkling moisture born of a starry night, and every blade of grass and frond of fern lifted its proper jewel to the sun. Peace held the waking hour a while, and living man still slept as soundly as the old stone heroes in their forgotten graves beneath the heather. Then newborn things began to suck the udder, or open little bills for food. Parent birds and beasts were busy tending upon their young. The plovers mewed far off, and swooped and tumbled; curlews cried; herons took the morning upon their wings and swept low and heavily to their hunting grounds. Young dawn danced golden-footed over the stony hills, fired the greater gorse, lighted each granite pinnacle like a torch, flooded the world with radiance, and drank the dew of the morning. Earth also awoke,

and her sleeping garb of pearly mist, still spread upon the river valleys, at length dwindled, and glowed, and burnt away into the ardent air. Then incense of peat smoke ascended in a transparent veil of blue above Ruddyford, while from the cot hard by came forth a woman. Sarah Jane had been at her new life a week, and began to know the cows and their characters. They waited for her now, and soon the milk purled into her glittering pails. First the note of the can was sharp and thin; then, as the precious fluid spirted, now right, now left, from the teats under Sarah's firm fingers, the vessel uttered a milder harmony and finally gave out only a dull thud with each addition. The cows waited their turns patiently, licked one another's necks and lowed; as yet no man moved, and the milker amused herself by talking to the kine. She sat with her cheek pressed to a great red flank, and her hair shone cowslip-color against the russet hide of the beast. Her splendid arms were bare to the elbow. Already something of the past had vanished from her, and in her eyes new thought was added to the old frankness. She thought upon motherhood as she milked these placid mothers; she perceived that the summer world was full of mothers wheeling in air and walking on earth. Wifehood was good to her, and very dearly she loved the man who had led her into it. Sarah Jane whistled sometimes when she felt unusually cheerful. She whistled now, and her red lips creased up till they resembled the breaking bud of a flower. The sounds she uttered were deep and full, like a blackbird's song, and they made no set tune, but rippled in harmonious, sweet, irregular notes, as an accompaniment to kindred thoughts."

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The Letters of Horace Walpole, with annotations, in sixteen volumes full of glimpses of men and things in the eighteenth century, have been noticed in The Atlantic Monthly by Gamaliel Bradford. Walpole, who was labeled by Macaulay as an idler, an affected fop, socially a snob, and morally a cynical *pococurante*, was the author of the epigram, "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." He shunned responsibility and large affairs, gave himself to light and easy gratifications, and cared not for public or philanthropic matters. He never married; apparently was never in love; and counseled against friendship in such words as these: "Do not give way to all the friendship you are capable of. By some means or other it will embitter your whole life; and though it is very insipid to be indifferent, the vexations consequent upon attachments make the satisfactions they produce too dearly bought." He is not fond either of nature or of people. He wrote: "I hate the country; I am past the shepherdly age of groves and streams, and am not arrived at that of hating everything but what I do myself, as building and planting." Yet he tells us that this distaste for natural pleasures does not come from any overfondness for society: "I am so far from growing used to mankind by living among them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits,

and on my shoulders." In view of his professed indifference to people, his humane feeling toward the lower creatures is somewhat surprising. He said: "We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport, sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house t' other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist, for, in the middle of conversation, he rose and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly." In the years of our war of the Revolution Walpole denounced the tyrannical methods of George the Third and uttered enthusiastic prophecies of the future of the American Colonies. He wrote: "I have many visions about that country and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half a dozen exhausted nations in Europe." Walpole was a master of the cynical art of satirical sketching. He practiced it on various public men. Charles Townshend, whose willful shortsightedness helped to bring on the American Revolution, is thus described as addressing the House of Commons, when half-drunk: "In this speech he beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good-humor, for he pleased while he provoked at random; was malicious to nobody, cheerful to all; and if his speech was received with delight, it was remembered only with pity." One of his masterpieces in satirical sketching is his picture of the Duke of Newcastle at the funeral of King George the Second: "This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle—but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel, with his glass, to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and found it was the Duke of Newcastle, standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble." Walpole's life lacked seriousness. He spent himself mostly on trifles. He sneered at Clarissa Harlowe, one of the masterpieces of English literature, as "a romance as it might be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher." He spent his time in the society of the gay, the rich, and the careless, who trifled away their time; of whom Mr. Bradford says: "And because, after all, their life, charming as it was, was lived only for themselves, only for trifles, those among them who really thought were always on the verge of deadly ennui. Madame du Deffand, the noble heart, the serious intellect, found herself bored from youth to age. Even Walpole, who had a gift for distraction, cried out in his early days, 'One can't pass one's youth too amusingly; for one must grow old, and that in England; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people gray in the twinkling of a bedstaff.' And forty years later comes the

quiet comment, 'Nothing can be more insipid than my life.' Yes, they thought only of themselves, of their own society, their own order, these brilliant, charming ladies, these gay, witty, courtly gentlemen. The narrow world in which they lived was to them the sole possible world, the best world. They had no idea of the stupendous changes which were so soon to come, of the new heaven and the new earth which were to take the place of their pleasant dalliance and graceful vanities."———In the same issue of The Atlantic Monthly, Bradford Torrey writes of Anatole France, whom Edmund Gosse calls "the most interesting intelligence working at this moment in the field of letters." Anatole France is a literary critic who says: "As I understand it, criticism, like philosophy and history, is a sort of romance, and all romance, taken rightly, is a sort of autobiography. The good critic is he who brightly narrates the adventures of his own mind in its intercourse with masterpieces. The critic should begin his discourse by saying: 'Gentlemen, I am going to speak about myself apropos of Shakespeare, or of Racine, or of Pascal, or of Goethe. It is a fine occasion.'" His dissertation on Shakepeare's conception of Hamlet's character takes the form of an address to Hamlet himself. He explains to Hamlet why part of the audience to which he was presented were inattentive: "It was an audience of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. You were not in evening dress, you had no amorous intrigue in the world of high finance, and you wore no flower in your buttonhole. For that reason the ladies coughed a little in their boxes while eating iced fruits. Your adventures could not interest them. They were not worldly adventures; they were only human adventures. Besides, you force people to think, and that is an offense which will never be pardoned to you here." Anatole France, the distinguished *littérateur*, is a man who keeps the child-mind and never forgets his boyhood. The man of forty tells of his boy-dreams and ambitions. At one time he resolved to become a famous saint (every boy is bound to be famous somehow); and he set about it at once with fastings, an improvised hair shirt, and even an attempt, ingloriously brought to nought by the strong arms of the housemaid, to play the rôle of Simeon Stylites in the kitchen. What with this muscular, unsympathetic maid—who also tore his hair shirt from him—and his father, equally unsympathetic, who pronounced him stupid, the boy had a bad day of it, and by nightfall, as he says, "recognized that it is very difficult to be a saint while living with one's family. I understood why St. Antony and St. Jerome went into the desert to dwell among lions and satyrs; and I resolved to retire the next day to a hermitage." And so he did, choosing a labyrinth in the neighboring Jardin des Plantes. This author and critic writes thus of his childhood years: "I lived happy days without writing. I led a contemplative and solitary life the memory of which is still sweet to me. Then, though I studied nothing, I learned much. In fact, it is in strolling that one makes beautiful intellectual and moral discoveries." So it is.———The deathless story of the Birkenhead and its heroes has been retold recently as follows: "In the early part of 1852 some troops were sent out to Africa to aid Sir Harry Smith, who was fighting the Kaffirs. On board the Birkenhead, a troopship, carrying four

guns, were four hundred and ninety-four men and fifty-six women and children. On February 23 the Birkenhead arrived at Saint Simon's Bay, where all but twenty of the women and children were landed, and whence the ship continued its voyage for Algoa Bay on the twenty-fifth. The weather was fine, and there was every prospect of making a prosperous end of the journey. A good lookout was kept by two men stationed at the bows, and a leadsman, heaving his line from the paddle-box, took soundings in that last middle watch, for the ship was near the land, the loom of which had all the night been visible from three to four points on the port bow. At about ten minutes before two o'clock the leadsman, Abel Stone, ordinary seaman, got soundings in twelve or thirteen fathoms, of which he gave notice to the officer of the watch. He threw the line again; but before he could get another cast of the lead the ship struck! The shock was as sudden as it was violent. While commander Salmon ordered the engines to be stopped and the boats to be lowered, Colonel Seton summoned the military officers, bidding them to keep order among the men, and to carry out the behests of the commander. In the very moment of crisis orders were swiftly and quietly obeyed. There was no confusion, no murmuring, not even on the poop, where the troops were drawn up together with the women and children. In a few moments the certainty of death seemed to face them all. The command to stop the engines completed the ruin. The 'turn astern' did but increase the disaster; the ship struck again; and all hope of safety was at an end. And the worst was not yet. Of all the boats on board, only three could be lowered. Who was responsible for the many accidents it boots not to inquire. Rotten tackle, rusted pins and bolts, did their work. But the commander kept his wits. Seeing that the ship must in a few minutes go down, he ordered that the women and children should be got into the cutter, a work of great difficulty safely accomplished by Ensign Lucas and Sergeant Kilkeary. Meanwhile, the ship was speedily breaking on the rocks. Down crashed the funnel, and in a few minutes all hands were called to go aft, as the ship was sinking by the head. On the poop Colonel Seton, Ensign Lucas, and the other officers stood calmly waiting for death, when suddenly the commander shouted: 'All those that can swim, jump overboard and make for boats.' And then it was that the perfection of discipline was displayed. Captain Wright and Lieutenant Girardot, upon hearing this, begged the men not to do as the commander had said, as the boat with the women must be swamped. In response to this chivalrous appeal the soldiers, grouped upon the sinking poop, almost to a man stood fast. To their eternal honor be it said, not more than three made the attempt, and the cutter with the women and children pulled safely away. That was the supreme moment of the Birkenhead. There was no vainglorious contempt of death, no military pomp, no unnecessary ceremony. But the mistaken order of the commander, which given at such a moment we cannot condemn, encouraged the men to swamp the boat in which were the women and children. And the men no sooner saw what might be the consequence of jumping overboard than they firmly held their place and went down with the wreck."

## BOOK NOTICES

### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Duty of Imperial Thinking.* By W. L. WATKINSON, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 270. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.00.

Fifty-three brief Bible studies, or essays on Scripture texts, marked by Dr. Watkinson's well-known genius for illustration and fertile suggestiveness. Part of the essay which gives title to the book is as follows: "It is only as we realize our relation to the ages, to all who came before us, to all who succeed us, striving to do our duty to the whole, that we are conscious of dignity, strength, and satisfaction. Thinking imperially, recognizing ourselves in mankind, and becoming its helper, we taste a pure, vast joy impossible to a life centered in mean egotism and the narrow sphere of personal interests. An essential way to redeem life from insignificance and satiety is to identify ourselves with a great cause. Mr. Sanborn writes thus of Thoreau: 'The atmosphere of earnest purpose which pervaded the great movement for the emancipation of the slaves gave to the Thoreau family an elevation of character which was ever after perceptible, and imparted an air of dignity to the trivial details of life.' Identification with a great cause imparts elevation to the humblest sincere and intelligent coworker. One of the best things arising out of political partisanship is that it gives a touch of largeness to lives otherwise paltry and squalid. Identification with the temperance crusade, the cause of purity or mercy, or any other similar movement, lifts men into a larger sphere, and creates a satisfying sense of the value and glory of life. A great enthusiasm tends to make small men great, or, at least to evoke the greatness that otherwise would have remained latent. Best of all, let us recognize in its fullness the government of God bringing in the kingdom of Christ; here we have the sum of all great causes. To plan and pray for the establishment of Christ's reign in the whole earth is indeed to think imperially. Nothing small or mean can dwell in a soul dominated by this great thought and fired by this sublime passion. What many of us need, to forget our sorrows, to banish our weariness, to overcome our indifference and disgust with life, to fill our days with poetry and romance, is to enlist in a great cause, to serve our nation and race, to become workers in that kingdom that ruleth all, and that ruleth all to the end of filling the world with righteousness and peace. 'For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.' Naturalists affirm that the size of the fish found in Central Africa is subtly influenced by the dimensions of the lake in which they live, the same species being larger or smaller in proportion to the scale of their habitat. Living in a small world, we men dwindle and wither; but as knowledge and imagination, faith and hope, make us citizens of a vaster universe, corresponding characters of glory are imprinted on our soul." In a chapter on the possibility of the soul's

restoration from sin is this passage: "There is within the soul itself an instinct of hope which the greatest disaster can hardly extinguish. The doctrines of metempsychosis and of purgatory, in the opinion of some, show the natural unwillingness of men to believe in final defeat and failure. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Picturing the conduct of men during an awful storm at sea, Victor Hugo observes: 'By degrees, however, they began to hope again. Such are the unsubmergible mirages of the soul! There is no distress so complete but that even in the most critical moments the inexplicable sunrise of hope is seen in its depths.' The text is an appeal to this very instinct. 'Shall they fall, and not arise? shall he turn away, and not return?' Is it not a natural instinct that, if one stumbles, he attempts to rise again? if one wanders, he seeks to return to the point whence he departed? God appeals to that instinct of recovery, that temper of hope, which he has established deep in the heart. However abjectly we sink, that bit of blue, that gilt of a star, that fainting halo of the sunset which yet lingers in the guiltiest soul, assures us that God has not forgotten to be gracious, and prompts us to penitence and faith, to hope and effort." An essay on the words "The Mountains shall bring Peace" contains this on the connection between elevation and peace: "The consciousness of God, the knowledge of his everlasting righteousness, the experience of the truth, mercy, and grace of Jesus Christ, the sense of eternity—these high truths can deeply move us; restrain us, inspire us, guarantee our utmost salvation, and nothing else can. Peace amid the frictions and wounds of outward life is only possible whilst the soul is uplifted and invigorated by heavenly virtue. Only as we transcend our troubles can we master them. The greatness and loftiness of the mountain must pass into our mind, the wideness and depth of the sea into our heart, if we are to live untroubled by the vicissitudes of human fortune. A thousand pretentious maxims and manœuvres designed to keep trouble at a distance are little less than absurd; vexation and pain must be swallowed up in thoughts and consolations not of this world. The psalmist bemoans himself: 'O that I had wings like a dove! Then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, I would lodge in the wilderness. I would haste me to a shelter from the stormy wind and tempest.' There is a truer way than this out of a painful situation. Mr. Hudson tells us that in Patagonia he was much surprised by the behavior of a couple of sweet songsters during a thunderstorm. On a still, sultry day in summer he was standing watching masses of black cloud coming rapidly over the sky, while a hundred yards from him stood the two birds also apparently watching the approaching storm with interest. Presently the edge of the cloud touched the sun, and a twilight gloom fell on the earth. The very moment the sun disappeared the birds rose up and began singing their long resounding notes, though it was loudly thundering at the time, while vivid flashes of lightning lit the black cloud overhead. He watched their flight and listened to their notes, till suddenly as they made a wide sweep upwards they disappeared in the cloud, and their voices seemed to come from an immense distance. The cloud continued emitting sharp flashes of light-

ning, but the birds never reappeared, and after six or seven minutes once more their notes sounded loud and clear above the muttering thunder. They had passed through the cloud into the clear atmosphere above it, and the naturalist expresses his surprise at their fearlessness. But really did not these sweet singers, passing through the thunder-cloud and singing above it, show us the true policy for dark days? We must not attempt to evade our troubles, not to resist them, not to fly before them, but simply to transcend them. Soaring into the clear atmosphere above, the thunder will not terrify nor the lightning smite. We become oblivious of a score of things which irritate and wound others to madness. Just as those wise, brave birds mounted beyond the tempest into the blue heavens and golden sunshine, so the devout soul in faith and prayer, in hallowed thought and feeling, wings its way into the calm azure of the heaven of heavens until the storms are overpast and gone. Even whilst yet in the flesh we are with the angels, and with glorified spirits who dwell in the stillness where beyond these voices there is peace. In those serene heights Christ dwells and ever exhorts his people, Lift up your eyes to the heavens where I sit; in faith and hope and love claim your place by my side; and your heart shall not be troubled, neither shall it be afraid." On Satan's question "Doth Job fear God for nought?" Dr. Watkinson comments thus: "Human nature is capable of far more disinterestedness than it usually gets credit for. Selfish instincts are indeed strong, and sadly overlay the higher instincts, yet we are often reminded of the latent poetry of the human heart. Miss Anna Swanwick, the translator of the dramas of Æschylus, formed a class of shopgirls and servants. Once, when she was trying to interest them in Milton's poetry, someone suggested that instruction in arithmetic would be more suitable and useful, considering their work and their future. Miss Swanwick thought not, but resolved to leave it to themselves to decide. So at their next meeting she put the question to them, 'Which do you prefer—instruction in the poets or in bookkeeping?' and, not to hasten their decision, left them to discuss it among themselves, telling them that she would come back for their answer. When she returned she found that only two of the girls were in favor of what bore upon their ordinary work; all the rest wished what would take them away from it or lift them above it. We get splendid glimpses of the higher susceptibilities and possibilities of human nature when and where we least expect them; a noble idealism triumphs over gross secularism, flashing out like a diamond in the dark. By the glorious energy of divine light and grace this faculty of disinterestedness is stimulated until the love of truth, right, and beauty fills the soul, and the whole man is mastered by the highest impulses and forces, unconscious of meaner interests and hopes. The raiser of the celebrated Shirley poppy tells how he noticed in a waste corner of his garden a patch of common wild field-poppies, one solitary flower having a very narrow edge of white; preserving its seed, and by careful and diligent culture year by year, the successive flowers got a larger infusion of white to tone down the red, whilst the black central portion was gradually changed, until the flower throughout became absolutely a pure white.

Just as the skill of man, taking advantage of a slight tendency in the flower, transforms the black heart and fiery leaves of a poisonous weed into a sort of eucharistic lily; so divine grace seizes upon the gracious susceptibilities of degenerate nature, and converts the selfish soul into the rarest beauty of purity and disinterestedness. We have seen too many delightful changes worked in humanity to doubt this crowning transformation." A sermon-essay on Vicarious Faith, from Mark 2. 3, has the following: "What we can do for our friends circumstantially is even exceeded by what we can do for them touching character. A German writer justly observes: 'Esteem your brother to be good, and he is so. Confide in the half-virtuous man, and he becomes wholly virtuous. Encourage your pupil by the assumption that he possesses certain faculties, and they will be developed in him.' In moral attainment and efficiency vicarious faith, working by love, avails much. We must remember this in dealing with children. Let your child know that you believe in him, that you are satisfied as to his capacity and ability for goodness, without prophesying smooth things anticipate good things, and you have gone a long way toward making him all you could wish him to be. Your faith makes it easy for the child to believe. In the treatment of young persons generally this canon of education must be followed: Esteem them to be good, confide in them, assume that they are genuine and sincere, and your faith on their behalf stimulates and saves them. In dealing with the lapsed never forget this secret. The morally impotent and palsied, the blind and crippled, the leprous and dying, are saved by hope, and our hope may kindle that of the most forlorn and despairing. Seeing our faith the shipwrecked brother, perchance, takes heart again, and struggles into that higher life our charity painted for him. In our intercourse with one another let us always proceed on these grounds of mutual faith, love, and hope. And there is nothing quixotic in this belief in and for one another, in and for the worst. All men have a great capacity for salvation; and faith, sympathy, and sacrifice work wonders. The very best way in which we can serve our fellows is to get them to Christ; believing in him, and in his power to save those who come to him, let us despair of no one. Let us imitate the courage of these bearers of the sick of the palsy. They dared much, and their boldness and aggressiveness carried the day. Let us imitate the sympathy of this ambulance corps. Without a real love to men we shall never undertake anything desperate on their behalf. Let us emulate the sacrificial spirit of these helpers of the helpless. After Christ has borne the cross for us we ought not to shrink from any burden that implies the salvation of the lost. Finally, let us be instructed by the combination of these heroic friends in the interest of the palsied. 'Borne of four.' Coöperation goes far in the salvation of men. Parent, teacher, preacher, and friend must unite if salvation is to come to the house. Iron chests holding great treasure are sometimes secured by three or four locks, and it is only by the concurrence of those who hold the several keys that the chest can be opened. Thus again and again the treasures of grace are reached only as two or three agree in prayer and effort. When Epworth parsonage was burnt, the child John Wesley was

saved through an upper window by neighbors who stood on each other's shoulders. Thus the soul itself is often a brand plucked from the burning by the combined sympathies, supplications, and sacrifices of those who have caught the spirit of the Master."

*The Forgotten Secret.* By W. J. DAWSON. 16mo, pp. 64. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

If one wishes to read a spiritualizing book on prayer, or if a minister intends preaching on that vital theme and wants to have mind and heart filled for such a sermon, this slim little book may be recommended as a quickening and illuminating volume. Its title is taken from the eminent scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, who recently declared prayer to be the Forgotten Secret of the Church. Concerning the meaning of the human instinct to pray, felt and seen the world over and the centuries through, it is justly said that if prayer has no significance, no use, and no real relation to the economy of life, it is clearly the most extraordinary delusion that ever possessed the human mind. "It is as though a man should stand at a telephone whose wire is cut, speaking thousands of messages to an unhearing ear, and inventing replies which have their only origin in his own imagination. The incoherent brain of madness could invent no crazier occupation. Either he who scoffs at prayer or they who practice it are mad—there is no escape from the dilemma. But it is scarcely possible that immemorial custom has no sanction in experience. Reason itself affirms some intelligent Presence at the other end of the telephone. It is incredible that vast generations of men, and among them the wisest and the best, should have spent their lives talking to their own Echo." The reaching out of the soul in prayer is thus illustrated: "We have all seen in the clear green water of the sea-pools those delicate creatures which children speak of by the common term, 'jelly-fish.' Inactive, they have little beauty, but as we watch them a sudden prompting seizes them, and they push out a score of exquisite tentacles and filaments, which find a response in elements unseen by us. So when a man truly prays the delicate tentacles of the soul push themselves out, and explore the infinite in search of God. The human soul seeks the Soul of the universe, until it grips, and is gripped by, the living force of God. We apprehend that by which we are apprehended. The Soul of the universe enfolds our soul, and for an instant the life of God flows into our being, enriching and invigorating it. When we use these latter terms of enrichment and invigoration, we admit the reflex influence of prayer; but we claim the positive act also of a real contact with God. And as the questing tentacles in the green sea-water find elements of nutriment invisible to us, so our souls feed on God, and draw into the secret fountains of our life the force of His divine being. This is prayer as Christ conceived it. He and the Father were one—one in the mystery of contact, communion, spiritual absorption. Prayer is thus the commingling of two personalities: *thou and thy Father:* a conscious contact of my consciousness and God's consciousness; and these two in the act of prayer become for me the only two abiding realities in the universe."

Defining one of the differences between Christian and non-Christian praying, Dr. Dawson says: "In the older religions the suppliant seems to be continually saying, 'Let *my* will be done;' in the Christian religion we are taught to say, 'Let *Thy* will be done.' The Christian conception of prayer is not to persuade God to do something for us, but to bring ourselves into such submission to God that he may be able to work in and through us. A very simple illustration may make this clear to us. How is it that the wireless Marconi message finds its way to some particular ship? Under the midnight stars, upon the wide white surges of the ocean, there toss, it may be, a score of ships, yet the Marconigram interprets itself to one ship alone. Why is this? Simply because at the topmast of the one ship there is a tiny apparatus which is tuned into exact accord with the corresponding apparatus from which the message originated. They share a common rhythm, and it is by means of this rhythm that this viewless force, which does not so much as exist for all these other ships, becomes intelligent to this one ship. In the same way the object of all prayer is to establish correspondence with God, and this correspondence is possible only when the common rhythm between man and God is found. Prayer is the effort to bring the human soul into tune with the Infinite. Hence its chief note is submission, its chief aim is receptivity to God. It is not a mechanical answer we seek, but the inflowing of God's being into ours in whatever fashion may seem best to him." Dr. Dawson, referring to the part which prayer played in the conversion of Professor Edward Everett Hale, Jr., in the special meetings held in Schenectady, N. Y., in November, 1905, says: "I began my mission with an address on prayer, recommending my hearers to seek during the day one hour of perfect solitude, in which they might make for themselves 'the experiment of prayer.' This counsel Professor Hale acted upon with memorable results to himself. He continued the experiment, not for a single hour, but throughout the week, and as he did so, he began to realize himself, and his real needs. 'As the week went on,' he writes, 'I began to be conscious of a curious change in myself, which I did not and do not now explain. My pleasure in the many interests which made up my life began to diminish and become dull. Instead of desiring to finish up the duties of life to turn to its pleasures, I found that for the time its pleasures had little interest. Art, literature, scholarship, the theater, the various things that had filled my mind, as well as some others which I need not particularize, lost attraction. Further even, plans, possibilities, ambitions of one sort and another, of which I had a number in hand, no longer interested me. . . . I noticed this loss of interest, and entirely without regret. The attraction of nature held on longer than the rest. I remember one morning looking out of the window at a row of elms which I had for years looked at with delight while dressing, taking particular pleasure in their change of aspect with the changing year. I said to myself, quite consciously, 'I wonder if that is going, too,' and before I had finished the sentence I was aware that love of nature had gone with the rest. . . . I felt no especial lack, however; I believe I was conscious of a greater interest.' The end of the experiment came when Professor Hale knew

that all these things had passed out of his life, to make way for the entrance of Christ. There was left to him 'Jesus only.' And his final summary is, 'By my personal experience I can say that the way to the Cross is through prayer.'" After saying that nothing but prayer keeps alive spiritual power in the individual or in the church, our evangelist notes that this spiritual element has never wholly perished in the history of Christianity. "That element, like a smothered fire, has continually sprung up in vital flame, in the unlikeliest ways and places; in the heart of a Francis of Assisi, in the zeal of the Lollards, in the enthusiasm of Wesley, in the tender passion of a Catherine of Siena, and a Catherine Booth. And therein lies our lesson; for whenever and wherever the spiritual element has regained ascendancy in the church, it has been the signal of immediate conquest. Men do not really desire the meretricious substitutes we offer them in the name of Christ; neither the ritual splendor, nor the seduction of art and music, nor the attractions of the social club; to the man spiritually hungry, as most men are, these things are the bitter gifts of stones instead of bread. But the hungry man comes where the bread is, and the frozen man where the fire is. It is little after all that the world asks of us; it is simply that we shall give that which it is in our power to give, the impulse to man's latent spirituality; that we should show ourselves possessed of that which we boast is our sole prerogative, the spiritual dynamic which redeems the soul. To whomsoever this secret of the soul's dynamic is known men will gather, and in the long run they will gather to no one else. Let the church return to the life of prayer, and in the same hour the era of enduring conquest will begin." The lack of spiritual power is the cause of the church's misfortune and defeat. Prayerlessness is punished by spiritual barrenness. Dr. Dawson illustrates thus: "I remember once, when visiting at a country house in the hottest period of the year, being surprised by the perfume of flowers that filled my bedroom in the early morning, until rising almost with the sun one morning, I discovered the reason. It was a very simple reason, nothing more than this, that with the first light the gardener was busy watering the flowers beneath my window, and from those watered flowers came the fragrance that filled my room with sweetness. There are lives also, that, exposed to the hottest sun of daily toil, possess the secret of freshness and perfume and are unwithered, because they are kept watered with the living water that flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb. 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and beside still waters.' Prayer is the soul's pasture and the soul's dew, and he who prays much is as 'a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf shall not wither.'"

*The Unlighted Lustre.*—Addresses from a Glasgow Pulpit. By the Rev. G. H. Morrison. M. A., Glasgow. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This is the fourth volume of sermons issued by Dr. Morrison. We call them sermons although two have no texts and might be called addresses. There are thirty of them. Seven seem to have texts new to the preacher's pen: Job. 15. 23; Ezra 3. 26; Jer. 9. 2 and 40. 4-6; 1 Kings 20. 28; and here the title is so capital that one wonders that it is not

used often, "The Partial Exclusion of God;" Luke 18. 4; Ezek. 36. 11; Mark 15. 35. None of these seem to have been used by any other preacher who has published his sermons as far as we can ascertain. For the first sermon a common text is used: Phil. 4. 8, "Think on these things." It is the last clause of the verse. Most preachers use the whole verse. Having examined more than forty sermons on this text we find a new illustration of the saying that we get from the Bible what we bring to it. Seventeen make it the basis of sermons on Christian Morality. Isaac Watts has ten of the seventeen. Dr. R. W. Dale preached on the whole verse with the subject, "Education of Conscience;" Bishop A. C. A. Hall, of Vermont, approaches this with "Discipline of the Heart." W. B. Pope found in it the "Meditation and Practice of Holiness;" Professor Marvin R. Vincent had a similar idea, for his subject is "Taste and Holiness;" R. W. Clark found in it the basis of a sociological sermon, and preaches on the "Duty of Employers." The man who seems to have come nearest the truth of the verse is Angelo Canoll, the great preacher of the Troy Conference, and later of California. His subject is "The Ethical and Æsthetic in Christianity." Normal Macleod, the Scotch preacher, is nearly as good with "The Expansiveness of Christian Life." We find three other sermons on the last clause of the verse.

James Lewis has the subject of the "Influence of Thought on Character." His treatment is in brief after the following plan: I. Can we carry out the plan of the Apostle, and what will be the effect of doing so? 1. Man's thoughts are an index of his character. 2. Man's thoughts have an influence on his character. II. What are the things of which we are exhorted to think? 1. Things of God in Jesus Christ. (a) Illustrated by the teaching and life of the church. (b) Must be retained. (c) We must not be blind to the truth. (d) Our thinking cannot be done for us. III. Evils resulting from neglect. 1. Want of thoroughness. 2. Men follow after vanity and the dishonorable. 3. A contrast with Christ. IV. Results of obedience. 1. God and evil thought do not dwell together. 2. The mind is made a temple.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, has one of his most remarkable sermons on this text. We also give his outline. I. As a man thinks so is he. II. We have something to do with creation. III. What is a thought? The result of an impression on one of the five senses. IV. Therefore we should exercise care. 1. The need of truth. 2. The need of honesty. 3. The need of justice. 4. The need of purity.

Louis Albert Banks used the phrase as the background for his sermon on the "Importance of Harnessing our Thoughts." We present his outline. Introduction—A startling command. I. The thoughts of God. II. The thoughts of man. 1. Invention and achievement. 2. Character the result of thought. 3. Tyranny of thought. 4. The thoughts of the heart master the will. 5. We cannot help evil thoughts. (a) Fill the mind with good. (b) Cleansing of the heart. III. The delightful character of the thoughts of the exhortation. 1. They add to our joy and peace. 2. They take away anxiety.

Now let us turn back to Dr. Morrison and trace his line of thought.

Subject—"The Discipline of Thought." Introduction—The Unseen. I. Government of thought. 1. A Hard Task. 2. Happiness depends upon it. 3. Unconscious influence lies in it. 4. Thought and temptation. II. How does the gospel help? 1. Light is a power for thought mastery. 2. Love. 3. Life. By contrasting the four treatments one will note three things, simplicity, clearness, and progression in thought, present in this one to a greater degree. This gives a fair specimen of Morrison's method of treatment. Let us examine his thought. It is enough to give two of many examples. His sermon on the "Dislike of the Commonplace" has the following passage near its end (p. 56): "The more I study Christ's life the more I am impressed by the value that he set upon the ordinary. He took a common lily that grew in tens of thousands, and he said of it, 'Not even Solomon in all his glory.' He took a commonplace child—not overclean, perhaps, but with such eyes!—and said of it, Of such is the kingdom of God.' For Christ, there was a whole universe within the mustard seed. For Christ, there was a revelation in the sparrows. For Christ, there was a wealth of meaning in a village. For Christ, in a piece of broken bread there was a sacrament. Whatever Naaman did, it is clear that Jesus of Nazareth never turned away from the commonplace in a rage." The other is from his address on the "Looks of Christ" (p. 196). "There are certain hours when we seem to forget everything. There are seasons of panic and there are times of crisis when all that a man has won seems to be blotted out. But sometimes in a shipwreck, when men are panic-stricken, the touch of a hand will bring them to themselves. And sometimes in a fire, when women are beside themselves, the cry of a child will quiet them again. So Peter, panic-stricken and beside himself, had one look and one only, from his Lord, and in that look the past was all revived. He remembered the warning that the Lord had uttered; he remembered the kindness that his Lord had shown. The past—the dear, dead days beyond recall; and THERE was the Master, HERE his foremost follower! The Lord turned and looked on Peter, and the memories in the look broke Peter's heart." There is not a sermon in the book that is not worth reading. In it all there is a constant breathing of love for humanity. They are from the heart to the heart.

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## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*America in Literature.* By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. Crown 8vo, pp. 253. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $1.50.

A general survey, noting the chief figures of our literature from Freneau and Brockden Brown to Joaquin Miller and Lew Wallace. Professor Woodberry's ratings are independent, as seen in the positiveness with which he puts Longfellow next to Emerson in the New England group of authors; and also in the rank he assigns to Bret Harte. Of the Knickerbocker group, centering in New York, Irving, Cooper, and Bryant are named as figures of national magnitude, with Willis, Drake, and Halleck, as lesser lights, and Curtis as last of the line that began with Irving—

Curtis surpassing all of them in cheerfulness, intrinsic winningness, and unfailing grace. Of Bryant it is said that he was in poetry what Beecher was in religion—an infusion of highly liberalized moral power—power being a heritage from Puritanism. Bryant had moral depth, penetration, intensity, and all that religious fervor fosters and spirituality develops. In him natural piety was elemental, and in his verse he was a seer, a priest of the holy affections of the heart in communion with nature's God. The hills and skies of Berkshire had roofed a temple for him, and the forest had aisled it, and wherever he moved he was within the divine precincts. Eternity was always in the same room with him. It was this sense of grandeur in nature and in man, the perpetual presence of a cosmic relation, that dignified his verse and made its large impression; even his little blue gentian has the atmosphere of the whole sky. Religious feeling was fundamental in his pure though uncovenanted poetry. In the New England group are shown the elegance of Longfellow, the self-sufficiency of Hawthorne, the manhood-worth of Whittier, the Brahman pride of Holmes, the cleverness of Lowell, and the radicalism of Phillips. Channing's work, it is noted, has lost distinction in the lapse of time, and blurs into half-forgotten things like ancestral strains. Emerson, foremost figure of all, in genius transcending all, the child of Harvard and its teacher, was by nature fast rooted in what lies beneath education, culture, books, even in the deep communal level which made him a son of the soil, and one of the people. The New England stock shone forth in him, its most highly perfected form, and his accomplishment in language gave the racial elements voice. He was the exemplar of plain living and high thinking. In the large world he would have been called a poor man, but in his own village he was well off; living the life of a refined gentleman on his thousand dollars a year, and rearing his family on this sum in an atmosphere of cultivation; economical, frugal even, but independent; keeping the old Puritan perspective of the relative worth of spiritual and temporal things; holding to the lasting transcendency of the spiritual, and the evanescence of the temporal, without any sense of effort or superior airs, in a singularly high and exemplary way. Emerson was the white, consummate flower of Puritanism. "Puritanism, the old search for God in New England, ended in him; and he became its medium at its culminating moment of vision and of freedom, because he was a racial man, and held condensed, purified, and heightened in his own soul the developed genius of the small, free, resolute, righteous, God-fearing people, the child of whose brief centuries he was." Coming to Longfellow Professor Woodberry says: "If heaven ever grants the prayer that a poet may write the songs of a people, it is surely in such poems as Longfellow's that the divine gift reveals its presence. They are in the mouths of children and on the lips of boys, and that is well; but they are also strength and consolation to older hearts; they are read in quiet hours, they are murmured in darkened rooms, they blend with the sacred experiences of many lives. Say what one will, the 'Psalm of Life' is a trumpet-call, and a music breathes from 'Resignation' in which the clod on the coffin ceases to be heard, and dies out of the ear at last with

peace." Longfellow was a product of the old Puritan stock, and its most cultivated gentleman, but he also enters most easily at lowly doors; which last statement, we should say, is even more true of Whittier. Writing of the South, Professor Woodberry likens Timrod to the whip-poor-will, a thin, pathetic, twilight note; and Hayne to the mocking bird, though confessing that the comparison does poor justice to the bird. He thinks Poe is as much a product of the South as Whittier is of New England. His manners and temperament, his moods of feeling, were Southern. His sentimentalism, his conception of womanhood and its qualities, of manhood and its conduct, his weakness, his sensibility, his gloom and dream, his response to color and music, were of that race and place. He fed himself chiefly on Byron and Moore. He is the only poet who is on record as a defender of human slavery. He is called in the book before us "the lone star of the South;" though immediately after that characterization is the surprising suggestion that the war song of "Dixie" may eventually be rated as the most immortal contribution of the South to the national literature. In the great West, three names have led, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Lew Wallace, with the first named far outshining the other two. Two elements, omnipresent in genuine western life, Bret Harte was master of—humor and picturesqueness. He wove them both together with romance. The son of a Greek professor in Albany, New York, he grew up in a library and was bred on literature from boyhood. He was flung, a stripling youth, into the early California ferment, impressionable and sharp to observe, with eyes trained on contemporaneous man. "The environment there was crowded with artistic elements, and he began to select, with directness and simplicity, and combine and create; and, without knowing it, he had found the gold that grows not dim and melts not away. His graphic power was great; the vividness of the scenes, the sharpness of the character, the telling force of the incident, the reality of the talk, the simple depth of the sentiment, made up a body of human truth, clear, picturesque, sincere, and home-spun, which went at once to the heart." Bret Harte's art has democratic power. "The vital persistence of human nature in men and women, the primitive emotions and virtues of our kind still instinctively put forth, to comfort and support life in comradery, independent of civilization left behind, and institutions dropped out, and the habits of orderly society disused—the man in his natural manhood, the woman in her natural womanhood—this is the core of the life he sets forth; and the human qualities in his tales have their brilliancy of tone and effect, because they are so disengaged from convention, institution, use, and wont, and show the clear grain. Character is the mark he aims at, and unless character has truth, it is naught. He had seen men in undress; and though he noticed the costume and the drawl, the shabby or miserable detail, still, for his eyes, the man remained, and was the absorbing object of his interpreting art. This is, in literature, to have democratic power. . . . The West gave him all the human garniture of the scene in character, incident, and the action's glow; and it must be believed, too, that as in local color he was faithful to his material, he was also a true representa-

tive of the Western spirit in this democratic, philanthropic, tolerant art, by means of which his youthful temperament, highly cultivated by letters as it had been, found imaginative embodiment. This humorous romancer, gentle, tender, hospitable, and just, so finely sensitive to the unspoken pathos of the hard, starved, brutal lot of the miner's life, was, in spirit as well as in the literal facts, an exponent of the new world's story—an American in every fiber. . . . He is more than the sketcher of a passing phase of pioneer days in the gold mountains; that would be little enough; he created lasting pictures of human life, some of which have the eternal outline and pose of a Theocritean idyl. The supreme nature of his gift is shown by the fact that he had no rival, and left no successor. His work is as unique as that of Poe or Hawthorne." Of Whitman, who claimed to be the representative American in literature, it is here said that though his primitiveness, uncouthness, loud emphasis, and defiance of law and convention, seem to be regarded by some as characteristics of democracy, yet any mind that can accept Whitman as representative of the democrat must be a cousin to Caliban. When Whitman forgot his camerado role as the democrat vagabond, under whose sombrero was all America, he wrote a few fine lyrics. But taking him as a whole he is but a rough Rabelaisian, Hogarthian caricature of the American. A poet in whom a whole nation declines to find its likeness cannot be regarded as representative, however strongly he may smell of some rank, raw earth in our wide and rich domain. Professor Woodberry's survey does not include living authors.

*Three Plays for Puritans.* By BERNARD SHAW. 12mo, pp. 315. New York: Brentano. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

Mr. Shaw has described himself as having "the temperament of a schoolmaster and the pursuits of a vestryman." He has achieved a pretty loud notoriety as a professed reformer of the modern stage. He declares that "the existing popular drama of to-day is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains." Twenty years of experience and hard work on London papers as music critic, art critic, literary critic, and theater critic prepared him to write Plays for Puritans. He was forced to write them, he says, because he found the modern stage too horrible to endure. An incessant and exhausting round of music, art, and literature he could endure, but not the theater. Part of what he says about it is this: "The theater struck me down like the veriest weakling. It made me sick. I sank under it like a baby fed on starch. My very bones seemed perishing. The doctors said, This man has not eaten meat for twenty years—he must eat it or die. But I said, This man has been going to the London theaters for three years—and the soul of him has become inane and is feeding unnaturally on his body. And I was right. I did not change my diet, but I had myself carried up into a mountain where there was no theater, and there I began to revive. And I became stronger than I had been at any moment since I first crossed as a critic the fatal threshold of a London playhouse. Now, what is the matter with the theater, that a strong and seasoned man can die of it?" To this

question Mr. Shaw made answer six years ago through a dozen pages of introduction to this book, which is not new but a reprint. One thing he says is that the present state of the London theater cannot be understood without taking into account the fact that the rich evangelical English merchant and his family are absent from it, and the other fact that the rich Jewish merchant and his family are present in its boxes, and so the plays and performers most agreeable to Jewish taste are pressed on the stage. He says that the rich Englishman prefers politics and church-going to romantic and voluptuous plays, demands edification from the drama, and will not pay for anything else in that arena. Consequently, says Mr. Shaw, the theater must be turned from the drama of romance and sensuality to the drama of edification. He tells us that he found the whole business of stage sensuousness disgusting, not because he was pharisaical or intolerantly refined, but because he was bored, and boredom is a condition which makes men as susceptible to disgust and irritation as headache makes them to noise and glare. After pages of explanation, the writer of these Three Plays for Puritans, entitled "The Devil's Disciple," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," says: "It is clear now why the theater was insufferable to me; why it left its black mark on my bones as it has left its black mark on the character of the nation; and why I call on the Puritans to rescue it again as they rescued it before, when its foolish pursuit of pleasure sunk it in profaneness and immorality. I have, I think, always been a Puritan in my attitude toward Art. I am as fond of fine music and handsome building as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were becoming the instruments of a systematic idolatry of sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to pieces with dynamite, organ and all, without the least heed to the screams of the art critics and cultured voluptuaries. The pleasures of the senses I can sympathize with and share; but the substitution of sensuous ecstasy for intellectual activity and honesty is the very devil." We have not seen Bernard Shaw accused of excessive modesty, yet these candid words about his own popularity exhibit some sober common sense: "My plays may enjoy a few years of immortality, but the next Shakespeare that comes along will turn these petty tentatives of mine into final masterpieces. Then my work will pass unnoticed. It is a dangerous thing to be hailed at once, as a few rash admirers have hailed me, as above all things original; what the world calls originality is only an unaccustomed method of tickling it. Meyerbeer seemed prodigiously original to the Parisians when he first burst on them. To-day, he is only the crow who followed Beethoven's plow. I am a crow who has followed many plows. No doubt I seem prodigiously clever to those who have never hopped, hungry and curious, across the fields of philosophy, politics, and art. Karl Marx said of Stuart Mill that his eminence was due to the flatness of the surrounding country. In these days of universal reading, cheap newspapers, and the inevitable ensuing demand for notabilities of all sorts, literary, military, political, fashionable, and sporting, to write paragraphs about, that sort of newspaper eminence is within the reach of very moderate

ability. Reputations are cheap nowadays. Even were they dear, it would still be impossible for any public-spirited citizen of the world to hope that his reputation might endure; for this would be to hope that the flood of general enlightenment may not rise above his miserable high water mark. I hate to think that Shakespeare has lasted three hundred years, though he got no further than Koheleth the Preacher who died many centuries before him; and that Plato, more than two thousand years old, is still ahead of our voters." We may as well close our notice of this early volume of Bernard Shaw's by quoting from "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" two portraits, the first of which is this: "On the heights overlooking the harbor of Mogador, a seaport on the west coast of Morocco, the missionary, in the coolness of the late afternoon, is following the precept of Voltaire by cultivating his garden. He is an elderly Scotchman, spiritually a little weatherbeaten, as having to navigate his creed in strange waters crowded with other craft, but still a convinced and loyal son of the Free Church and the North African Mission, with a faithful brown eye and a peaceful soul. Physically a wiry, close-knit man, well tanned, clean shaven, with delicate, resolute features and a twinkle of mild humor. He wears the sun helmet, the neutral-tinted spectacles, and the white canvas Spanish sand shoes of the modern Scottish missionary, and a suit of clean, white linen, acceptable in color if not in cut to the Moorish mind." This missionary at work in his garden is the opening figure in one of Bernard Shaw's Plays for Puritans. The other portrait is of another character, a sea captain, in the same play: "Captain Kearney is a robustly built western American, with the keen, squeezed, wind-beaten eyes and obstinately enduring mouth of his profession. A curious ethnological specimen, this American; with all the nations of the Old World at war in his veins, he is developing artificially in the direction of sleekness and culture under the restraints of an overwhelming dread of European criticism [it is a European who writes thus about the American], and developing climatically in the direction of the indigenous North American who is already in possession of his hair, his cheek bones, and the manlier instincts in him which the sea has rescued from civilization. The world, pondering on the great part of its own future which is in the hands of America, contemplates him with wonder as to what he will evolve into in another century or two." Those words, written by an Englishman, help us Americans to know how Europe regards us. The book here noticed dates near the outset of Mr. Shaw's career as a reformer of the stage. That career seems not to have kept to its high level, for a more recent play of his can hardly have been for Puritans, inasmuch as it so shocked the sensibilities of a Tammany chief of police that he forbade its presentation. The theater seems to have degraded even the reformer to its own level.

*The Life of Reason: Reason in Science.* By GEORG SANTAYANA. 12mo, pp. 320. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

This book on Reason in Science is one of five volumes, under the general title of The Life of Reason, the other volumes being Reason in Common Sense, Reason in Society, Reason in Art, and Reason in Religion,

the last of which would seem more suitable for notice in this Review than the volume now before us. In the five volumes the Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University attempts a most ambitious scheme, a philosophic survey undertaking to traverse the whole field of modern thought and to coördinate into a system all phases and aspects of life—individual, social, religious, artistic, and scientific. This large undertaking is supposed to be completed in the volume we are here noticing. Professor Santayana's style is poetic and literary; this lends to it a peculiar charm; whether it contributes to philosophic clearness and cogency, let philosophers decide. A criticism of this ambitious scheme, both as to style and as to content, by Borden P. Bowne, would be interesting and might clarify the general subject, as Professor Bowne is given to doing with whatever philosophic subject he discusses. The charm of style makes this book attractive, and the perfection of its sentences is a literary pleasure, but its subtlety of thought makes one wonder how many readers can follow its elaborate intricacies so connectedly as to feel the force of the conclusions when they are reached. At times the coherence is so dubious that the reader is unable either to admit or to deny what is concluded. To such a criticism an author might always retort that he cannot give the reader brains or philosophic faculty. But to the average reader it often seems that the philosopher is, with reference to many questions, in a plight similar to Augustine's when he said with reference to Time, that he knew what it was when nobody asked him, but if anybody asked him he did not know. A favorable part from which to sample the quality of this book is in its discussion of morality, prerational, rational, and postrational, and the following passage on the Hebraic cry for redemption seems nearest to us: "Neo-Platonic morality, through a thousand learned and vulgar channels, permeated Christianity and entirely transformed it. Original Christianity was, though in another sense, a religion of redemption. The Jews, without dreaming of original sin, or of any inherent curse as being finite, had found themselves often in the sorest material straits. They hoped, like all primitive peoples, that relief might come by propitiating the deity. They knew that the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation. They had accepted this idea of joint responsibility and vicarious atonement, turning in their unphilosophical way this law of nature into a principle of justice. Meantime the failure of all their cherished ambitions had plunged them into a penitential mood. Though in fact pious and virtuous to a fault, they still looked for repentance—their own or the world's—to save them. This redemption was to be accomplished in the Hebrew spirit, through long-suffering and devotion to the Law, with the Hebrew solidarity, by vicarious attribution of merits and demerits within the household of the faith. Such a way of conceiving redemption was far more dramatic, poignant, and individual than the Neo-Platonic; hence it was far more popular and better fitted to be a nucleus for religious devotion. However much, therefore, Christianity may have insisted on renouncing the world, the flesh, and the devil, it always kept in the background this perfectly Jewish and prerational craving for a delectable promised land. The journey might

be long and through a desert, but milk and honey were to flow in the oasis beyond. Had renunciation been fundamental, or revulsion from nature complete, there would have been no much-trumpeted last judgment and no material kingdom of heaven. The renunciation was only temporary and partial; the revulsion was only against incidental evils. Despair touched nothing but the present order of the world, though at first it took the extreme form of calling for its immediate destruction. This was the sort of despair and renunciation that lay at the bottom of Christian repentance; while hope in a new order of this world, or of one very like it, lay at the bottom of Christian joy. A temporary sacrifice, it was thought, and a partial mutilation would bring the spirit miraculously into a fresh paradise. The pleasures nature had grudged or punished, grace was to offer as a reward for faith and patience. The earthly life which was vain as an experience was to be profitable as a trial. Normal experience, appropriate exercise for the spirit, would thereafter begin. Christianity is thus a system of postponed rationalism, a rationalism intercepted by a supernatural version of the conditions of happiness. Its moral principle is reason—the only moral principle there is; its motive power is the impulse and natural hope to be and to be happy. Christianity merely renews and reinstates these universal principles after a first disappointment and a first assault of despair, by opening up new vistas of accomplishment, new qualities, and measures of success. The Christian field of action being a world of grace enveloping the world of nature, many transitory reversals of acknowledged values may take place in its code. Poverty, chastity, humility, obedience, self-sacrifice, ignorance, sickness, and dirt may all acquire a religious worth which reason, in its direct application, might scarcely have found in them; yet these reversed appreciations are merely incidental to a secret rationality, and are justified on the ground that human nature, as now found, is corrupt and needs to be purged and transformed before it can safely manifest its congenital instincts and become again an authoritative criterion of values. In the kingdom of God men would no longer need to do penance, for life there would be truly natural and there the soul would be at last in her native sphere. This submerged optimism exists in Christianity, being a heritage from the Jews; and those Protestant communities that have rejected the pagan and Platonic elements that overlaid it have little difficulty in restoring it to prominence. Not, however, without abandoning the soul of the gospel; for the soul of the gospel, though expressed in the language of Messianic hopes, is really postrational. It was not to marry and be given in marriage, or to sit on thrones, or to unravel metaphysical mysteries, or to enjoy any of the natural delights renounced in this life, that Christ summoned his disciples to abandon all they had and to follow him. There was surely a deeper peace in his self-surrender. It was not a new thing even among the Jews to use the worldly promises of their exoteric religion as symbols for inner spiritual revolutions; and the change of heart involved in genuine Christianity was not a fresh excitation of gaudy hopes, nor a new sort of utilitarian, temporary austerity. It was an emptying of the will, in respect to all human desires, so that a perfect

charity and contemplative justice, falling like the Father's gifts ungrudgingly on the whole creation, might take the place of ambition, petty morality, and earthly desires. It was a renunciation which, at least in Christ himself, and in his more spiritual disciples, did not spring from disappointed illusions or lead to other unregenerate illusions even more sure to be dispelled by events. It sprang rather from a native speculative depth, a natural affinity to the divine fecundity, serenity, and sadness of the world. It was the spirit of prayer, the kindliness and insight which a pure soul can fetch from contemplation. This mystical detachment, supervening on the dogged old Jewish optimism, gave Christianity a double aspect, and had some curious consequence in later times. Those who were inwardly convinced—as most religious minds were under the Roman Empire—that all earthly things were vanity, and that they plunged the soul into an abyss of nothingness if not of torment, could, in view of brighter possibilities in another world, carry their asceticism and their cult of suffering farther than a purely negative system, like the Buddhistic, would have allowed. For a discipline that is looked upon as merely temporary can contradict nature more boldly than one intended to take nature's place. The hope of unimaginable benefits to ensue could drive religion to greater frenzies than it could have fallen into if its object had been merely to silence the will. Christianity persecuted, tortured, and burned. Like a hound it tracked the very scent of heresy. It kindled wars, and nursed furious hatreds and ambitions. It sanctified, quite like Mohammedanism, extermination and tyranny. All this would have been impossible if, like Buddhism, it had looked only to peace and the liberation of souls. It looked beyond; it dreamt of infinite blisses and crowns it should be crowned with before an electrified universe and an applauding God. These were rival baits to those which the world fishes with, and were snapped at, when seen, with no less avidity. Man, far from being freed from his natural passions, was plunged into artificial ones quite as violent and much more disappointing. Buddhism had tried to quiet a sick world with anæsthetics; Christianity sought to purge it with fire."

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## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*About Hebrew Manuscripts.* By ELKAN NATHAN ADLER. 8vo, pp. 177. London and New York: Oxford University Press. Price, cloth, $2.50.

This is a splendid specimen of a privately published book, though printed by the Oxford University Press and issued through them. The author, Mr. Elkan Nathan Adler, is a son of the chief rabbi of Great Britain, and has devoted himself for years to the collection of Hebrew manuscripts, traveling in many out-of-the-way parts of the world in pursuit of his fascinating hobby. This book describes some of his greatest finds. The first chapter in it is entitled, "Some Missing Chapters of Ben Sira." It will be remembered that Professor Taylor, of Cambridge, and Professor Schechter, formerly of Cambridge but now of New York city, had the good fortune to discover in the Cairo Genizah, fragments of the

long-lost Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus. Mr. Adler in January, 1896, acquired a pair of leaves from the same manuscript from which Taylor and Schechter had secured their treasure. Adler's fragment comprises chapter 7, verse 29, to chapter 12, verse 1, and in this volume we have beautiful facsimiles of the Hebrew text with transliteration and translation. If the book contained nothing else, this precious fragment would alone make it notable. But it goes much beyond this. Here, for example, is a chapter on the "Bible as a Book," in which Mr. Adler has given a most valuable synopsis of the great seminary "program," by Professor Dr. Ludwig Blau, of Budapest, entitled, "Studien zum althebraischen Buchwesen und zur biblischen Literaturgeschichte." The whole elaborate discussion of the inner form of old Hebrew books and of their preservation and distribution is here brought within reasonable compass and made readily accessible. A chapter on the "Humors of Hebrew Manuscripts," gives some account of Mr. Adler's successful pursuit of manuscripts and makes one wish that he had told more of his experiences. Here is a fair sample of the style of the book and of Mr. Adler's experiences in the East: "It is, of course, quite hopeless to choose one out of several books that are brought to you; the cheapest method is to buy the lot; nor must you let it appear which is the book you really want when you make the purchase. At Bokhara, I had a lesson in that. It was 1897, and I was full of Apocrypha. People were very kind, and I had been lucky enough to gain the reputation of being a hakim. A scientific nephew had supplied me with opium, and others of the specialities of Burroughs and Wellcome. I had met a well-to-do Jewish merchant on his way home from the fair at Nijni Novgorod on the Transcaspian Railway. He was traveling with his wives and favorite children and servants; but he was very thirsty and had drunk much water, and was like to die of dysentery. My opium pills worked like magic and made my reputation. When I got to Bokhara I had to visit him, and others. I was even called in to prescribe for an interesting young lady who was delirious with typhoid fever. The merchant may have been what a writer of brilliant imagination in the Standard calls the Rothschild of Central Asia, but he was certainly not a Crœsus in our sense of the word. I was credibly informed that there was not a Jew in the whole of the Transcaspian that owned as much as fifty thousand roubles, and I am afraid that I have sufficient respect for money to have endeavored to make the acquaintance of such a Rothschild had there been one. However, this has nothing to do with our subject. To return to the books: I asked for a Judith or a Tobit. 'I have a Tobit,' said one of the bystanders, and immediately demanded a hundred roubles for it without looking! And from that day to this I have been unable to buy or even see his manuscript." Perhaps one might be pardoned for quoting also a little specimen of Mr. Adler's sense of humor: "All through the Mediterranean the natives know that the traveler is on the pounce for antiques. They do not know what antique means, but they attach considerable importance to the word. So in Corfu I am offered a little manuscript and am told that it is a very fine antique indeed. I say, 'But it is dated 1830, quite modern,' and the unblushing answer is, 'Yes, certainly it is modern, but very antique,' where-

upon, of course, the precious volume is purchased." A chapter on the "Romance of Hebrew Printing" gives a very useful account of the early issues of Hebrew presses on the Continent, and the book concludes with a contribution in German by Professor Bacher on "Jewish Persian Literature." Altogether it is an interesting book that Mr. Adler has written and compiled. We commend it to scholars and to the curious and wish him yet further success in the securing of manuscripts and early printed books, for he clearly is able to make good use of them.

*The Life of John Wesley.* By C. T. WINCHESTER. Professor of English Literature in Wesleyan University. Crown 8vo, pp. 301. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, with portraits, $1.50 net.

Proof of the real greatness of John Wesley is seen in the continual coming of new studies of his character and work by men of varied training and point of view. This not only proves the subject a fascinating and fruitful one, but evinces the many-sidedness and lasting significance of his personality and influence. Evidence accumulates that he was one of the most potent factors of progress in modern civilization. In England a new Life of Wesley by Dr. Fitchell, author of The Unrealized Logic of Religion, aims especially to show Wesley's career in historical perspective and its relations to three centuries—a study of great spiritual forces and their effect on secular history. In America the latest contribution to our Wesley bibliography is the rare volume now before us, which is beyond dispute a distinct, racy, elegant, and captivating addition to all previous lives of the founder of Methodism. Professor Winchester's volume has its warrant and its assured acceptability in several peculiarities. One is in its being the work not of a clergyman but of a highly accomplished man of letters, practiced in the analysis of character, and a master of word portraiture; in which respect it reminds us of the writings of Augustine Birrell on the same subject. Another peculiarity is, as might be expected from such an author, that Wesley is studied and presented not merely as a religious reformer and leader, but as a man—a marked and striking personality, energetic, scholarly, alive to all moral, social, and political questions, and for some thirty years probably exerting a greater influence than any other man in England. The charm of Professor Winchester's style, the shrewd insight into Wesley's human nature, the sane and finely-balanced comments, the lifelike realism of the historic pictures, together with other distinguishing qualities combine to make the story of as much interest to the general reader as to the student of religious history and progress. This is the raciest record of Wesley's life, and the most independent sketch of the real Wesley known to us; while as a piece of literature it is above criticism. In his analysis and portraiture Professor Winchester gives prominence to the genuinely human elements which give flavor to the delightful nature of John Wesley; with candor and artistic fidelity to fact, he nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in vague or vapid eulogy. This admirable book is a fresh, rich, permanent contribution to Wesleyan literature.

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SEPTEMBER, 1906

## Art. I.—WHEN JESUS COMES

Eschatology, the doctrine of the Last Things, is by no means the most important element in theology or in religion. The Hebrews got on, religiously, much better with very little eschatology than the Egyptians with very much. It is not wholesome to make too much of the curious and difficult questions which hover around the deathbed and the grave; to give too much of one's energies and attention to the problems of destiny; to interrogate perpetually the silent sphinx that guards the approach to the other world; to speculate eagerly as to the times and seasons, or to allow the expectation of the speedy end of all things to distract us from present duties. Second advent excitement is apt to lead to fanaticism, if not to insanity. Even in the New Testament excessive interest in such questions is vigorously rebuked. Jesus said to his own apostles, eager to know God's plans for the kingdom, "It is not for you to know times or seasons, which the Father hath set within his own authority" (Acts 1. 6-8), sufficient for them that they should receive divine equipment for their own immediate work, and Paul found it necessary to quiet down excessive Adventist anxiety and agitation and to exhort restless spirits to think a little less of the coming of the Lord and a little more of their own duty—"That with quietness they work and eat their own bread" (2 Thess. 3. 12.) Yet, after all, every thoughtful man and every self-respecting Theology is constrained to "look before and after"; to grapple with the questions of Predestination on the one side and of Eschatology on the other; to ask "Whence came I, whence came the world, and whither are we bound?" Every consistent theory of the universe involves

an eschatology. The idea of the universe must come at last to realization. If the universe came from no one and nothing, then of course it will go back to nothing and no one—and then all history is a delirious dream of a dream. But if the universe came from God, then its destiny must be such as befits its Maker and fulfills his thought in making it. Christ and his apostles teach, and with them we Christians hold, that God is the basis of the existence and the end of the development of the universe, and that God is holy, just, and good. Therefore the Christian eschatology is full of hope and joy. Any spot upon its brightness is due to sin. Even the ancient Hebrews had at least the germs of the eschatology which came to maturity in the New Testament—a sublime teleology, the inspiring idea of a kingdom of God among men to whose perfection and triumph all the course of human history tended; the persistent and victorious hope that truth should not be forever on the scaffold nor wrong forever on the throne. In the old Hebrew conception of the blessed covenant relation of God and man lay the germs of those truths of immortality and resurrection which the later Judaism developed in the Apocrypha and the Apocalyptics and which Jesus Christ endorsed and expanded in his teaching and demonstrated with power by his own resurrection from the dead. The New Testament is all aglow with hope. The martyrs died in hope, and the Christian hope though a thousand times disappointed, in its extreme eagerness to fix times and seasons, persists in undiminished energy, and shall endure in vital power until He who ascended into heaven shall in like manner come again. But the field of eschatology is very wide; the subjects included within its limits are many, varied, difficult. I select a few topics for consideration and a small portion of the New Testament material for their elucidation, and confine myself to the exegetical treatment of all. I pass over the momentous questions of death, the intermediate state, the resurrection, the judgment, future rewards and punishments, and fix attention on the Parousia, the personal return of Christ; the time when it was expected, its relation to the millennium, and the nature of the consummation of the kingdom which it ushers in. Is the second advent pre-millennial or post-millennial? Is there any earthly millennium at all to be expected? Is

ıe consummation of the kingdom a perfect adjustment of human ɔcial relations on earth, or is it a higher state of existence in ıother, even a heavenly sphere? On these subjects I shall now ldduce some New Testament testimony and seek to ascertain the ew Testament teaching.

Jesus represents the kingdom of God as at once present and ɛt to come—present in principle and in partial realization, to ɔme in perfection of power and glory. The very men in whom ıe Lord recognizes the kingdom as already present, are taught ɔ pray, "Thy kingdom come"; and their own entrance into the ngdom in its final consummation is dependent upon their ful-llment of certain conditions:

For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousss of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of aven (Matt. 5. 20).

And one said unto him, Lord are they few that be saved? And he said unto em, Strive to enter in by the narrow door: for many, I say unto you, shall seek enter in, and shall not be able (Luke 13. 22, ff).

ence Jesus anticipates a process of development leading up to the ɔnsummation of the kingdom:

So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth; and ould sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he ıoweth not how. The earth beareth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the r, then the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he ttteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come (Mark 4. 26-29).

ɔ also in the parables of the mustard seed and the leaven (Matt. 3. 31-33). Jesus evidently sees in the agencies at work, or to be t to work after Pentecost, means to spread the kingdom from ɛart to heart, and so to bring humanity to its consummation. aul has the same conception of an historical development hich must run its course until once more there shall be a fullness the time and the Lord shall come.

That thou keep the commandment, without spot, without reproach, until e appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; which *in its own times* (καιροῖς) he shall ow, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords Tim. 6. 14, 15).

ere the Parousia has its own proper epoch. And in second Thesalonians (2. 1-10) Paul sketches, in terms obscure enough to s, the course of history which must be completed before the

Lord shall destroy the leader of the great apostasy, "the man of sin," with the breath of his mouth and the manifestation of his coming. Again, in Romans (11.25), Paul expects "the fullness of the Gentiles" to come in before "all Israel shall be saved." The Apocalypse of John paints in lurid colors a whole series of conflicts and judgments before the final appearance of the conquering Word of God and the descent of the New Jerusalem from heaven among men. Nevertheless, the consummation of the kingdom is not represented as merely the final successful issue of the outworking of the forces of good in man and society, but as dependent upon the personal return of Christ. As at the founding of the kingdom, so at the consummation of it, after a long historical process there will be an historical crisis, a "fullness of the time," an "end of the ages," and a personal appearance of the personal Saviour to inaugurate that kingdom of glory which completes the kingdom of grace. In Mark 9. 1 Jesus says:

> Verily I say unto you, There be some of them that stand by, which shall in no wise taste of death till they see the kingdom of God come with power.

Here the coming of the kingdom in its perfect state is connected with the return of the Son of man, for Jesus has just spoken of his coming "in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." The history of the world is divided into "this world" (or age) and "the world [or age] to come," and the latter is introduced by the personal return of Christ, the resurrection, the judgment, regeneration of all things—that stately word *παλιγγενεσια*:

> As therefore the tares are gathered up and burned with fire; so shall it be in the end of the world [or the consummation of the age] *συντελεία τοῦ αἰῶνος* (Matt. 13. 40).

Then shall all evil be cast out of the kingdom and the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

> Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel (Matt. 19. 28).

Why should we repudiate this conception of the historical, personal return, as if it were materialistic or external? All progress leads up to crises when the past comes to a new birth and issues in a new period and a new state. The modern tendency

of impersonality in the interpretation of God and man and history is certainly not biblical. It does violence to language to interpret impersonally—that is, with reference simply to the spread and triumph of the principles of Christianity in the world—to interpret impersonally the series of our Lord's sayings which speak of his coming in the glory of the Father, with the angels, to reward men according to their works. Such an interpretation does violence, moreover, to many a passage throughout the New Testament epistles:

> Ye turned unto God from idols, to serve a living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivereth us from the wrath to come (1 Thess. 1. 10).
>
> The Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God . . . then we . . . shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17).
>
> Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ (Titus 2. 13).

Even the philosophical John has clearly the joyous hope of the personal second advent of his beloved Lord:

> And now, my little children, abide in him; that, if [that is, when] he shall be manifested, we may have boldness, and not be ashamed before him at his coming [presence] (1 John 2. 28).

Can the "coming," "or presence," or "manifestation" in such passages be reasonably interpreted of a mere process of development of the principles of Christianity in the world? The expectation of the New Testament is that of a personal, and, moreover, of a speedy, second coming of Christ. No force of post millennial sophistry can ever rob of this significance a long series of passages running through the whole New Testament. Hear what Jesus says:

> But when they persecute you in this city, flee into the next: for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone through the cities of Israel, till the Son of man be come (Matt 10. 23).

In Matt. 24. 34, after speaking, not only of the siege of Jerusalem and its attendant horrors, but also of all the tribes of the earth as mourning when they see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, and of the gathering together of the elect from the four winds, he says:

Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away, till all these things be accomplished.

Hear Jesus's brother James as he comforts oppressed and disheartened Christians with hope of the speedy coming of the Lord to punish the persecutors and to reward the persecuted:

Be patient therefore, brethren, until the coming of the Lord . . . for the coming of the Lord is at hand.

He also warns Christians:

Murmur not, brethren, one against another, that ye be not judged: behold, the judge standeth before the doors (James 5. 7-9).

So intense is Paul's hope of a speedy Parousia that he actually numbers himself among those who may probably survive to it:

We that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep.

Then, after describing the coming of the Lord and the rising of the dead in Christ, he repeats the thought:

Then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4. 15, 17).

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed (1 Cor. 15. 51, 52).

Paul might have said "they who are then living shall be changed," but by the use of the first person he expresses clearly his hope that he may be of the number that shall be privileged to meet the Lord at his coming and so to be glorified without death. Surely in such a representation the Parousia is a single event, at a definite date, and not, as some would have us believe, a continuous process already in progress when Paul wrote. Paul's personal hope of surviving to the Parousia gives place in his later years, when he finds himself a broken and aged man, to the expectation of death and so being with the Lord:

For I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come.

But beyond death something awaits him and it is connected with the day of the Lord's appearing, that great day of judgment and reward:

Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day; and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved his appearing (2 Tim. 4. 6-8).

The purpose of the Apocalypse of John is to open to the view of persecuted Christians the inspiring prospect of a speedy termination of the pains and conflicts of the present in the speedy coming of the Conqueror and the King.

> Write therefore the things which thou sawest, and the things which are, and the things which shall come to pass hereafter (Rev. 1. 19).

The latter phrase implies an immediate future. The following passages do so still more clearly:

> The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave him to show unto his servants even the things which must shortly come to pass (1. 1). The time is at hand (1. 3).

The book begins with a promise of a speedy Parousia and it ends with the same:

> And he saith unto me, Seal not up the words of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand *ὁ καιρὸς γὰρ ἐγγύς ἐστιν* (22. 10).

In 22. 7, 12, 20, we have the thrice uttered promise of Christ "I come quickly," to which the joyous response of the apostle and the church is, "Amen: come, Lord Jesus."

Now in no sense which exhausts the significance and force of a multitude of passages can it be said that the Lord did come speedily. In a sense he came at Pentecost. In a sense he came at the destruction of Jerusalem. But long after Pentecost the apostles are looking eagerly for his appearing; and long after the destruction of Jerusalem John speaks of his Parousia as still future but as near at hand. That primitive hope was not realized; there was a mistake somewhere as to the time of the second coming, and those who now bid us to be ever on the tiptoe of eager expectation of the Lord's appearing because the early church was so are simply bidding us to shut our ears to the warning of history and to repeat the ancient mistake. Some of them are bold enough even to attempt to fix the very date of the Parousia, forgetting or ignoring our Lord's own warning in Mark 13. 32:

> But of that day or that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.

After such a statement we need not wonder that some confusion or error should have crept into the New Testament representations on this subject. All prophecy has its limitations. In 1 Cor. 13 Paul confesses: "We know in part, and we prophesy

in part." Need we wonder that the disciples of Jesus have somewhat misunderstood their Master on this point, filled as they were with Old Testament and current Apocalyptic ideas of the kingdom, which recognized no advent but one, no interval between the setting up of the Messianic kingdom and its consummation, and therefore, even when taught by the logic of events to postpone the final crisis of human history to a second appearing of their Lord, inclined to foreshorten the perspective and to hasten the denouement? Jesus may have spoken of his second coming in more senses than one. Indeed we can still point to passages in which he refers to his coming at Pentecost—for example, John 14. 18, 19; to passages in which he refers to his coming at the destruction of Jerusalem—Matt. 24; and to passages in which he refers to a final coming at the end of the world; for example, Matt. 13. 39-41; 26. 64. May not the disciples have confused and intermingled these several classes of predictions, and may they not in their report of his sayings have made him refer to the final Parousia sometimes when he really referred to a nearer and subordinate Parousia? Christ, indeed, seems to have anticipated the danger of some such error, for he earnestly warned the disciples of the responsibility of being deceived by false messiahs whose appearing they might mistake for his (Matt. 24. 4, 5, 11). We see the apostles misunderstanding Jesus on this very point even after the resurrection:

> They asked him, saying, Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know times or seasons, which the Father hath set within his own authority (Acts 1. 6, 7).

And in an analogous case, by their own confession, they were at a loss how to understand their Lord's words until history interpreted prophecy.

> He said unto his disciples, Let these words sink into your ears: for the Son of man shall be delivered up into the hands of men. But they understood not his saying, and it was concealed from them, that they should not perceive it (Luke 9. 44, 45).

And, after rehearsing the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem amid the hosannas of the multitude, John tells us:

> These things understood not his disciples at the first: but when Jesus was glorified, then remembered they that these things were written of him, and that they had done these things unto him (John 12. 16).

The next point which I promised to handle was the relation of the Parousia to the Millennium. There is only one passage in the whole New Testament in which this representation of a thousand years' reign occurs. Everywhere else, when Jesus comes again, he comes to the judgment, the resurrection, and the consummation of the kingdom. For example, John 5. 28. 29. The Father gave the Son

> authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of man. Marvel not at this: for the hour cometh, in which all that are in the tombs shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done ill, unto the resurrection of judgment.

In 1 Thess. 4. 16, 17, Paul clearly connects the coming of the Lord with the resurrection, the rapture of all saints into the air—their entrance upon that higher, heavenly state of existence in which they shall be forever with the Lord. Certainly the New Testament expectation of the speedy Parousia is inconsistent with any proper literal post-millennial view, for neither Paul nor anyone else in the New Testament seems to have the least suspicion that a thousand years shall elapse before the coming of the Lord. But, on the other hand, the one obscure passage in the great book of panoramic pictures, visions, revelations, ought hardly to outweigh the very numerous passages which quite clearly and closely connect the coming of the Lord with the end of the world. I cannot accept the pre-millennial idea of a thousand years' reign of Christ upon the earth any more than the ordinary post-millennial idea. I cannot but think that this whole millennial representation has been exaggerated out of its true proportions, and that it is a gross transgression of all true principles of exegesis to make the literal interpretation of this one passage in the most obscure book of the New Testament the Procrustean bed according to which we must cut or stretch all other passages throughout the whole New Testament. Indeed there are no insuperable difficulties in the way of a spiritual or ideal, rather than a literal interpretation of the millennial representation of Revelation 20. The book is a book of glowing images and glorious visions, through all of which this one vital and victorious truth shines forth for the inspiration and comfort of the persecuted church; namely,

that to no purpose do the heathen rage and the peoples imagine a vain thing against the Lord and against his anointed; that, though conflicts be severe and sufferings be sore, out through all struggles and distresses God's cause and God's people shall emerge triumphant. In this book chronological sequences are not important, and numbers are rather symbolical than literal. The thousand years' reign may well be merely a plastic symbolical representation of the completeness of the triumph of Christ and his church. John used a familiar Jewish form of thought, that of a thousand years' reign of the Messiah in Palestine, in order to paint in the richest colors an ideal picture of the blessedness of God's people in the complete triumph of Christ and of his church over all opposing forces. The loosing of Satan after the thousand years may signify the fact that, while ideally the triumph is complete, yet actually Satan is still active and the struggle continues. Chronological sequence counts for little or nothing in dreams and visions. One kaleidoscopic picture represents Satan as bound; the next turn of the kaleidoscope shows him at liberty and at work; the two representations are synchronous. The first resurrection is not literal, but spiritual or ideal, and is a bold poetical representation of the victory and felicity of the martyrs under Nero. Done to death by cruel Roman hands, nevertheless they live; they live with Christ and gloriously share with him the victory which is ideally present and complete.

The consummation of the kingdom of God is variously represented. The general conception which may be clearly discerned under all is that of perfect fellowship with God and with his people; while the conception of the fate of the finally impenitent is exclusion from the light and joy of that blessed fellowship. This consummation is heavenly, not earthly. No man can fix limits to the development on this earth of ours of Christian character and of Christian civilization. But, however thorough may yet be the application of Christian principles to human society on earth, this is not the consummation to which the New Testament points onward. An eminent American Christian writer and speaker on social questions told me that he thought of the new Jerusalem or

the perfected kingdom as a state of affairs on earth, say twice as good as we have now in Toronto! I appreciated this optimistic estimate of Toronto, but I long for a new Jerusalem of another sort. In the consummation sin has disappeared, death is dead, the perfect spirit dwells and works in its perfect organ, the glorified body, in the midst of a perfect environment, the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness (2 Pet. 3. 13). Christ pointed his disciples onward to the end of the ages of human history and promised them a great reward in heaven (Matt. 5. 12); in a state of existence in which they should no longer marry or be given in marriage but be "like the angels in heaven" (Mark. 12. 25). The Apocalyptic representation of the coming down of the new Jerusalem out of heaven from God is very far from meaning the earthly realization of the divine ideal of social relations, for heaven and earth have passed away, the general resurrection has taken place, death and Hades have been cast into the lake of fire (20. 11-15). In the city is no sun, no moon, no sorrow, and no death. All this implies that the new Jerusalem represents not an earthly but a heavenly consummation, in which, as in a perfect city, men stand in perfect relation to one another and to God. The coming down of the city out of heaven from God signifies the final realization of the divine ideal, eternally present with God, as the "one divine far-off event to which the whole creation moves." There is nothing to indicate any essential difference between the new Jerusalem in John and the perfected kingdom in Paul, and Paul absolutely excludes the idea of the earthly consummation by declaring that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," and that therefore those who are alive at the coming of the Lord, while they shall not die, shall yet be changed in order to enter the kingdom (1Cor. 15. 50-53). Similar in its significance is Paul's picture of Christians as caught up to meet the Lord in the air; that is, as emancipated from the limits and trammels of this earthly state of existence, and so being forever with the Lord (1 Thess. 4. 17). In 2 Tim. 4. 18 Paul, in so many words, calls the kingdom "heavenly." And in Rom. 8. 19-22 Paul represents all nature as at last freed from vanity and transitoriness, glorified and

perfected, a new, even a heavenly scene for the perfect life of man, now perfected in soul and body and environment. The life to which we look is not a life of the senses but a life of spiritual realities, a life in a higher sphere, a life in consummated fellowship with Christ. Christ said of himself (John 16. 28), "I came out from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go unto the Father." To this higher state of existence, from which he came and to which he has returned, he promises to bring his people:

> I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself: that where I am, there ye may be also (John 14. 2, 3).
>
> Father, that which thou hast given me, I will that, where I am, they also may be with me; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world (John 17. 24).

Time would fail to refer to the various beautiful and inspiring representations of the life of the consummated kingdom: that activity which is eternal rest, that service which is perfect liberty, that unclouded vision of God wherein the highest experiences and aspirations of the present find their culmination and fulfillment, that perfect, blessed relation to God wherein the creative design is realized. "All things are of him, and through him, and unto him" (Rom. 11. 36). And we who have so long stumbled and sinned and suffered, "we shall be like him when we shall see him as he is" (1 John 3. 3); he shall be "the firstborn among many brethren" (Rom. 8. 29).

At last, at last, God's love in creation shall be completed in the redemption of the purchased possession, and over against God, the perfect and the good, shall stand a world such as he designed, perfectly receptive to his grace, perfectly responsive to his love—in Dorner's noble phrase, "the counter-chime of God."

J. W. Wallace

## Art. II.—THE SUGGESTION OF A NEW METHOD IN BIBLE INTERPRETATION

"Think twice before you speak—and then talk to yourself" may be a very prudent motto for those to follow who imagine that they have something new to say theologically; but it is unrighteous. It is opposed to the orthodoxy of conscience. The gospel of the silent tongue is a heresy of cowardice. If anyone supposes himself to have discovered some new principle or some new method of Bible study which seems to relieve difficulties and throw light upon passages previously hard to understand he proves himself a heretic to duty, and fit comrade of Bishop Blougram, that superstitious sophist, of whom Browning writes, if for reasons "prudent" he thinks twice and then talks to himself. Such is our defense for offering to the Review the following brief outline of what seems a practically new and very fruitful method of Bible exegesis.

1. The fundamental principle upon which this system of interpretation is based is old. Everyone accepts it in theory. No interpreter of ancient documents questions its soundness. Yet, strange as it may seem, no commentator or apologete has thus far grasped it, and applied it consistently as a scientific principle in the interpretation of the biblical writings. If it had been used even as a working hypothesis by recent writers various "defenses of orthodoxy," such, for example, as Capron's Conflict of Truth, could never have been written, while on the other hand some critical scholars—such as Driver, Gunkel, etc.,—would have refrained from charging upon the Bible many of the contradictions and mistakes of which they think these ancient writers were guilty. What is the basal principle underlying the correct interpretation of all ancient documents? That the language used, words, phrases, and symbols, must be understood and interpreted in the sense which these bore at the time the document appeared among the people by whom or to whom such document was written. No Orientalist questions the soundness of this principle. No creditable Bible scholar questions it. Yet it is only very recently

that this most important critical principle could be applied to the Bible literature. It is only in our generation that the writings of the ancient world have been recovered and the opportunity afforded to examine the vocabulary and literary style, the metaphors and symbols used by the neighbors of the Hebrews at the time the Hebrew Scriptures were being written. A bulk of material a thousand times larger than that of the Old Testament and tons of papyri dating from the pre-christian and early Christian eras have been unexpectedly brought to light in the last few years. Such discoveries have done for the ancient world what the application of electricity has done for our modern cities. Such a new and brilliant light has been thrown upon the thought, literature, and civilization of that far away past that it has necessitated a thorough revision of the Hebrew and Greek grammars and lexicons, and an entire rewriting of all ancient history. It is now absolutely proved that ancient Israel was not isolated, geographically, linguistically, or religiously; but that her neighbors, some of whom were relatives in tongue and blood, were using literary forms of speech and methods of religious teaching which in many points resembled her own. It is now seen that the inspired writers of the Old Testament wrote in the ordinary language of their day just as the New Testament writers used the ordinary vocabulary, phrases, and metaphors current in the locality from which or to which they wrote. The importance, then, of this fundamental principal of interpretation—that the terminology of the ancient document must be understood in the sense which it bore at the time when it was written, and among the Oriental people to whom it was written—can hardly be overestimated, although it is only now that it could be practically applied. When this principle is clearly grasped it will expose the fallacy of such "defenders of the faith" as seek to read "geological eras" and "wave theories of light" out of the ancient Genesis vocabulary, while it equally condemns the critical method of those who read rigid and brazen meanings into the words "day" and "firmament," or mythical interpretations into the words "abyss" and "chaos," because of the root meanings of these terms. The primary meaning of a word is always interesting to a philological antiquarian but not always

of value in the practical interpretation of an ancient document. The important question is, What did this word mean to the writer? It is astonishing to find that the most ardent advocates of a late date for the Genesis narratives are often the very ones who insist most strenuously that certain words in that account must be understood with the meaning which they possessed in the dim past ages before the account originated in its present form or was received as Holy Scripture.

2. This leads to what we consider practically a new point, so far as scientific biblical interpretation is concerned. In the translation and explanation of any ancient Oriental document it must never be forgotten that all Eastern peoples speak and write in pictures. They do not make the distinction between prose and poetry which we do. They never talk prose, in our sense. Almost every word is a metaphor. To dress up the picture-words of the Hebrew language in the philosophical or scientific clothing of the twentieth century is as bad as to put a French gown on Mary Magdalene or a Rough Rider uniform on Saint Paul, the typical "good soldier."[1] Figures of speech are even yet the "flowers of language," but Orientals live in flower gardens. Every sentence is a bouquet. To translate any Oriental book without taking account of this fact—which no Orientalist doubts—is to misunderstand it. A word-for-word translation is a mistranslation. To take it "just as it reads" is not to take it "just as it means." To petrify these figures of speech is to take the life out of them. The Hebrews, like their neighbors, were always expecting metaphorical and symbolic meanings in religious speech. Every word of Jesus is a chrysalis. Interpreted by the spiritual imagination, it takes wings; refused this spiritual meaning, it dies in your

[1]Sometimes a word grows into a meaning the opposite of that which it had originally. So our word slave was a word originally applied to princes, and Hindu primarily meant, 'robber.' The Hebrew "stranger" becomes in the Targum "idolater" and then "swine." The old Greek word for the ignorant but trusty slave who looked after the younger members of the family, "pædagogue," is now applied to the teacher. The modern Greek term for dragoman originally meant "teacher of mysteries," and our word "adept" only a few centuries ago applied to one who was a master of magic. Such illustrations show the danger connected with this easy method now so popular, of learning what the Hebrews believed, mythologically and otherwise, at the time the Psalms were written, or Isaiah, or Genesis, by getting the root meaning of the words used. It must be constantly held in mind by the exegete that the Bible dates from the historic period. The language is fully formed when we first see it, little change or growth being discernible from its first appearance to its disappearance as a biblical language. The earliest prophecies are written in more elegant Hebrew than the later ones. The difference between the biblical and Talmudic Hebrew is far more marked.

hand, and instead of beauty and life you have left only the cadaver of a caterpillar. The translation of the biblical books is not merely a lexicographical problem. It is a literary problem, and consists not so much in the minute separation of sources, and a determination of authorship and age of the various literary strata, as in grasping the general meaning of the documents and seizing accurately the impression which they would naturally make upon an Oriental ear. Yet, so far as the writer knows, no modern commentator or systematic theologian has used this truth as if it were of supreme vital importance. If it be true that the Scripture terms must, to be properly understood, carry the meaning they bore to the Oriental writers and their first Oriental readers, and if it be true that all Orientals spoke and wrote pictorially and not "literally," it is a most important truth. Every interpretation of Scripture must be tested according to this new standard of philological content. The interpretation may perhaps not be changed, but the basis upon which it rests will receive new support. The modern contention also, that doctrines ought not to be based upon mere verbal values, but must be determined by the context and the broad general meaning, receives new authority from this principle. It has been a great temptation to exegetes to drag Western meanings with iron pincers out of these Eastern flowers of language. It is very difficult to gather these bouquets and preserve them in our modern herbariums, which we call systematic theologies, without crushing the beauty and life out of them. Whole sects have been founded upon the literal interpretation of one verse, or even upon one Greek word—or letter! Transubstantiation is not the only doctrine which might truthfully be called "a metaphor metamorphosed into a dogma." There is scarcely a doctrine of the church which has not been hurt in its development by this Westernizing process—taking literally what was originally no more than a metaphor, trope, hyperbole, or other figure of speech. This is seen, for example, not only in the false and coarse conceptions of the Trinity as developed by various old thinkers and by the equally inadequate popular conception held by untrained minds now, but by recent criticisms of the biblical idea of God by some of our most advanced English and European

scholars. That Jehovah walks in the garden, and that his footsteps make a noise, that with his own hands he fashions man, breathes his own breath into his nose, closes the door of the ark, smells the sacrifice of Noah, that he rests and is refreshed, repents, changes his mind, etc., is entirely explained when we recognize the simple fact that Bible writers used ordinary Oriental rhetoric.[1] Material words must be kindled by the spiritual experience before they become burning bushes in which one can see God. Some never see the bush flame. Ideas of the infinite, eternal, ideal, spiritual, if expressed at all, must be expressed in terms which can appeal to the imagination, suggesting what no human language can literally embody. No merely verbal telescope without an inner adjustment can reveal the astronomy of the heavens or the astronomy of the soul. In a true sense all our language and thought is anthropomorphic, as Edward Caird has proved. But the Oriental mind never even felt the necessity of abstract definition. Its terms were all pictorial. Oriental language is not static and frigid, but warm and flexible, and bubbling over with emotional content. When these picture-terms are systematized and run into the cast-iron mold of modern scientific speech they often take on a new meaning which would have been quickly repudiated by the poets and seers and prophets who originated them.

The medieval doctrine of witchcraft and many modern conceptions of demonology arose after the Oriental method of understanding the Scriptures had been forgotten. So far from Dr. Nevius ("*Demon Possession*") proving, as he and many other recent writers seem to suppose, that the people whom our Lord cured were literally inhabited by infernal spirits, he merely proves that Orientals even yet call this same disease by the same name and that it can yet be sometimes cured by physicians and heathen "exorcists" just as in the olden time. To charge ignorance and error upon an Oriental book because it does not speak in the medical and technical language of the twentieth century is either criminal or ignorant. When we speak of "Saint Vitus's dance" are we expressing any belief in the influence of the old Diocletian martyr upon present day health? Many discussions concerning our Lord's teaching with respect to the devil and his angels and the abode of the lost would have been more valuable if the

[1] This is the only value of the much trumpeted Masai Legends. Many legends could have been found among our American Indians showing as great similarity to the biblical narratives as those which Captain Merker picked up in German Africa—all equally unimportant. To attempt to date oral tradition is precarious. It is only when one has dated documents before him that he is justified in making such far-reaching and confident conclusions as Dr. Emil Reich has attempted.

fundamental fact had been borne in mind that all Oriental speech is pictorial. This teaching has a meaning as deep and true as the stiffer terms of Western speech, but different. So the doctrine of angels has received a strange and complex enlargement; various symbolic figures, which were almost certainly not thought of by the biblical writers as actual personages, being now catalogued by scholars—even in the most recent Bible Dictionaries—as "orders of celestial beings"!

This absurd insistence upon the "literal meaning" of biblical speech accounts not only for many of the most unfortunate mistakes of interpretation in the direction of angelology, particularly in the Greek and Roman churches, and eschatology, including for example some very persistent errors concerning Millenarianism, the Second Advent, Intermediate State, and the general Resurrection, but has had a serious influence even upon Soteriology, especially in determining the form of certain objectionable theories and philosophies of that preëminently Methodist doctrine, entire sanctification. Even the experience of the "new birth," has often been mystified and beclouded by the attempt to turn a figure of speech into a dogmatic statement.[1] Love, pardon, regeneration, witness of the Spirit, these words mean different things to different men. Every word used in theology is a Jacob's ladder leading from the material to the immaterial; from the natural to the supernatural. It is not everyone who names the name, who catches the heavenly vision. The "love that passeth knowledge," the "joy that is inexpressible," the glory that "ear hath not heard"—such experiences cannot be expressed by language. They can be suggested by language, but the revelation comes with the experience. It is the spiritual experience which lifts up these material words from the dust, and breathes into them the breath of life. As we have seen, every term for God is an attempt to express the inexpressible. Even the term "father" is a simile. Perhaps in no direction has the misinterpretation of Eastern imagery been more marked than in the various developments of the doctrine of the Atonement. The general Christian consciousness has of late strongly revolted against

[1] Since writing the above I have read a tractate by Prof. Bowne on the "Christian Life" in which I find that he has been forced, from purely philosophical considerations, to the same conclusions, concerning the metaphorical meaning of certain Soteriological terms as those to which we have been driven by this philological and archæological principle. Such manner of exegesis is now, if our contention be true, put upon a sound biblical and archæological basis.

any stiff and artificial method of explaining this supreme act in the tragedy of human redemption; but our previous argument now makes clear the basal fallacy underlying all of these "schemes." These writers were Hebrews. They were representing man's lost condition, and the power of the mighty Saviour, by all manner of vivid word pictures. Man was bound and needed liberty, captured and needed ransom, full of leprosy and needed healing, a convicted criminal and needed both advocate and substitute, a traitor against the king who needed to be propitiated, a wanderer from home who needed to be called back by his father's voice—and Jesus does all this and more for repentant man. By taking some one or two of these legal, governmental, political, ritualistic, military, or social similes, and pressing them into a systematic outline of philosophy as if they were literal judiciary statements, with which all others must be wrenched into harmony, various great thinkers have originated diverse and even antagonistic explanations of the Atonement. But the probability is that the apostles would be the most surprised of men if they could see how their simple pictorial utterances have been misunderstood. They never sought to explain the august and divine mystery of the Cross. Their effort was to make men feel their helplessness and Christ's willingness and power to save.

The above examples, which might be indefinitely multiplied, illustrating the importance of this Oriental method of Bible study have been chosen from the New Testament for the sake of emphasizing the fact that even the use of the most perfect and exact language known in ancient times could not save the Semite from this constitutional habit of seeing and describing everything in pictures. Even St. Paul, with all his leaning to Greek culture, could not use the most technical, mathematical, and logical terms, such as "I reckon," "it follows," "therefore," etc., except in the picturesquely Hebraistic instead of the Hellenistic sense. Old Testament theology, with its doctrines of evil, Sheol, the covenant, the Messiah, etc., needs to be almost entirely rewritten, keeping in mind this ancient pictorial form of speech. If this had been done previously it would have saved serious misapprehension and relieved the Old Testament of much recent criticism.

3. This leads us, finally, to notice what has never previously been emphasized in Bible interpretation—so far as we know—namely, that in ancient times there was a language of symbol well understood all over the civilized earth, which language the Bible writers used as freely as they did the ordinary verbal terminology of their day. If this proposition be recognized as true it must have an important bearing on many very obscure passages in Holy Scripture; but when one considers the matter in view of what is absolutely proved concerning the symbolism of widely-separated nations it seems almost impossible to escape from this conclusion. The greatest living authority on the transmigration of symbols in ancient times proved with great thoroughness in his Hibbert Lectures, a few years ago, that certain primitive symbols, like the gammadion, the swastika, the winged globe, and a number of others, could be found, with much the same religious meaning, in almost all branches of the human race however widely separated ethnographically, geographically, philologically, or religiously. He proved also that among the Semites, from very remote times down to a comparatively modern era, certain favorite symbols were in constant use in every branch of the race. Among these he noted the serpent, the tree, etc. Long before the publication of these lectures the writer had been impressed with some of the facts; but in his later studies he has been overpowered with the recurrence of these "biblical" symbols in all eras and among all nations, but with more prominence among the very peoples which were most intimate with the Hebrews. No theory yet advanced—excepting the one he himself has just ventured to offer—seems to satisfactorily account for the world-wide similarity in form, and striking dissimilarity in thought, between the myths of widely-separated heathen nations. No other satisfactorily explains the marked similarities between certain well-known heathen myths and these Genesis narratives. There never was a time when the explanation of the Genesis narratives as literal history was not felt by many theologians to present serious difficulties. Did a tree ever literally bear fruit which could confer wisdom? Did an ophidian reptile with feet ever possess the power of speech? Did such reptile lose his feet and vocal organs in the

human era? Did death enter the planet for the first time when man came? Was Eve created literally by a surgical operation? Did the first sin of the first pair wreck the earth and morally wreck the race? Did God turn man out of the garden for fear he would otherwise steal immortality? Such questions caused some of the most "orthodox" of the early Fathers, and some of the best thinkers in early Methodism, to give up the theory that these narratives represent literal history and to seek for them a figurative explanation, although unable to agree upon any scientific or biblical basis for such exegesis or any consistent principle of interpretation.[1] The discoveries of the so-called "parallel narratives" in the Babylonian records—which were much older than the Biblical records—complicated the question and put every former explanation out of date. It became more difficult to think of it as literal history; for the older Babylonian story was certainly myth. But, if not history, what then? Poetry? (Briggs). But every Hebrew scholar knew that it was not poetry. It lacked several of the universal and essential elements of Hebrew poetry. Was it then "apocalyptic vision"? (Terry). But was the Babylonian narrative also "apocalypse"? If the one was "inspired vision" what was the other? Driven by these difficulties most modern scholars have reached the conclusion that in these Genesis narratives we merely have the old Babylonian myths revised and purified by the monotheistic spirit of the Hebrews. This is the view of all recent commentaries on Genesis. To the present writer this does not seem satisfactory. There are strong arguments against it; first, the age of these writings; second, their authorship, and, third, their contents. If these narratives really reached back "into an essentially prehistoric age," according to a recent hypothesis[2] they would of course be written in the universal pre-

[1] Many exegetes have taught that the serpent and other terms used in the Eden narratives were figures of speech. They have explained these, however, according to their own imagination or philosophic desire. Prof. O. A. Curtis, in The Christian Faith, that most notable recent contribution to Methodist theology writes, "The rib, the tree, the apple, the serpent, are a picturesque way of talking, that is all," yet his development of the creation narrative shows that he had not at all in mind the principle for which we are contending. At any rate, if he for the moment caught the right idea he did not use it in his interpretation, which is decidedly mystical and without any reference whatever to the meaning which the rib, tree, apple, serpent, actually possessed in ancient speech. No one, for example, can conceive of any ancient Hebrew discovering in the picture of Eve's temptation "three essential motives for sin, namely, physical craving, cosmic curiosity, the personal spring toward self-assertion"!

[2] "What if the Bible Reaches Back into an Essentially Prehistoric Age?" An essay read before the Alpha Chapter of Boston University by Prof. H. C. Sheldon.

historic religious language—the language of myth. But is there anybody who ventures to claim that he has any proof of such antiquity? Our grandfathers did not put these documents that far into the past, and modern scholarship has pushed them in the other direction. The race history dates doubtless from prehistoric time, but these documents date from a time comparatively recent.[1] Nor does anyone suppose they were a copy of prehistoric documents. If such ancient mythical material were used the writer did his best to eliminate all appearance of having used it, and he succeeded remarkably. All parties acknowledge this. But this emphasizes our second objection. The Hebrew race because of its monotheism —which was its life from its earliest historic appearance—was dead set against every heathen myth. No one claims that this is a myth which the Hebrews originated. If it is here it is borrowed material. But while heathen nations might borrow some of these "struggles of the gods," the followers of the jealous Jehovah would have died rather than do this knowingly. Did the writer not know, then, of these similar Babylonian stories? How could he have escaped this knowledge? At every date which scholars mention as the probable period when these narratives were written the Hebrews, as we now know, were in close touch with Babylonian literature. Every new discovery in Palestine illustrates this. But these myths were the most popular of all cuneiform writings. Wherever the Babylonians went they went. There is positive evidence from Scripture that the serpent dragon of Babylon was known to the Hebrews (Job 26. 12; Isa. 51. 9); but surely when one considers how closely and constantly these peoples were thrown

[1]This is an important point. It is a popular method now to interpret this record as if its origin dated from an era when beasts were thought of as "more cunning than men" (Gunkel); being able to speak like men and think better than men; the man of that period being interested only in the problem of physical, not moral, evil (Wellhausen); or at any rate, considering moral accountability as "a troublesome power" which Jehovah was sorry to see him obtain (Piepenbring). Altogether the narrative is "very religious but not true" (Driver) and the myth "more pessimistic" than even that of Babylon; since Jehovah did not want man to rise above the animals or win knowledge (Jastrow). But all this is a guess, from certain terms used in the narrative, and certainly was not in the mind of the man who actually wrote the document as we possess it. He was a man of culture, who used elegant Hebrew and lived (as is acknowledged) in days of religious reflection and synthesis. But could such a man at such an era have left such low teaching in his revised manuscript? Even prehistoric myth-making man was no moral idiot. Prof. Sabatier has well said that for primitive man "to create a myth—that is to catch a glimpse of a higher truth behind a palpable reality—is the most manifest sign of the greatness of the human soul, and the proof of a faculty of infinite growth and development." Many of these myths symbolize profound truth. The struggle between light and darkness, for example, which is pictured in almost every race still appears to us the best possible symbol of the antagonism between good and evil. But this modern man was not recording an ancient myth. He was teaching religion to his own age in the language to which it was accustomed.

together during the literary era of Israel the opposite theory becomes incredible. We can be very sure, therefore, that the Genesis writer did not invent this myth, if it is here (it was long past the myth-making age); he did not think he was using heathen myth (to do that would be to prove himself a heathen); yet in all probability he was acquainted with the Babylonian stories, so remarkably similar to these, which recent archæology shows were current in his locality at all the chief epochs of Israel's literary activity—but evidently he did not consider these similarities to be, in any true sense, characteristic marks of the heathen mythology. Finally, let it be noted that the internal evidences upon which modern scholars—like Driver, Gunkel, and the rest—ground their claims that this narrative rests upon a mythical base do not substantiate this hypothesis. The style, calm, pure, brief, reserved, differs in a marked way from that of all other mythical narratives. The central thought is absolutely opposed to the universal mythical thought. The general contents are also diametrically different. All the evidence of myth in the account rests wholly upon a few words which seem to have a philological connection with certain characters of the Babylonian mythology and upon the appearance here of the serpent, a tree, fruit, cherubim, etc. But we have explained the presence of these literary pictographs. This was a part of the widespread language of symbol which was being used by all nations on the same level of culture throughout the literary world. It is wholly inconsistent, merely because of a verbal terminology which is confessedly late—*tehom* and *bohu* are used elsewhere even in Scripture with a well-defined impersonal meaning—and because of a symbolic terminology which is found both in the earlier and later periods among all Semitic peoples as a common form of rhetorical speech—being used not only in mythical but other literature—to jump at the conclusion that we have here at least the relic of a myth; although it is acknowledged that the most universally characteristic mythical feature (the God struggle) is absent from it. These narratives are not myths. They are simply written in the same symbolic vocabulary in which the myths were also written—a vocabulary which for centuries was popular among all branches of the

Semitic and other ancient families.[1] The garden, the tree, the fruit, these are not deftly-hidden thefts from a Babylonian God story. They are found in Phœnicia, Persia, India. Did these also borrow this particular myth? Is the serpent, as tempter, peculiar to this Hebrew story and some Babylonian myth from which it was borrowed so stealthily that no Hebrew ever suspected it? Not at all. There is no ancient nation in whose literature the serpent does not appear—and always as a symbol of evil or wisdom. That he appears as a "symbol" and not merely as a "personage" is proved from the fact that a number of characters in different myths in Babylon, and a number of individuals in very different environments and relations in Egypt and Persia, and many personages in other lands in widely separated myths and legends which have no possible unity of origin, are all represented by this same creature, which in each and every story maintains his character of the "evil" and the "wise." What stronger argument could be required to prove the symbolic character of this reptile, which can be seen crawling into every ancient religious tragedy as the enemy of the gods and of man? In a series of articles in the Homiletic Review we have recently made an examination of the early Genesis narratives, and pointed out in detail how this method of interpretation relieves those narratives from all just criticism maintaining their integrity and the vividness of their far-reaching spiritual lessons, while at the same time preserving the simple pictorial sense which the first readers found

[1] Does this not also help us to explain the astounding similarities between the early Christian terms ("salvation," "new birth," etc.) and rites (baptism, communion, confirmation) and those used in the Mysteries of Isis, Sabazius, and Mithras? The relation, as I see it, is chiefly verbal. It is absolutely inconceivable to me that the Christian leaders (as Renan and even Hatch admit) would deliberately borrow either rites or language from cults which they regarded as of diabolic origin. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that both Christianity and the Mysteries used a common and well-understood symbolic language—just as John Wesley and Thomas Paine used the same vocabulary even when expressing opposite views? So the Gnostic sect of Ophiks enticed a serpent (the world-wide symbol of wisdom) to coil about the sacramental bread, and in several early Christian Church buildings Christ is represented on the cross in the form of a serpent. I am inclined to believe that a good many of the strange parallelisms between Buddhism and Christianity may be explained in the same way. Why does not some scholar compile a Dictionary of Symbols, showing the exact meaning of each as used in the literature of each nation at each great library epoch? This passionate love of symbolic speech fills all early Christian literature. Melito, Bishop of Sardis (second century), gathered a list of many hundreds of animals, plants, and minerals which were symbols of Christian virtues. Down to the Middle Ages the Holy Spirit was represented as an eagle, Christ as a panther, etc. This is very Oriental. In Japan today the tea-table is to morals and philosophy what Plato's Academy was in Greece—the position of the tea-grounds and everything else having symbolic significance—while the highest religious instruction is given by means of "the Three Exemplary Monkeys." So in India the most sacred teachings are enfolded in sentences and symbols as puzzling as any in the Apocalypse. Even Vivikananda (Raja Yoga, 1901), with all his effort to put his native faith in Western mold, urges those who desire knowledge to "think of the lotus!" (Net comp. Moulton "Gram. N. T. Gk." 1906, pp. 84,102.

in them, and enabling us to be true to every discovery of modern times.[1] The terminology, both verbal and symbolic, was the same as that used by the nations surrounding the Hebrew people, but the teaching was a worthy opening to the book whose first pages picture a paradise lost and whose closing pages picture a paradise regained. The pictures are counterparts. Both are painted with earthly and local pigments. Neither is literal; neither is mythical. Both are true, and both need to be interpreted by the language of symbolism current in their day.

While we have confined the illustration of our symbolic principle to the first Genesis narrative it is evident that, if our principle be admitted as true, it opens up a new and fruitful field of research, and ought to throw fresh and important light on the interpretation of several other Old Testament books,[2] as well as upon the New Testament Apocalypse.

Lander M. Cobern

[1] I have long felt that the Tabernacle and Temple were not simply to the Hebrews, but to all foreign visitors, constant picture lessons of high spiritual truth. We know now that in all the surrounding nations the architecture, dimensions, colors, building materials, priestly garments, etc., had a symbolic meaning. So it is quite possible that these early narratives of Genesis may have had a mission originally for some outside the Hebrew fold. Perhaps this Hebrew seer may have been another Jonah sent forth to preach the gospel of the one true God to the heathen—one who did not flee from his duty and was not, like so many of his countrymen, swallowed up by the Babylonian sea monster.

[2] One of the worst results, historically, following upon the loss of the old Oriental method of Scripture interpretation, is seen in the Augustinian doctrines of original depravity, predestination, etc., which in all their injustice and horror flowed logically from the interpretation of these Genesis narratives as literal history. Even Augustine felt it necessary to say "we were all in that one man when we were all that one man who fell into sin," but the Hebrew, from the very name, knew "This is I" (*adam*, Man). That guilt came upon the race from a first man's first transgression no Jewish theologian ever taught. The idea that Adam, as an individual, was responsible for their sins, never occurred to any Oriental who ever read this account, for the very good reason that the Hebrew word itself explained its meaning as clearly as Bunyan's Mansoul explained his meaning. I fell in Adam not because I was in Adam but because Adam is in me; I am he, *adam*, the Man. So am I saved when Christ, the second Adam, comes into me and I am changed into his image. The Hebrews would not have been interested in Adam as a local individual, or in the Eden narrative as a local history. The Semite race has never seen a historian. Josephus may seem an exception but such an exception proves the rule—and it took the Hebrew race fifteen centuries to produce one successor to Josephus who even pretended to care for history as history. The Scripture writers when they attempt to give historic details do so, as is now universally acknowledged, with an accuracy never attained by other Orientals; but these matters were always illustrative. History became interesting only when it could be used didactically. The prophets had bigger business on hand than to write history. They referred to history, geography, chronology, and even to Nature itself, only when in their beautiful picture language they could turn these to sermonic purposes.

## Art. III.—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Among the most potent and beneficent influences in England during the decade from 1830 to 1840 were the teaching and the example of Thomas Arnold, Headmaster of Rugby school. The distinctively intellectual qualifications of Arnold for his work —his scholarship, his executive capacity, his stimulating methods of instruction, his vivid historical imagination—all these he himself considered subservient to the highest purpose of education: the formation of intelligent, independent moral character. His famous statement to his boys became the watchword of Rugby: "It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or even of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." And such he made it. It was not so much that he taught religion; rather that all his teaching was religious. He was not prone to religious introspection. His whole cast of mind was not philosophical or speculative, but outward and practical. Impatient of our factitious distinctions between sacred and secular things, he thought and spoke of religion as duty and service rather than as belief, and as binding equally upon all the acts of life. It was inevitable that pupils who passed years under the training of such a teacher should imbibe much of his temper. "What I want to find in a boy," Arnold used to say, "is moral thoughtfulness." It soon came to be noticed that the boys of his sixth form had unusual maturity and strength of practical judgment, and an unusual sense of the moral quality of action. They had not been encouraged to think overmuch on the grounds of religious belief, or to be constantly interrogating their own inner experiences; on the contrary, they were interested beyond the wont of boys of their years in the affairs of the world outside—political, historical—and they had become accustomed to measure all these affairs by ethical and religious standards. Accepting implicitly the great principles of Christian teaching, they applied those principles in healthy, outward fashion to conduct.

In 1837 there were two boys in Rugby who were to become

poets, and whose poetry was to have a unique value as the best expression of an attitude of religious doubt and question characteristic of many thoughtful men about the middle of the nineteenth century. One of these boys was Dr. Arnold's son Matthew, the other, three years his senior, was Arthur Hugh Clough. No pupil ever felt more deeply the influence of Arnold than did this young Arthur Clough. Not that there was anything priggish or morbid about him. He was not only the best scholar in his form but the best goal keeper in the football field, and the best swimmer in the river; a buoyant, ambitious, healthy fellow. But there are passages in his early letters that show how thoroughly he had accepted Arnold's ideals, and how entirely he was governed by unselfish moral impulse. "I verily believe," he writes a friend, "that my whole being is soaked through with the wishing and hoping and striving to do the school good." He is looking forward to entering one of the universities next year, and decides for Oxford partly because there is, he learns, "a high Arnold set just germinating in Balliol College under the auspices of Stanley and Lake" (who had gone up the year before), but chiefly because he thinks he may do more good there. And the possibilities of Oxford for good or evil he thinks far greater than those of Cambridge. "Suppose," he exclaims, "suppose Oxford should become truly good and truly wise!" With such ingenuous aspirations, Clough, in 1837, at the age of eighteen, went up to the university. But he had not been in Oxford a month before he found that the center of influence there was not Balliol College but Oriel. The religious tone of the university was decided not by the Rugby set but by that young fellow of Oriel who was preaching every Sunday afternoon in St. Mary's church. More than forty years after, Clough's friend Matthew Arnold told us, in his own inimitable manner, of the charm that voice had for him:

> Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts that were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful!

It was clear that the spiritual forces of the place were swayed by this man, John Henry Newman, and the group of his immediate

friends and disciples. No young man of thoughtful and reverent temper could escape their influence. As for Clough, he says that for two years he was like a straw drawn up a chimney. But—and here was the fatal danger—he could not help seeing that the teaching of these men was, in most respects, diametrically opposed to what he had learned at Rugby. They counseled obedience, and discouraged private opinion. They urged the authority of a church, and disparaged the sufficiency of Scripture. The whole force of their movement was directed to check those liberal tendencies in religion and politics of which Arnold was a representative. They thoroughly disliked Arnold; and Arnold, though some of them were his intimate friends—Keble was godfather of his son Matthew—yet felt with pain that it was impossible to maintain intimate relations with them. Clough tried for a while to keep out of what he calls "this vortex of philosophism and discussion"; but for so eager and inquisitive a mind as his that was impossible. Like many young men at that time, he came to question the validity of his religious beliefs while yet he could not assent to any churchly authority as a substitute for them. He had no sympathy with the attitude of confident denial—it is probable that he never positively repudiated any article of his early faith—but in the strain of conflicting opinions and tendencies he found all ground of religious certitude slipping away beneath him. His story thereafter is the record of a man who retains in a very high degree the Christian temper, but can never, in a life-long struggle, quite recover the Christian creed. And his poetry, many readers will always hold, is the truest and most moving record in our language of such a struggle—the struggle of a noble soul who, in spite of all his doubts and questions, never lost courage and hope, because really sustained by an underlying faith in a divine love and purpose at the heart of all this unintelligible world.

Clough was in Oxford twelve years. His attainments in scholarship were not, at first, quite what his remarkable record at Rugby had led his friends to expect. The tumult of opinion in which he found himself involved withdrew his attention too much from his studies and he missed one or two academic distinctions he had coveted. But in 1842 he was elected Fellow of Oriel

College, and next year tutor. One thing is certain from the scanty records of those years—young Clough was one of the most lovable of men. He was not likely, indeed, to attract a large circle of friends, partly on account of a certain shyness and reticence, especially upon all matters affecting his own experience, and partly from the utter frankness and honesty of a nature impatient of the conventionalities and half meanings of casual acquaintance; but those who did know him loved him. As one of his Oxford friends said, "He has a gift for making people personally fond of him; I can use no other word." He was a big, broad-shouldered, soft-hearted, utterly unselfish fellow. In one of his vacation tramps through the Scottish Highlands he chanced upon a heather-thatched hut wherein was a child lying sick of a fever, the father away, the mother without medicines or aid for her child, and nothing to be had nearer than Fort William, two days' journey away. Clough, without a moment's hesitation, tramped thither, got medicines and supplies, and returned in time to save the child—two days' hard walk over a rough country for a child he had never seen, and whose parents did not even learn his name. And it was only by accident that anyone ever heard of it. That was just like him. Of his religious perplexities during his Oxford life Clough would seem to have said but little to his friends. They are recorded in the verses written in those years. In all his writing of that period there is no love of controversy, not a trace of the pride of opinion, or a touch of sarcasm for any honest belief which he cannot himself accept. This verse is rather a record of a search for truth, eager but reverent; often baffled but never impatient or disheartened. He has no liking for merely negative and destructive criticism. His attitude toward the beliefs he cannot accept is always that of question, not of denial; and he was ready to admit that others might have found truth where he could not discover it. In a letter written in 1847, speaking of some theories of the Atonement which he cannot understand, he adds: "I think others are more right who say boldly, 'We don't understand it, and therefore we won't fall down and worship it.' Though there is no occasion for adding 'There is nothing in it.' I should say, until I know I will wait, and if I

am not born with the power to discover I will do what I can with what knowledge I have—trust to God's justice, and neither pretend to know nor, without knowing, pretend to embrace nor yet oppose those who by whatever means are increasing or trying to increase knowledge." In point of fact, his divergence from recognized standards of orthodoxy might not have given many compunctions to a man of less sensitive conscience in his position; but Clough was the soul of honesty, and after 1845 he came to feel with increasing uneasiness that only with large latitude of interpretation could he make the subscription required of a Fellow and Tutor. Accordingly, in 1848, he resigned both positions and, with very little notion of what next, threw himself upon the world. In the same year he published his first long poem. Those people who expected to read in it a record of his spiritual history must have been much disappointed, for it contains nothing of the sort. The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, as he called it, is well described in its secondary title as A Long Vacation Pastoral; it is the story of a reading party with their tutor in the Scottish Highlands. The "Bothie" seems to lie a little at one side of the main current of Clough's poetry; I do not think it his most characteristic work. Some critics, however, have called it his best; and it very possibly is the one by which he himself would have preferred to be judged. It represents that side of his nature in which he himself had most confidence. For we are not to think of Clough as giving himself up by choice to brooding introspection. He was always suspicious of that habit of mind, even when he could not escape from it. He coveted action, open and unreflecting enjoyment. There are people who seem to be born with eyes that open inward. They are forever on the watch to see how their inner experiences are going on, and live with one finger always on their spiritual pulse; and they seem to take a dubious kind of pleasure in this personal diagnosis. But Clough was not a man of that sort. He was, indeed, always liable to an overquestioning and hesitant temper; but he felt there was something morbid in such a temper, from which he strove to escape into a free outward life. He did not enjoy that kind of poor health. He was fearful lest the healthy glow or action should get sicklied

o'er with the pale cast of thought. In literature he preferred the objective depiction of the outward life—books like Walter Scott's—to the analytical study of character and mood. A great admirer of Wordsworth, he yet thought Wordsworth over-reflective on trifling occasion. He used to say that such lines as

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"

were unhealthy, because they implied a detachment from the larger interests of mankind. Accordingly, when he wrote his first long poem for publication he turned aside from all the questionings that had beset him, and made his poem a breezy, open-air story. There is red blood and bracing weather in it; tramping, swimming, Highland piping and dancing, and an uncommonly genuine bit of love story to end with. The poem is full of the rugged charm of wide, heathery moor, misty mountains, bright, cold streams. No poet since Scott has so well caught the atmosphere of the Highlands. And then—what is rather surprising in pastoral poetry—there are real people in the book. This group of college men, with their robust health and jolly, lazy vigor, their confident opinions upon every subject under heaven, their merciless good-natured satire, their exuberant sentiment each man for himself, and their intolerance of sentiment in everybody else—we have most of us known them, and very good fellows they be! Of the college men the foremost is one Phillip Henson, "radical, Chartist, eloquent speaker." Phillip is enthusiastic and sentimental, qualities rather winning in youth when enthusiasm is in the blood and the sentiments are not yet soured. He breaks his heart one week over a ferryman's pretty daughter; mends it quite naturally the next over an earl's daughter, whom he vows to be noble enough to sacrifice a whole generation of hodmen for; and a fortnight later does really find his fate in the Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich. Bothie is Gaelic for a laborer's hut; and in the Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich,

> "On the blank hillside looking down through the loch to the ocean,
> There, with a runnel beside and pine trees twain before it,"

lived David Mackaye and his daughter Elspie. Elspie is one of the living women of modern poetry. She is rustic enough to

satisfy Phillip's democratic views, but she isn't ignorant, and she has a crisp originality really irresistible. Young Alfred Tennyson was writing idyls in those years, with some very nice girls in them, doubtless; but after his Gardener's Daughters and Miller's Daughters, with "dainty, dainty waists," and "jewels at the ear," this Miss Elspie is most refreshingly real. Her canny prudence and deliberation, her Scottish tendency to turn over in her mind the proposal of her lover and to have a look at love "in the abstract"—it is all quite truthful and quite delightful. The "Bothie" throughout is that rare thing, a modern pastoral without a touch of pretty unreality. Civilization is likely soon to make such poetry impossible. It is the kind one thinks that Clough would always have preferred to write, if he could. But, in fact, this active, unquestioning life, content with

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,"

was never possible to him. He might admire it, but he could not live it. And thus the larger part of his verse, and the part which has the deepest life in it, comes from the sceptical side of his nature.

That term sceptical is in bad odor; yet in strictness it implies no moral quality, but only an intellectual one. Minds like Clough's find it hard to believe. They are always asking themselves hard questions, and they are not satisfied with anybody's answers. They cannot put up with merely probable conclusions and provisional belief. Most of us, if we find ourselves in doubt on any subject, strike a balance of probabilities, as well as we can, and act on the conclusion. We learn pretty early in life that we are not likely to attain a perfectly consistent body of opinions in any field of thought, and become shy of laying down any more general propositions than we are obliged to. We know that we don't know much, but we don't worry about it. It is not hypocrisy, we say, this attitude of ours, nor even moral indifference; but rather a healthy recognition of the limitations of knowledge. We must believe something—at all events assent to something—or we cannot get on. We must do it; that is the way the world is made.

But Clough could not live so. It seemed to him a kind of

dishonesty. He is always protesting against that temper of acquiescence which puts by our obstinate questionings with answers we know are not quite correct, or gives easy acceptance to half-truths as a basis of action.

"O may we for assurance sake
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And willfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here?

"Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say: It doth not yet appear
What we shall be, what we are here?"

No man of his generation, I am persuaded, loved truth more intensely than Clough did; but precisely because he loved it so much he was always fearful that in his eagerness he might overhastily accept something as truth that was not true. He knew that there is rest and a certain stability given to the mind by accepting steadily anything; and he was apprehensive of a temptation to believe merely from this motive. It seemed to him fatally easy to substitute a languid assent for a living faith, and thus to slide into a religion which is mere use and wont, and that that was the most fatal treachery to the soul. Whenever his verse has a satiric edge—as it often has, for he was endowed with a humor keen as well as buoyant—the object of his satire is usually that easy-going temper which accepts belief, and would accept with equal readiness disbelief, at the dictates of prudence or even of fashion; the good people, of whom, to say truth, there are too many in the world, who do not really fear God but are very much afraid of Mrs. Grundy. The great World, in one of his poems, says of that story of the Christ whom once they slew:

"His wife and daughter must have where to pray,
And whom to pray to, at the least one day
In seven, and something sensible to say.

"Whether the fact so many years ago
Had, or not, happened, how was he to know?
Yet he had always heard that it was so."

Thus to substitute tradition for belief, the voice of form and convention for the convincing evidence of truth, this to Clough was

the worst dishonesty—dishonesty to one's own self. Another result of Clough's habit of insistent question was the paralysis it laid upon all efficient activity. And this result was most painful to one naturally so eager and generous as he. It may be said that action must precede faith, and that indeed is true; but such a nature as Clough's finds itself forced to ask whether the belief that grows out of action is anything more than convenient assent to those conditions found essential to action. Have we a right to believe anything simply because we cannot act unless we do? As the doubter in one of his poems says,

"Action will furnish belief—but will that belief be the true one?
That is the point, you know."

It is often said, also, that we must accept with such grace as we can the limitations of our knowledge and the impossibility of assured faith, and then, content with our ignorance, go on to do our duty. And Clough tried to say that too. That is the thought of one of the most beautiful of his shorter poems, The Questioning Spirit:

"The human spirits saw I on a day
Sitting and looking each a different way;
And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,
Another spirit went around the ring
To each and each: and as he ceased his say,
Each after each, I heard them singly sing,
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,
'We know not—what avails to know?
We know not, wherefore need we know?'
This answer still they gave unto his suing,
'We know not, let us do as we are doing.'
'Dost thou not know that these things only seem?
'I know not, let me dream my dream.'
'Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure?'
'I know not, let me take my pleasure.'
'What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought?'
'I know not, let me think my thought.'
. . . . . .
"And, when the rest were over past,
'I know not. I *will do my duty*,' said the last.
'Thy duty do?' rejoined the voice,
'Ah, do it, do it, and rejoice;
But shalt thou then, when all is done,
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty,

> Like these that may be sought and won
> In life, whose course will then be run;
> Or wilt thou be where there is none?'
> 'I know not, I will do my duty.'"

Beautiful, indeed, with a sad nobility of resolve, but quite hopeless. It is the agnostic theory of life; and it cannot give a satisfactory motive for action. For if we cannot tell why we should do our duty, if we do not know to whom it is due, we may soon find that duty itself comes to be nothing more than convention, and the spring of resolve breaks. So Clough felt. In a sequel to the poem just quoted he sees the human spirits once again, this time on the earth in woful case, waiting by some Bethesda for healing from the smitings of life. And with them now that one who spoke of duty once before,

> "Foredone and sick and sadly muttering lay.
> 'I know not, I will do—what is it I would say?
> What was that word which once sufficed alone for all,
> Which now I seek in vain and never can recall?'
> And then, as weary of in vain renewing
> His question, thus his mournful thought pursuing,
> 'I know not, I must do as other men are doing.'"

But when the human spirit can say only this it is surely worsted in the struggle of life. Clough, as I have said, felt it a fatal dishonesty to accept tradition or half belief for belief; here, on the practical side, he felt it equally dishonest to accept mere convention for duty. This is the sceptic's dilemma. He must act without belief, or on belief only half supported by evidence; yet, if he does so act, his action soon degenerates into routine; while if he declines to act he lets occasion go by and wastes his days in querulous inefficiency. All Clough's minor poems are the record of his struggle with this problem. In them all there is the same candor, the same generosity, the same buoyant and active spirit checked by a mournful hesitation. They have the charm of entire sincerity and a certain appealing earnestness, and they have high poetic qualities as well. For Clough had the native sensibility and the trained judgment of the artist. It is true that, in general, he seems too intent upon his meaning to delay long over his form; he likes the plain truth best. Yet in these lyrics of the inner life

there is a melody and movement all the more effective because so unstudied, and an imagination that often sends a sudden ray into the subtlest recesses of feeling. And now and then we come upon one of them which shows that union of perfect grace with utter simplicity which is the last charm of lyric verse. The plaintive music of such a poem as "The Stream of Life" sings itself into the heart at once and forever. Two longer poems, the Dipsychus and the Amours de Voyage, illustrate the same struggle to escape from the alternatives of convention on the one hand and inefficiency on the other. Dipsychus is a kind of everyday Faust. The hero (whose name means, I suppose, the man with two souls) is constantly haunted by a mocking spirit who tempts to submit to the inevitable, accept the half belief and the conventional action, and do as other men are doing. This is Clough's devil. No grimy and vulgar specter, nor yet a handsome pander to the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, but only an elusive spiritual presence that steals behind our most earnest purpose with the well-bred persuasive whisper that we might as well adapt ourselves and make the best of life:

"The world is very odd, we see,
We do not comprehend it;
But in one point we all agree,
God won't, and we can't, mend it.

"Being common-sense, it can't be sin
To take it as I find it;
The pleasure, to take pleasure in,
The pain, try not to mind it."

Nowhere in modern poetry, so far as I can recall, is there a more true and subtle depiction of that temper of worldliness which claims a monopoly of good sense, meets all deep questioning with patronizing dissuasives, and confronts all ideals with an incredulous lift of the eyebrow. He seems not altogether evil, this Spirit of worldliness; he would only take things as they are and, as the eighteenth century preachers used to say, make the best of both worlds—if there should chance to be a second. Nor is he without his own views on religious matters, though he keeps them mostly to himself. Lord Bolingbroke, when asked "What is your religion?" is said to have replied, "The religion of all gentlemen."

"But what is that?" "That, sir, is what no gentleman ever tells." This Spirit is in like case. A decent conformity he is ready to approve.

> "Of course you'll go to church, you know.
> Trust me, I make a point of that.
> No infidelity, that's flat!"

But to moon about religion, to stand agape over some deep truth only half apprehended until you lose your grip upon fact, and lose the taste of life, this to the Spirit of the World is the crowning folly. Dipsychus longs for some clear knowledge by which one might, as in the olden days, walk with God; he longs for some clear end of action that may draw him beyond the fringes of the fight into the pellmell of men, and give full course to all his powers. In some happier moments he does have transient glimpses of help that cometh from above; but with every better impulse slides in the fatal whisper of the Spirit to remind him of the limitations of life and counsel submission to the present and the positive:

> "Submit, submit!
> 'Tis common sense, and human wit
> Can claim no higher name than it."

And thus Dipsychus oscillates between honest revolt and tame conformity, until, at last, the poem does not end, but merely stops; as if the poet felt that to such doubts there could be no final answer, from such solicitations no lasting relief.

The other of these two longer poems, the Amours de Voyage, is a study of sceptic inefficiency. The character of the hero is indicated in the motto Clough prefixed to the poem, "Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour." He is a young Englishman who, for no reason in particular, finds himself in Rome, for the first time, during the year of its siege by the French.

> "Rome disappoints me much; I hardly as yet understand, but
> Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit it."

He is not quite certain whether he is interested or bored; but the place, at all events, holds him by a kind of indolent fascination. In a few weeks comes the siege, and he is tempted to join the patriotic defenders against the French invaders,

> "Offer one's blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the Cause."

But he cannot trust the impulse far enough to obey it. He is not sure that he is called on,

> "Or would be justified even in taking away from the world that
> Precious creature himself. Nature sent him here to abide here;
> Nature wants him still, it is likely."

Meantime he meets an English girl, who is in Rome with friends during the siege, and falls into what would seem very much like love. For himself, however, he cannot quite be sure about that, either, or decide whether it is a case of love or only a case of juxtaposition:

"I am in love, meantime you think; no doubt you would think so.
I am in love, you say; with those letters, of course, you would say so.
I am in love, you declare. I think not so; yet I grant you
It is a pleasure indeed to converse with this girl. Oh, rare gift,
Rare felicity, this! She can talk in a rational way, can
Speak upon subjects that really are matters of mind and of thinking.
No, though she talk, it is music; her fingers desert not the keys; 'tis
Song, though you hear in the song the articulate vocables sounded.
Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodious meaning.
I am in love, you say. I do not think so, exactly."

He dallies and hesitates, fearing to take an irretraceable step merely at the dictates of accident or convention; and he vexes himself endlessly by reflection:

"Hang this thinking at last! what good is it? O, and what evil!
O what mischief and pain, like a clock in a sick man's chamber,
Ticking, and ticking, and still through each covert of slumber pursuing."

If he had been left to himself long enough, however, he would probably have drifted into a proposal at last. It is the natural result of inertia in such cases. But a meddling relative of the lady ventures a word with him about his intentions and his duty, and that determines him—in the wrong way. It would surely be intolerable to be pushed reluctantly to the altar by a man who wants to be your brother-in-law. He flings out of Rome in a huff, and Miss Trevellyn goes to Florence. On reflection, however, it occurs to him that the lady may have known nothing of the ill-advised intervention of her friend; and as, moreover, he finds his interest persist strangely after the lady has gone he conjectures that there may have been something more than juxtaposition in it after all, and decides to follow her and find out. But a series

of perverse accidents sets him off the track; he arrives in every place just a little after she has left it; and, at last, losing all clue to her whereabouts, he gives up the search with a kind of fatigue of will, and drops back to accept the inevitable.

> "The fates, it is clear, are against us.
> Indeed, should we meet I could not be certain. All might be changed, you know.
> Great is Fate, and is best. I believe in Providence, partly.
> What is ordained is right, and all that happens is ordered.
> Ah, no, that isn't it. But yet I retain my conclusion."

It might be naturally supposed that there could be but little interest in a poem concerned with the hesitancies of such a shilly-shallying young person as this. But there is a great deal of interest. For the persons in it, Mr. Claude, Miss Mary, and the sister Georgina, are very real people. Clough had the art to make you acquainted with ordinary folk; and it is never seen to better advantage than in the really vivid way he puts before us this lover who cannot pronounce on his own symptoms. Nor must it be thought that Mr. Claude is merely a pretty sentimentalist, trying to make up what he calls his mind. On the contrary, he has Clough's own keen penetration, ripe culture, large and observant sympathies. His talk abounds in most incisive comment upon men and things—art, politics, history, religion. Indeed, his indecision is due in part to this very breadth of view. There is some truth in the remark of the humorist, that one must have a great deal of mind when it takes so long to make it up. The poem is saturated, also, with Clough's peculiar humor. Clough was one of the men of whom you say that he might have done almost anything; I have often thought that there were the possibilities of an excellent satirist in him. Satire has made but a rather poor showing in English verse since the eighteenth century men so overdid it; but such a poem as the Amours de Voyage gives us a hint of what place there might be for it today. But, of course, the first charm of the poem, and its real purpose, is the remarkable depiction of the hesitancy and ineptitude born of doubt. I have said that the Dipsychus might be called an everyday Faust; with even greater fitness might the Amours de Voyage be called an

everyday Hamlet. Take out of Hamlet's story its large circumstance and its sanguinary catastrophe, and you change it from tragedy to satire; but you leave Hamlet unchanged. His fatal weakness may be shown as well in the drawing room as on the buskined stage. As Mr. Claude says,

> "Ah, the key of our life that pierces all wards; opens all locks,
> Is not, I will, but I *must;* I must, I *must*—and I do it!"

The career of Clough was uneventful. After leaving Oxford he held, for a time, a position in the London University, where no religious tests were required, and then, in 1852, on the urgent invitation of Emerson, came over to America. He liked the atmosphere of intellectual freedom he found in Cambridge and he won the intimate friendship of the group of scholars and poets there—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne, Norton, Sumner, Agassiz. Lowell in his memorial poem, "Agassiz," has left a loving portrait of the

> "Boy face, but grave with answerless desires,
> Poet, in all that poets have of best,
> But foiled with riddles dark, and cloudy aims."

But he evidently missed somewhat the riper culture of the old world, and when, after a year and a half, in Cambridge, he received the offer of a place in the Education Office he accepted it, and returned to England. This position he held till the close of his life. But his career was cut short by disease; he died, at the age of forty-two, in Florence, and his grave is in the little Protestant cemetery there, not far from that of Mrs. Browning. His life, one thinks, did not allow him space to show all the possibilities of his genius; and to the end he never gained that steadiness and certainty he craved. All his most characteristic poetry, as we have seen, either expresses directly his own personal struggle with doubt or depicts the benumbing effect of such doubt upon practical activity. But it is not a paradox to say that this poetry is healthful, often inspiring. For the motive underlying it all is Clough's unconquerable love and unwearied search for truth. In this respect his work is in striking contrast with that of his friend, Matthew Arnold. The two men were, indeed, in some essential characteristics each the complement of the other. Clough had a

hesitating, deliberate intellect, underlaid by a volume of buoyant feeling; Arnold had a clear, decisive intellect on a basis of rather languid feeling. Arnold never shared Clough's irrepressible force of spirit, Clough's incessant thirst for action, Clough's genial interest in men and women. Arnold had passed through much the same period of doubt and question as Clough, and his poetry is the record of it; but he had reached a very different outcome. To Arnold the temper of question and struggle, even after the truth, was intolerable. He craved calm and lucidity of mind. His typical poetic mood is always one of serenity; mournful it may be, but unperturbed and self-contained. He cannot endure the doubts that harass and corrode; he faces his questions; he states them with poignant sincerity; he admits that he has no answer for them; but he will not abandon himself to them. Rather, with a sad Olympian serenity, he turns away from them all to the tranquil certainties of beauty and culture. He stilled his own questioning by turning all the supernatural elements of religion into metaphor, and made for himself what he thought was a kind of defecated Christianity; but a kind which could hardly have satisfied or convinced any rational human being. But Clough would never thus put aside his questions, nor sink back into the temper of acquiescence. He was loyal to the demands of his own better nature; obedient to his own deepest sense of spiritual need. Though the truth seemed beyond his ken he would never abandon the quest; least of all would he refuse to believe there is truth. Few nobler lines were ever written than the couplet from one of his lyrics,

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That, though I perish, *truth is so!*"

It is this undaunted belief in high things yet unproved that makes his verse, in spite of its doubt, healthy and inspiring. Surely it is nobler thus to wrestle till the morning, though folded in mystery and goaded by pain, than to give up the struggle in placid indifference. Such a striving soul can never really know defeat, but finds still in its darkest midnight some assurance of victory and light. Clough's last poem, written on his deathbed,

breathes the spirit of his whole life, and has poured new courage into thousands of fainting hearts:

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes, silent, flooding in, the main.

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright."

C. J. Winchester

## Art. IV.—INSPIRATION

Some forty years ago a young missionary was making a long journey among the Himalayan mountains when he became rain bound in a little wayside house provided for travelers who sometimes passed that way. Having no company, and only one or two books with him, he was very glad to find some portions of an English magazine which had been left by some passing tourist, and of course he read the several remaining articles with leisurely care. Among other articles which possessed a double interest in that remote corner of the world was one, by an unknown writer, on the subject of biblical inspiration. The missionary had pronounced views on this subject. He had no doubts to be dispelled, but strange views were circulating, and not a few feared that the ark of God was in danger, and for this reason anything on that subject was eagerly sought and read.

The writer of the article in question seemed to be a believer in the inspiration of the Scriptures and in the divine origin of Christianity, but at the same time seemed inclined to believe in a larger measure of inspiration than is generally conceded rather than a smaller. His idea seemed to be that inasmuch as the Holy Spirit is in the world to remain forever, and inasmuch as his gifts are free to all, we should resolutely maintain the vantage ground which the New Testament concedes to us and expect the "fruit of the Spirit" to appear in our day as certainly, and as distinctively, as in the New Testament era. In saying this he did not include the old-time miracles, but confined his remarks to the subject of inspiration alone. Discussing this phase of the question the unknown writer said in substance, "Why may we not believe that Charles Wesley was inspired to write his well-known hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' or Toplady to write 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'? What is improbable about it? Why should anyone who believes in inspiration at all object to such a supposition?" For some reason which he did not understand the mis-

sionary not only dissented from this doctrine, but felt something like irritation as he read it. In some strange way it seemed to him as if the unknown writer was cheapening the precious gift of inspiration by making it the common privilege of every Christian, no matter whether educated or ignorant, gifted or feeble-minded. Inspiration, in the sense in which that term had always been popularly used, had seemed to him as a transcendent endowment which lifted the writer above the infirmities of the ordinary scribe and made him a direct messenger from God to men. To speak of Charles Wesley and Toplady as inspired by the Holy Spirit to write hymns for Christian worship seemed not only to encroach upon the prerogatives of holy men of old, but to cast doubt upon the doctrine of inspiration itself. In any case the inspiration of modern hymn books was a thing not to be thought of, much less mentioned. And yet the thought was not to be summarily thrust aside. From time to time it was brought to mind, usually in connection with the general subject of inspiration, and the prominence of the human element in the modern hymn book could not fail at times to recall to mind the still more human element in the hymn book of the ancient Hebrews. The vindictive spirit manifested in some of these productions, if not the most prominent, was by no means their only defect. On the other hand, the modern hymn book possessed many merits, not the least of which was its value as a manual of devotion. This missionary, who could not sing, had at one period used both Bible and hymn book in his private devotions, and at times had found the modern hymns as helpful as the ancient psalms, but this fact had never even for a moment suggested the thought that both were inspired by the same Spirit. But, as time passed, the question which had been raised in the mountain rest house recurred to his mind again and again, and led to a comparison of the ancient and modern hymns. Among the Hebrew hymns the twenty-seventh probably comes nearest in spirit and expression to the two hymns quoted by the reviewer. The ancient poet wrote:

> "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in his pavilion;
> In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.
> He shall set me up upon a rock."

Charles Wesley wrote:

> "Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
> Till the storm of life be past."

And Toplady:

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

Whatever else may be said about these three hymns it must occur to the mind of any reader who is at all acquainted with the term "spiritually minded" that an unmistakable kinship unites them together. Wesley and Toplady were not model saints, it is true, but who can assure us that the ancient Hebrew writer was blameless according to the standard of his day? Of the gift of inspiration, in all ages and in all its phases, it may be said that it ever has been—and still is—a treasure held in earthen vessels. It is perhaps natural to assume the contrary, and hence the necessity for reminding the early Christians that "Elijah was a man of like passions with us," and of the Bible it might be said that it is perhaps the most human production—the most true to human nature—of any collection of writings to be found in the world's literature. It was given for men, and not for angels, and had the human element been less prominent in its pages it would have been poorly adapted to the wants of mankind.

As time passed the subject thus thrust upon the attention of the missionary in his remote station continued to challenge his thought, and of course did not long confine itself to sacred hymns alone. The inspiration of the Bible was not in question, but what of inspiration outside of the Bible? Much had been heard on that subject in India, and men claiming some measure of inspiration were beginning to appear among the Hindus, but the orthodox Christian ideal of the Bible as an inspired book was not challenged in Christian circles. The Mohammedans, on the other hand, insisted that the Old and New Testaments, though once inspired, had been more or less corrupted by the Christians, while the Koran had been carefully guarded and still remained directly as it had come from heaven into the hands of the Arabian prophet.

In their view the Koran was not only inspired but eternal, and had been lying in God's presence in heaven through all the ages until Mohammed began his work, when it was given to him in successive instalments as necessity called for it. Not God himself was more sacred, in the eyes of the Mohammedan champions of that day, than the book which professed to contain the word of God. In their view inspiration was mechanical, and unchanging as a piece of iron mechanism. The Brahmo idea, though more intelligent and reasonable, inclined to the other extreme. Their traditions and ideals prepared them to accept a broad and liberal view of inspiration, but they had no fixed standard of revealed truth and, as might have been expected, soon began to become entangled in contradictions and extravagances. The absolute need of a standard of some kind soon became apparent, but the earnest leaders of the Brahmo movement, while accepting parts of the teachings of Jesus, carefully avoided anything which would commit them to an acceptance of the New Testament, or even the Gospels, as an authoritative standard of revealed truth. The Mohammedans believed in the inspiration of an ancient but petrified book; the Brahmos in the inspiration of living men, but men adrift without a compass or a North Star. In the meantime certain imperative personal obligations began to constrain the missionary to study the subject of inspiration from a personal and extremely practical point of view. His work was among a people who were less intelligent than those to whom Barnabas and Paul preached, and very often he felt the need of instructions directly from his divine Master. He did not crave the power to work miracles, but he did wish to be sure that God was with him and was directing his footsteps. This assurance was given to him in a general way, as it is given to all spiritually-minded persons, but at times it became very definite and clear. He had gone to India in response to an extraordinary call, which admitted of no doubt, and at intervals God had directed his steps, partially by providential tokens but sometimes by extraordinary impressions made directly upon his inner consciousness. Did these impressions belong to the common gift of inspiration, or were they exceptional in character and purpose? In the next place, the

missionary was led to consider the question of divine help afforded to modern preachers when proclaiming God's word. During the second year on his country circuit in Ohio he had prepared a sermon with unusual care, and was preaching with unusual "liberty," when suddenly the thread of his thought was broken, but he went on without a second's pause with a new line of thought and an increased feeling of mental and spiritual liberty. On inquiry he learned that his hearers had noticed no slip or change in his discourse, and very naturally he made a mental note of the incident and wondered what its meaning could be. Other tokens followed, but for the most part these only became known to the preacher by reports from hearers. For instance, persons in a state of irritation would complain that their personal affairs were discussed in the pulpit and refuse to accept the most explicit assurance of the preacher that he had never heard of them before. The discovering power of the living gospel was at times extraordinary, and certainly belonged to the primitive kind of preaching by which the "secrets of the heart were made known." In plainer words, there seemed to be something preached in the gospel of our belated day which was identically the same as that which attended gospel preaching in the golden days of the apostolic church. And why not? It is easy to believe that certain phases of miraculous power have been withdrawn from the church, but the real gifts, those which are inseparable from the gospel itself and in fact form a part of it, are to abide to the end. When a man is anointed to preach he is made, in a measure, to share the gifts which belonged to his Master when he came in the power of the Spirit from his desert retreat in Galilee. If anointed by the same Spirit, he will like his Lord heal the broken hearted and bind up the bruised.

"But what," someone may ask, "has all this to do with the subject of inspiration as it is presented to the Christian public at the present day?" It has much in every way to do with it. In spiritual as well as material investigations it is well to bring every doubtful question as far as possible to the test of facts. The whole sphere of theology is a dreary realm when considered apart from the personal experiences of living men and women, and the

missionary in India was led from above when he began to study the subject in the light of his own inner life. First he noted the fact that the evidence of his own adoption into God's family was based upon a direct witness from the Holy Spirit. Next came the Spirit's help in prayer. Like other mortals, his infirmity of knowledge was such that he often stood in absolute need of such help, and very often such help was given. "Praying in the Spirit" is a phrase which has a deep meaning, but it is also simple and practical and is the common gift of all anointed believers. The New Testament gift of exhortation is still one of God's gifts to his people, as is also the abiding gift of Christian prophecy—not in its narrow meaning of foretelling events, but in its broader sense of forth-telling the mind of God. All gifts are not given at all times, but the bestowment of spiritual gifts and direct help to the disciples of Christ belongs to all Christian ages in equal measure. But this is only another way of saying that inspiration still abides in the Church of Christ, and ever will abide in exact proportion to the fidelity and expectancy of Christ's disciples. We may not all become Isaiahs or Elijahs, but we may be—WE ARE—anointed by the same Spirit, commissioned by the same Jehovah, and sent out into the same world laden with rich gifts which we are to scatter freely among our fellow men. The missionary in his distant field was a slow learner, but when the thought came to him that the *method* of inspiration was probably the same in ancient days as in our time a new light flashed upon his mind. How does it come in our day? Never in detailed statements; never with a waste of words; rarely, if ever, in a way which mortals would have expected; always in a way to challenge faith rather than to make faith unnecessary; often by illuminating events so as to make them teach lessons or indicate paths of duty. In every case the message, the lesson, or perhaps the command, is everything, and all else is incidental. In later years, when this missionary reviewed the leading events of his life, he was often impressed with the fact that in trying to follow God's calls he had been left to depend upon his own intelligence and judgment in everything which concerned his special duty except that indicated in the summons. His call to India added nothing to his knowl-

edge, or mental ability, or personal character. He made many mistakes and in later years when reading his own account of his call he noticed inaccuracies in the story which surprised him. But these did not in the faintest degree affect the reality of the supreme fact that God had met him, had bathed his soul anew in love and light, and had put a seal upon him as a special messenger to the great Eastern world for all his remaining years. Is it not possible, is it not probable, nay, more; is it not *certain,* that discrepancies in the gospel records were inevitable because recorded by human agents? It is impossible for two or more witnesses to see an event, or a series of events, and write separate records of what they have witnessed without introducing contradictions. A striking illustration of this once came under the observation of the writer when the guest of the late Sir Henry Ramsay, at that time occupying a judicial position of great responsibility in India. A man had been convicted of murder and the case had come before Sir Henry for confirmation of the sentence. The magistrate who had forwarded the case said in his decision: "In all my official life I have never heard testimony which was so clear. There was not the slightest discrepancy in the evidence of the two witnesses." When Sir Henry read this remark he said to himself, "This is a made-up case; no two persons living can give truthful evidence in such a case without contradicting each other in some point or points." He applied himself to a close study of the case and in a few weeks produced the murdered man alive in court, and thus thwarted a wicked plot to get rid of a man by having him executed.

The attempts which have been made to harmonize the several accounts of the resurrection of our Saviour have been as unsuccessful as they were unnecessary. The discrepancies prove that the stories are genuine, and establish the fact that no shadow of an attempt was made by the early Christians to fabricate a resurrection story. Many striking instances might be cited from both the Old and New Testaments to illustrate the rule that a central fact is not affected by incidental contradictions. Take, for example, the so-called destruction of Sennacherib's host. In the popular mind Lord Byron's poem is better known than the Bible record of that event, but the original story is substantially true, and

that the prediction of the prophet was verified in a remarkable manner is no longer a matter of doubt. Three records of the event have survived—one Hebrew, one Egyptian, and one Ethiopian. Two armies, one Egyptian and one Ethiopian, were on the march to help Hezekiah. The Egyptians preserved an account of the event which at first reading seems ludicrous, but which in reality is very striking. They told in former days how an army of mice had invaded the Assyrian camp, attacked the army, and eaten up the swords, spears, arrows, and shields; and a statue of the Egyptian king holding a mouse in his hand was erected in commemoration of the event. The Ethiopians also placed an image of a mouse in a temple in connection with the same extraordinary occurrence. What did all this mean? To many missionaries in India the story is very intelligible. In times of famine sometimes whole provinces are invaded by countless millions of large field mice, commonly called rats by the people. They sometimes advance in line like an army, but usually they appear suddenly, no one knowing whence or how, but in every case they fill the land and lay waste the fields. They invaded Western India in myriad numbers only two or three years ago. In some places a thousand or more burrowed in a single acre. The writer once traveled by train for more than a hundred miles through a country in which rats were never out of sight. They were present by millions—millions upon millions. Now the rat, beyond all creatures, is the chief agent in spreading bubonic plague through a densely-peopled country like India and for this reason is almost as much feared as the plague itself. An invasion of rats infected with the plague met the Assyrian army in camp at Libnah and in an hour the whole camp was overrun by them. The plague in its worst form, and favored by the filthy conditions which flourish in an oriental camp, spread with frightful rapidity. Heart failure—a common symptom—would cause many sudden deaths. The camp was broken up in a panic, and when gathered together again it was found that one hundred and eighty-five thousand men were dead or missing. All this is perfectly credible, and it is equally credible that the story of the devouring army of rats should have been accepted as true by the Egyptians. A

similar illustration occurs in the case of the plague among the Philistines after the capture of the sacred ark of the Israelites. The golden "mice" and "emerods" indicate the presence of the infecting rats, and also a prominent symptom of the bubonic plague. The history is accurate, but the popular inferences of the people were mistaken and some of the incidents incorrectly reported. As a fact the plague broke out at the time that the Hebrew shrine was taken into the country, and the people naturally assumed that the presence of the shrine caused the plague.

The inspiration of the Bible as a whole cannot be made to depend upon the verbal or incidental accuracy of each and every event which finds mention in its pages any more than a modern preacher's call can be made to depend upon his knowledge of grammar or history. A thousand times it has happened that present-day preachers whose lips have been touched with living coals from the altar in the skies have made blunders in historical, scientific, or literary references; but these blunders do not even touch the question of the Spirit's call to them, or of their fidelity as messengers of the living God. The temper and tone of present-day controversy are not such as to insure the best results. Not since the days of Luther has there been more need of forbearance, toleration, and absolutely free inquiry than at the present hour. Never since the time of Moses has the ark of God been in less actual danger, and never has the Leader of Israel been more manifestly present in the van of his militant host than in this year of our Lord 1906. This is no time for raising cries of alarm, for predicting disaster, or for putting marks on men to indicate that they are unsound in the faith. The man is most orthodox who has most of the Christ-life in his heart, and best illustrates it in his daily walk. O, that a breath from the upper skies might come upon the Church and fill one and all who bear the Christian name with the mind and spirit which dwelt in the Master!

J. M. Thoburn

## Art. V. CHRIST'S PARDONING PREROGATIVE

It was the claim and exercise of the pardoning prerogative that brought Jesus Christ to the cross. So long as he simply healed the body of its diseases and infirmities, multiplying its food supply as a great breadwinner, he was a public benefactor and a philanthropist. What he did up to that point as the good physician was in the line of sanitation and the public weal. It was in the interest of civilization that the land be cleared of lepers and demoniacs, that withered hands be healed, and palsied limbs made strong, and blind eyes opened, and deaf ears unstopped. All this reduced the great army of alms-seekers and dependents that thronged the highways. Travel was so much more pleasant with no lepers showing their sores and crying, "Unclean, unclean"! If all the physical sufferings of the people could thus be removed how much more self-respecting the nation, and no longer would there be the reminder of moral evil by the oft-repeated question, "Which did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" What a benefactor, too, was a breadwinner for the nation! Famine had no terrors when there was among them one who could multiply a few loaves and fishes to feed a multitude, and that so lavishly that the fragments remaining exceeded so greatly the original food supply. No wonder the people would come by force to make him king—the most available man in the nation, one who could provision an army by multiplying the contents of a dinner basket! Then, too, what enemy could conquer them when their king was one whom even the winds and the sea obey? Famine, pestilence, war, none of these scourges of the race had any terrors for a nation whose king had such control of the forces of nature. Now was at hand the era of peace and plenty throughout the length and breadth of the land. Verily a greater than Solomon is here and the best days of the chosen people are to be eclipsed in the glory of David's greater son. Hail, King of the Jews! But all that was simply the achievement of civilization, the betterment of man's physical and temporal condition. That was not the end of Christ's mission—a mere humanitarian end. All that would

come to pass when the followers of Christ should hold the balance of power among the nations, and the oppressed of every nation should seek an abode in Christian lands, where life was safe and where property rights would be protected and religious freedom would be secured. But these were to be incidental results; Christ's real mission was not to civilize the world but to Christianize it, not to heal and feed the body but to pardon and redeem the soul, not to save from suffering but to save from sin. When, therefore, in healing a hopeless invalid, one who, utterly helpless, needed to be borne of four into the presence of Christ, as our Lord "saw their faith," doubtless the faith of the five—the faith of the sick man being kindled by the faith of the four who believed that Christ would heal him, a faith all the stronger no doubt because of the hearty sorrow for the sins which had affected both body and soul—he said unto the sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins are forgiven." Possibly these were more grateful words than had Christ first bidden the palsied limbs to become strong; for it was his sins more than his disease that now troubled the palsied man, and godly sorrow had worked repentance unto life. This claim to exercise the pardoning prerogative, which was to be repeated afterwards in the case of the woman who was a sinner and of the dying malefactor by his side to whom was given a passport into Paradise, awoke the bitterest opposition, and justly, if he were not divine. This was Christ's first contested miracle. He had ceased to be a mere philanthropist, healing the diseases of the body. He claimed to exercise the divine prerogative of pardon. No wonder the scribes reasoned in their hearts (amazed beyond power of speech at such audacity), "Why doth this man thus speak? He blasphemeth: who can forgive sins but one, even God?" Christ, perceiving in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, saith unto them, "Which is easier, to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?" They had known how absolutely helpless the palsied man was as four men bore him on his bed into the presence of Christ. Is pronouncing absolution a mere thing of words whose efficacy there is no means of testing, therefore easy to anyone who dared the role of a blasphemer?—in which he could escape detec-

tion unless God should smite him dead. Is it an "easier" thing to do than to heal so hopeless a case of palsy? "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath authority on earth to forgive sins (he saith to the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." It was the command Christ gave to the impotent man with a chronic infirmity of thirty-eight years who lay at the pool of Bethesda with no man to help him. Neither could have moved a step unaided. But recovered by a divine power they were both able to obey: the one pardoned of his sins, and the other, who had been helpless years before the birth of Jesus, now went forth bearing his bed, even though it were on the Sabbath day. The Lord of the Sabbath no less than the Son of man, with authority to execute judgment, with power on earth to forgive sins, had spoken the absolving word which healed as well as pardoned. Well also might the guests in Simon's house be amazed when Jesus said of the nameless woman (possibly the sweet name of innocent childhood substituted, as usual, by some assumed name without such sacred associations), "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." Most grateful to her penitent spirit, with her tears washing the Saviour's feet, were the added words, "Thy sins are forgiven." Again the astounding exercise of the pardoning prerogative amazed, not to say shocked, the listeners beyond the power of speech; so that they said within themselves, "Who is this that even forgiveth sins?" In each of these instances as well as in the case of the dying malefactor our Lord forgave sins, not arbitrarily, but because of the greatness of faith and the genuineness and depth of repentance. In no case was there so complete an abandonment of false views as in that of the penitent malefactor, who recognized that Christ had a kingdom when even his chosen apostles disbelieved it and forsook him, and prayed for humble admission into it when no other prayer reached the ear of the dying Christ. Our Lord dared exercise the right to pardon even on the cross. Never was there greater blasphemy if he were not indeed the Son of God and our Judge. "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins." Jesus is Saviour or blasphemer; which?

Is the pardoning power or prerogative exercised by Christ a delegated or an inherent one? The pardoning prerogative is vested in the Sovereign because it is against the Sovereign that sin has been committed. All attempts to exercise it, save in the name of sovereign authority, are idle and meaningless. It was only because of his oneness with the Father that Christ claimed and exercised this sovereign power. All of his assertion of the sole right to exercise the pardoning power which awoke such fierce opposition, as recorded in the fifth chapter of John's gospel, was as unmistakable a claim to deity as was his willingness to receive the worship of his disciples after his resurrection. While he declared, "I can of myself do nothing: as I hear, I judge," he also said, "And my judgment is righteous because I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Christ ever taught that his mission was not self-originated any more than it was self-sustained and self-directed. Because it was a mission of dependence and of absolute obedience it showed a nature of absolute oneness with God. Because of that oneness with the Father Christ could say, "For neither doth the Father judge any man, but he hath given all judgment unto the Son; that all may honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father that sent him. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself, even so gave he to the Son also to have life in himself: and he gave him authority to execute judgment because he is the Son of man." These are not the words of one consciously and simply exercising a mere delegated authority but of the eternal Son of the Father, in whose very humanity still exists the life-giving power and the power of exercising judgment in pardoning sin. He shows the one in restoring the dead to life now as he will ultimately speak the words of life to the dead in their graves; and he shows the other in speaking words of pardon now as he will ultimately do from the throne when he shall say, "Come, ye

blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Eternal principles are at the foundation of God's government, and the perfect administration of those great and eternal principles cannot be delegated to any mere created being, however transcendent in wisdom and in purity. They who stand before the judgment seat of Christ, here or hereafter, do not receive the judgment of a man, but of the Son of God because he is also the Son of man. In his essential being, even in the days of his flesh, Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The pardoning prerogative is not a delegated one simply because he is the Son of man; it is because he is God manifest in the flesh, the Word that was in the beginning with God and was God, the Word become flesh and dwelling among us so that we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. He before whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess is not man become God, but God become man that he might fill all things. Christ glorified not himself to be made a High Priest or a Judge of quick and dead. It was neither an assumed nor a delegated office. He was High Priest forever. "Wherefore it behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might become a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

In all this exercise of the pardoning prerogative and his announcing himself as the final judge of the living and the dead Christ bases every claim on his absolute oneness with the Father. "I and my Father are one," Christ declared; "and the Jews took up stones again to stone him." His meaning was unmistakable. So, too, in that great passage in the eleventh chapter of Matthew, pronounced by Phillips Brooks "the pearl of the sayings of Christ," where our Lord says, "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son save the Father; neither doth any man know the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Whatever divine power belongs to the Christ, and he claims all

power, it is to be exercised for us that we may find rest unto our souls. He is not a rival of the Father; he has come to show us the Father. He was the time manifestation of God. Only one who had evermore dwelt in the bosom of the Father could show us so much of God. "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Verily no one knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal him. Unless we see the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ we fail to see and to know God. This is what Paul calls not "the glorious gospel," as in the old version, but "the gospel of the glory" of Christ, who is the image of God. Thus Christ is the Door, as well as the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me" and "no man can come unto me except the Father that sent me draw him;" so spake the Christ of God, whom we adore in prayer and song, evermore, like the early Christians, singing our hymns to Christ as God. We know the Father through the Son.

> The homage that we render Thee
> Is still the Father's own;
> Nor jealous claim or rivalry
> Divides the Cross and Throne.

It becomes us therefore to test our conception of God by what we know of Jesus Christ. For nothing is true of God which is not in accord with the spirit of Christ. "God's attitude toward sinful humanity is not one thing while that of Christ is another." In the character of Christ is the world's completest representation of God. When Christ, therefore, is seated on the throne of judgment it is at once the judgment seat of Christ and the judgment seat of God. All attempts to reduce the supernatural elements in the life of Christ to the basis of mere naturalism are at the expense, not only of the glory of Christ, but of his integrity as well. Naturalism can never grow into the supernatural, but the natural can be added to the supernatural by making the supernatural itself the basis. Christ took upon himself our nature; it was what he was before the world was that made possible what he was in the days of his flesh. It was the Son of God coming down from

above that made possible the blessed union of humanity with him that makes him the Son of man to whom dying Stephen prayed, and gave to all later martyrs their prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." No wonder Augustine said, "The church owes Paul to the prayer of Stephen." Ever since the ascension of our Lord, and all the more since Stephen saw the heavens open and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God, has the devout soul in its hours of supreme need prayed at once to Christ as God. God revealed in Christ makes true worship possible; the worship of a person. We believe in God more and more because we believe in Christ. The spirit of Christ reveals to us the nature of God as the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us. And Paul believed in Christ because he believed in Stephen, as many learned to believe in Christ because they believed in Paul. Thus the faith of one generation is largely shaped by the experience of the preceding generation. It is the testimony of pardoned men that has kept alive faith in the deity of Christ since he first exercised the pardoning prerogative on earth.

If the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins then he is our Saviour and Lord, for he exercises that power because of his oneness with the Father. Only God can forgive sins. So John Wesley found that memorable afternoon of May 24, 1738, the day of his conversion, when he listened to the *De Profundis* sung in St. Paul's Cathedral: "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Jehovah. Lord, hear my voice; Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Jehovah, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." He found, as has every pardoned man, that the stability of the kingdom of God within us is due to the pardoning prerogative of Christ. We cannot but fear as well as love him who is our Saviour. He has taught us to hate the sins which he has forgiven lest we crucify the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame. How dare we count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing when Christ has loosed us from our sins by his blood and made us to be kings and priests unto God? If Christ upholds all things by the word of his power, strengthening us with might by his spirit in the inner man, it is

by that word of pardon which gives us power to become sons of God. If Christ cannot give repentance and forgiveness of sins then in vain is he enthroned Prince and Saviour. He rules the world and all worlds with a scarred hand. "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge" who even now hast power on earth to forgive sins.

The pardoning prerogative is an executive function. Pardon is the remission of the penalty imposed by a court of justice. We get our view and practice by inheritance, since in the English law the pardoning power rests solely with the king. As Blackstone says, it is an act of grace of his most gracious majesty and its judicious exercise does much to strengthen the throne; which is the final tribunal in the case of the miscarriage of justice for any cause. While the accused is presumed to be innocent until convicted the presumption of innocence does not survive a verdict of guilty. Then the law must take its course, if public punishment indeed exists as a substitute for private revenge. The state says to the plaintiff or his friends, "Neither give place to wrath; for vengeance is mine. I will repay." Indifference to this sacred obligation on the part of the state awakens distrust and brings about mob law. Yet failure, at times, to exercise the pardoning power by the state through its highest executive may mean unjust and excessive, as well as undeserved, punishment. An unwarrantably severe sentence produces a reaction against a court of justice no less than does a notably light and ineffective penalty. Who is to determine where cruelty begins that defeats the very end of justice? No executive duty is more delicate or responsible, and none more dreaded by our wisest executives. In twenty-eight of our states the pardoning power is conferred on the governor by constitutional provision. In all the rest of the states the action of the governor is necessary either as a member of the Board of Pardons or as consenting to their judgment. The sovereign people themselves, against whom the sin or crime has been committed, thus determine through the highest executive whether or not pardon is possible. So greatly does a wise and prudent man, as a juror, dread the responsibility of deciding on the guilt of his fellow man that some verdicts of innocent have followed the shrewd use by the

defense in a weak case of the Lord's words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." Many an impossible verdict is possibly due to men's hesitancy to pass judgment and the hope that a higher court may right any wrong done.

The pardoning power is among men a confession of imperfect government. Some error in the trial, some testimony proven later to be false, some new testimony, the confession of the real criminal, some mental aberration, fully developed later, showing irresponsibility, too severe a penalty—what injustice can be wrought by these if there is no deterrent in the machinery of government to suspend or remit penalty! The exercise of the pardoning power is to correct these defects, which must exist in all imperfect government; government such as imperfect man must make for himself with imperfect laws, imperfect trials, conflicting testimony, insufficient evidence, inadequate knowledge of the facts, and sometimes a willingness to provide a victim to satisfy public clamor when a great crime has been committed. Hear one of our foremost jurists after forty years' service on the bench—Associate Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States—as he confesses that "absolute justice cannot be administered by finite man." In a notable address, entitled "The Religion of a Jurist," Judge Brewer says:

> In some other time and place the failures of justice on earth will be rectified. Infinite wisdom will there search the past of every life, measure with exactness the influences of heredity and environment, and out of the fullness of that knowledge correct the errors which we are powerless to prevent. The inevitable failure of justice in this life is an assurance of a life to come....I have looked into the faces of persons on trial before me for alleged crimes or litigants in civil cases, have searched every item of testimony which the laws of evidence allow to be introduced, in the hope of gathering therefrom some knowledge of the influences which the past of heredity and environment have cast, and, finding but little to guide or instruct, have yielded to the necessity of determining rights on the basis of only the concrete and visible facts. I have been over and over again oppressed with the limitations of finite nature, and longed to know something of those unseen and unknown influences which have brought the individual to his place before me. Conscious of these ever-present limitations, I have asked whether this is the best that God has done for man. And the answer which has come, out of my long experience on the bench, is that some where and some time all the failures of human justice

will be made good. Through the light of the judicial glass I have seen the splendid vision of immortality. Rising above the confused, conflicting voices of the court room I have heard the majestic and prophetic words of the great apostle, "For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality."....

Must we look forward to immortality with the sure and only expectation that the wrongs which we have here concealed will be made known, and the doom we have evaded be cast upon us? I know that in human courts mercy is a futile plea.....Only in an appeal to the executive is there place for mercy. Pardon is not a judicial function. But in the great tribunal of eternity the same Being is both judge and chief executive. And as we cannot sound the depths of infinite wisdom so we may not measure the reach of infinite love....Doubtless there is wisdom in the provision that the finite judge who is called upon to declare the law shall not be given power to dispense with it; that that power shall not be exercised until after condemnation, and then by other than the judge. Does the wisdom, and therefore the necessity, of this separation inhere in the nature of things? Does it not rather spring from the fact that the power to grant the one may lead the judge to ignore the other, and so the public be gradually deadened to a sense of the danger as well as the wickedness of the crime? But with infinite wisdom in the Judge pardon is safely left with him. He will wisely determine its conditions, and never toss it out as a free gift to every criminal. He will never cast pearls before swine, and never so act that it blots out the sense of guilt. The same lips that declared, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," also declared, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Justice and mercy are alike the handmaids of the Omnipotent. Not inaccurately did the great apostle, himself a lawyer brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, declare, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." So out of my judicial experience, and looking through the glass of my life-work, I have learned to see in the cross the visible symbol of faultless justice, and in the resurrection of Christ the prophecy and truth of its final triumph.

Pardon is sought under a human government on the ground of the confessed and notorious imperfections of human government. The indeterminate sentence is being used more and more to stay injustice in the enforcement of a penalty that may not only be too severe but wholly wrong. It is found that sometimes the lips of an accused person are sealed lest another suffer, a family secret be revealed, a home be disrupted. No one who has witnessed or read the proceedings of a National Prison Congress can fail to be impressed with the miscarriage of justice due to the imperfection of government, a bad law badly administered, officers bent on satisfying public clamor. Doubtless innocent men have

been executed and the wrong man has worn prison stripes at hard labor while the real criminal has been left at large to repeat his crime. Judges end their judicial career with a sigh of relief that they will never again pronounce sentence upon an innocent man, and governors close their official term glad that they must now spend no more sleepless nights seeking to determine whether they can conscientiously exercise the pardoning power. If imperfection, then, be the ground of pardon in a human—and so imperfect—government, can there be, strictly speaking, any pardon in a perfect and divine government? Many wise philosophers, with Plato, have said, No. No fault can be found with the law, for it is declared holy and just and good. Infinite wisdom has shown us in God's laws, as Hooker put it, "that order which God before all ages hath set down, with himself, for himself to do all things by." This is true in the moral realm no less than in the physical, for "the being of God is a kind of law to his working: for that perfection that God is giveth perfection to that he doth." *That* law is perfect and the administration of it is perfect, with a perfect knowledge of man, his heredity, his environment, his motives, impossible even to the man himself or to his fellows. The awakened conscience of man not only acknowledges a perfect law but a perfect knowledge of his heart and life. "He told me all things that ever I did" has been the startling confession of many a soul that, like the Samaritan woman, has met Christ in the way. The proof of his fitness to administer a perfect law is that he knows us perfectly, whether like Nathanael under the fig tree or the woman of Samaria in her wretched home. Moreover, there is a perfect administrator of the law in the person of one who is himself free from its condemnation, being flawless in his observance of its eternal principles. Tempted in all points like as we are yet without sin, we can raise no objection to the administration of Christ as judge of the quick and dead. But a perfect law with imperfect administration leaves its violator without either ground or hope of pardon. On what can our petition be based? For all have need of pardon, since all have sinned. The more we know the perfect law the less hope we have of "salvation by character," for even when we would do good evil is present with us, and we are ever

prone to do the things that we ought not to do and to leave undone the things that we ought to do. We are sold under sin, for his servants we are whom we obey. Is there, can there be, redemption? None that human wisdom has ever conceived of. Unless a divine mind give light we are in hopeless darkness. Unless a divine shoulder break open the closed door we are shut in with our sins. How we resent all human claims to play the pardoner by sale of indulgences or by idle words of absolution. These have caused mighty revolutions in nations, no less than in individual souls, as mere men have dared to exercise the pardoning prerogative for sins committed against God. Only by the blasphemous assumption of the pardoning power has a powerful organization won its way and maintained its hold by claiming the power of the keys to the eternal world. The Jesuit by the very name of Jesus has misled men and women anxiously asking, "What shall we do to be saved?" Christ after his resurrection indeed said to his apostles, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain they are retained." This he said in commissioning them anew to preach the gospel which was to be the power of God unto salvation. How fearful their responsibility when there was no other name given under heaven among men whereby the world of sinners could be saved. Only holy men filled with the Holy Ghost could be put in trust with that gospel, with a compelling love that has caused it to be preached in all the world. Happy indeed those apostles who used the power of the keys to open the doors of hope to the Gentile world no less than to "my people, Israel." As Peter reluctantly unlocked the door of the Gentile world to give this light of the gospel of the glory of Christ he testified, "This is he which is ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. To him bear all the prophets witness, that through his name everyone that believeth on him shall receive remission of sins."

In a perfect government pardon is impossible unless there be a substitute, one who can make a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. Only thus could the law be made or declared honorable while God remained just, and at the same time the justifier of the

ungodly. The full meaning of the atonement for our sins made by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has always been beyond the power of human speech fully to declare. What seemed impossible—pardon under a perfect government—is still unspeakable. Analogies drawn from notable vicarious sufferings among men illumine the depths of the Godhead but a little distance. We wonder at the length, and depth, and breadth, and height, of a love that after all passeth knowledge, as we exclaim, O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past tracing out! If he was wounded for our transgressions then may we be healed; if he was bruised for our iniquities then may we obtain peace. If in some way that we cannot understand "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" then we may obtain the remission of our sins. "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," for he was slain from the foundation of the world. His is an eternal atonement as he is a high priest forever, without beginning or end of days. The beloved disciple combated errors which have reappeared in our day when with holy rapture he declared, "The blood of Jesus, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and righteous to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We can deny our sin and our Saviour, and then there remaineth no more a sacrifice for sins. Christ as our substitute has not only made pardon possible but he has done everything for us to secure our pardon except to repent for us, and he even gives us the grace of repentance. He is enthroned as Prince and Saviour to give both repentance and remission of sins. If the exercise of the pardoning power is so hedged about as we have seen in imperfect human governments, to be exercised only by the executive in the name of the sovereign state, then what must Christ be who alone has the pardoning power for sins against Almighty God? No assertion of deity could have been more unmistakable than the claim to forgive sins. Everything else could have been forgiven Jesus, in his zeal for God, had he not claimed to be God and, by his absolute oneness with God, to exercise the pardoning prerogative. This

claim is as crucial as it is unmistakable. It is central in the divine government, for who can forgive sins but God only? It determines the seat of authority in religion. "All things are summed up in him" "in whom we have redemption by his blood, the forgiveness of our sins according to the riches of his grace." Henceforth we are not our own. We have been bought with a price; therefore let us glorify him in our bodies and spirits, which are his. He has the first claim to our love and to all that love can command of service. The true seat of authority in religion is a Person, a Saviour, not a church, not a book. "The Bible, the Bible is the religion of Protestants," was a natural claim when the Bible was restored to the people. But Christianity is not the religion of a book, like Mohammedanism, but of a Person, our divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "The gospel, the gospel is the religion of Protestants," the gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. Jesus, and him crucified, and not Jesus the teacher and exemplar, is our hope. He rules the world from his cross, drawing all men unto him because lifted up for all men on the cross. Society can be saved only by what saves the soul. It is not enough to believe in the leadership of Christ, we must believe in his Saviourhood, his power on earth to forgive sins. Unless Christ has the pardoning prerogative we can never know him as our Saviour. By that prerogative we know him as divine. No attribute comes nearer to us than his pardoning power, which he exercised in life and death who is now enthroned above to give forgiveness of sins. Unless we know Christ as our Saviour from sin we can never know him as the Son of God who came into the world to save sinners.

The exercise of this pardoning power by Christ justifies itself to men by what it does for them, not only in the removal of penalty, a guilty conscience here and ceaseless remorse hereafter, but in the conscious reconciliation with the Father, peace in believing, and strength to resist temptation, with power to do good. He that believeth hath the witness in himself. Christ reveals himself to us by his pardoning power, whether he be of God or whether he speak only of himself. As far as the East is from the West—and who can tell how far that is?—so far doth he remove

our transgressions from us and doth remember them against us no more forever. The soul thus sublimely loved and forgiven is conscious of the expulsive power of a new affection, a sublime love within that casteth out fear. It calmly says, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed to him against that day." To the devout soul, praying for God's best, God gives his Son. Can anything equal the sublime faith in the Saviour of a consciously forgiven soul? Only the Saviour's faith in those whom he has forgiven. He is henceforth willing to identify himself perfectly with them, letting them wear his name, using it in any petition that they may present, helping them to overcome, writing their names upon the palms of his hands, building his church out of such regenerate and redeemed souls, presenting them at last faultless before the throne. Because Christ has the pardoning prerogative, and Christ alone, we need no other confessional than the penitential psalms. No wonder that Augustine had them hung upon the walls of his room, or that the hero of Lucknow, the devout Lawrence, had inscribed upon his tomb the prayer on which William MacClure placed his finger in death, "God be merciful to me the sinner." The God that answers in pardon, he is God. The devout soul in this century as in the first century offers his prayer to Christ as God, and knows him as the Saviour from sins. The blasphemy of Saul of Tarsus ended, not began, when he prayed to Christ as he had heard Stephen pray.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
  Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
  Be wholly thine.

Eugene R. Ellenbaugh,

## Art. VI. EUXINE CHRISTIANITY AND THE EPWORTH LEAGUE[1]

Mr. President, and all prospective Presidents: My theme is Euxine Christianity and the League. What does "Euxine" mean? Perhaps you have searched Webster's International for the word but been unable to find it. Then you have turned to the Supplement, with its tens of thousands of latest coinages of English, but in vain. Then you have gone to the two great folios of Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary, but even here it was missing. Everybody has heard of the Euxine Sea, but our dictionary-makers seem never to have heard of anything else that could be called euxine. If I had here a young Greek from our youngest mission over in Lowell, he would very quickly enlighten you. He would tell you that "euxine" is a Greek word for which the English language has no equivalent. It expresses an active and habitual friendliness toward aliens. The Greek term is often translated "hospitable," but it means much more than this. It means, for example, the spirit manifested by the Good Samaritan toward the poor alien who in going down to Jericho fell among thieves. But while I should call the Good Samaritan a notable example of a euxine gentleman, the word properly covers a yet broader meaning, for it expresses not merely the friendliness which is prompted by compassion for a person in distress, but also the friendliness which is prompted by an honest appreciation of the excellencies and the achievements of the foreigner. Obviously a Christian people like our own greatly needs a word of this precise meaning, and if ever I prepare a dictionary of English you may be sure of finding "euxine" inserted in its proper place.

What is meant by "Euxine Christianity" in my theme is now plain. It is an active and habitual Christian friendliness to the foreigner, whether this friendliness be prompted by admiration for his excellencies or by compassion for his distresses. But why now do I couple with this the Epworth League? For three reasons. First, because the League is striving to reach the highest

[1] An imaginary address, prepared for a not-yet-scheduled Convention of all Epworth League Chapters within the bounds of the United States

attainable type of Christian character and anything short of the euxine type is not entitled to be called Christian. Second, because, from the promptings of compassion, the League has a call to cultivate euxine Christianity—a call never before equalled in urgency. Third, because, from the promptings of appreciation for the foreigner, the League has a call to cultivate euxine Christianity—a call never before equalled in urgency.

The just limits of the present address forbid the attempt to explain and enforce these three propositions. On the first I will only remark that one of the two all-summarizing commandments of our Lord is that we shall love our neighbor as ourselves, our neighbor being any human creature who has any need of us. Even in the ancient Jewish law it was written: "The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." My second proposition I pass with the simple reminder that there is not a pagan foreigner in all the world who should not excite our compassion by reason of his ignorance of God and his ignorance of his possibilities of fellowship with God; and that there is not a Mohammedan or Christian foreigner who is not to be pitied—if for no other reason, because of political disabilities and because of laws requiring of him two or three or more of the best years of his life in compulsory military service, often in support of rulers whom he cannot respect or willingly obey. Every missionary address to which you have ever listened has been an enforcement and reinforcement of my second proposition. To the third, then, let us turn our attention. Leaving aside all promptings of Christian compassion, let us ask ourselves what other voices are calling upon us to cultivate friendly feelings and active helpfulness toward the foreigner who may come within the range of our possible personal influence. Let us inquire what facts creditable to the foreigner emphasize the duty of our League to honor him and to seek his good.

In pursuing this inquiry I shall assume that the overwhelming majority of my present hearers are native Americans. Not a few of you are of New England birth. You are proud of the Puritan stock which made New England world-renowned. You are proud of the influence which New England has exerted upon

the literature and laws and life of the American people. You and I have inherited a deep conviction that no nation on the face of the earth can for a moment compare with the one which is ours by birthright. In our view it is preëminently the land of liberty, of popular intelligence, of invention, of moral ideals and of pure religion. We look askance at the immigrant whatever his nationality. We do not consciously grudge him a place and a chance under American conditions, but we wish to have as little as possible to do with him. We hope some missionary will draw him into his mission-hall and minister to his religious needs, and that in case he or his family fall sick some devoted deaconess will discover the case and minister to him. We are willing to send annually a few dimes to the missionary and our castoff clothing to the deaconess, but beyond this we prefer to have nothing to do with the business. We are native Americans, these immigrants are of a different caste, they belong to "the foreign-born."

Alas, alas, how quickly we have forgotten that Miles Standish, and John Alden, and the fair Priscilla were also, all of them, in the ranks of the foreign-born. And how wickedly have we forgotten that many of those of whom we, as New Englanders, are most proud, were not of Puritan lineage, or even of English speech. Is New England proud of her "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall? It was the lame and orphaned son of a poor French immigrant who gave it to us. Do American patriots thrill at every recital of "the midnight ride of Paul Revere"? Remember that he, too, was the child of an immigrant Frenchman. Does every Epworthian prize his heritage in Longfellow and Whittier and Julia Ward Howe? Each of these was in part of Huguenot ancestry, and was proud to have it known. It will do us good to remember that America has never produced a great poet, or a world-famed writer of any description, whose ancestry was not at a slight remove of foreign birth.

If from literature we turn to music our dependence upon foreign peoples is even more manifest. What American composer has a name outside of the United States? The founder of the first Conservatory of Music in our country was Eben Tourjee, an American Methodist, but the son of an emigrant from France, and

as poor as the poorest. Theodore Thomas, Carl Zerrahn, George Henschell, Walter Damrosch, Alfred Hertz, Carl Faelten, Wilhelm Gericke, Frank Kneisel, Clara Baur, Gustav Stoeckel, P. A. Schnecker—such are the best known of our great names in this field, and not one of them is of American, or even of English descent. One honor we might be thought to have won. The great world has applauded our "Jubilee Singers"—but even these were descendants, not of the ancestry in which we glory, but of black men wickedly stolen from their homes in darkest Africa.

In military achievement Anglo-Americans may well be humble. All authorities agree that but for the timely aid of Lafayette and Rochambeau our fathers would never have won their freedom from Great Britain. But for Baron Steuben's drill, and Muhlenburg's pluck, and De Kalb's strategy, and for cannon cast in German-American foundries, the rude armies of the great and good Washington would assuredly have failed. In our Civil War the services of our foreign-born soldiers were of incalculable value. To-day two of our Brigadier Generals are Germans. It may well be doubted whether among our generals of any grade even one can be found of purely Puritan ancestry. Our navy has a glorious history, yet its supreme achievement, the one which, as has been said, "compelled the reconstruction of all the navies of the world" —I mean the introduction of the turret-type of warship, was the work of one humble immigrant from Sweden and his name was John Ericsson. Remember this whenever in an immigrant crowd you see a Swede. But you are getting restive. You feel like protesting against my unwelcome facts. You interrupt me, saying, "Surely we may be proud of our American inventors. No people has produced such inventors as we." Your patriotic feeling is creditable, but let us not to be too confident. We may have failed to give to the foreigner his just due in this field. Yankees are not the only people who invent. Neither telescope nor microscope is of our invention. Three weeks ago I asked the proprietor of a great factory in Massachusetts to show me his waterwheel. He took me to the pit in which it was at work, and in answer to my question explained its points of superiority over all the old-fashioned types, over-shot or under-shot. But who was

its inventor? He named a Frenchman. Even the man who figured out the angular belting by which the power of the French waterwheel was carried with least possible loss, to its Yankee shafting, was an engineer who got his instruction in Heidelberg, Germany. So the owner told me. Then I thought of the great turbine waterwheels at Niagara, the most powerful in the world, and I said to myself, Surely, there my countrymen must have triumphed. Alas, when later I investigated the origin of those great turbines, I found that they were designed and built by Swiss engineers selected after a competition in which the highest engineering skill of the five leading nations of the world was represented. Our Yankee nation failed to win.

Then I was further sobered by remembering that the first trolley car I ever saw was in Germany, and that the first automobile was built not in America, but in France. Also the first dirigible balloon. As Americans we claim the telephone, and what is so wonderful as that? It was indeed a Boston invention, the marvelous work of Professor A. Graham Bell, at that time a professor in Boston University. Alas, I must add that this wonderful inventor also was not a native American, he was one of the foreign-born, a son of rugged Scotland. Shall we turn to Nikola Tesla, of New York, to make good our national credit? Alas, he is only an immigrant boy of Croatian birth. Ask the General Electric Company the name of their most eminent electrician and the answer will be C. P. Steinmetz, a German. If in this field anything excels the telephone, it is wireless telegraphy; and who has given this to the world? Not your Yankee inventor, but Marconi of Italy.

By this time the great thought must have pressed in upon you that every people is entitled to our honor, and that the American people, more than any other, is a debtor to all. The true American does not glory in so petty a thing as a personal pedigree, even though it run back to Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower. He remembers that brave Dutchmen from Holland colonized Manhattan before ever the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and that long before the arrival of the Dutch the Spaniards had founded Saint Augustine and Pensacola. He recalls the curious fact that the first white child born in the settlement of the Hollanders on

Manhattan was a child of French parentage, a son of Julien Vigne. He well understands that the stream of immigrants pouring into this country at the rate of more than a million every year, is merging and submerging every ethnic element of our older population. In handling merely the immigrants of last year at the one port of New York, interpreters for no less than eighty different languages and dialects were necessary. To-day the blood of the representative American is no longer Puritan or Cavalier, English or French, Teutonic or Slav, European, Asiatic, or African—it is the "one blood" of which Paul spoke to the Athenians on Mars' Hill, the one blood of which God hath made all nations for to dwell on all the face of the earth.

Now just as we have slowly come to glory in the cosmopolitanism of our great Republic, so ought we, as Christians, to glory in the breadth and variety and fullness of America's spiritual heritage. More than any other people we are heirs to every Christian literature and art. Every past triumph of Christian principle and of Christian heroism belonged to one or another group of our fathers, and we their children have entered into its possession. To-day Saint Paul has more converts in our American churches than he has in all the churches he originally founded. The first Bible printed in the United States was Luther's, and twelve millions of our people are of German lineage. Wesley has ten times more followers in our country than in the kingdom which he revolutionized by his preaching. Hither all streams of Christian influence are pouring their floods, and the result is to be a finer, completer and diviner type of Christian life—individual and institutional—than the world has ever yet seen.

In the production of this awaited type our own Church and League have been given a unique place and call. Our origin was international. Our founder was a man to whose making Rome and Geneva and Wittenberg and Canterbury had all contributed. He was English, but back of him, and privileged to be his spiritual father, was Peter Böhler, a German. Our first theologian was a Frenchman of Swiss nationality, who served in the Dutch army, and later became the saintly English Fletcher of Madeley. Our first missionary was an Irishman. Refugees from the German

Palatinate, dragooned by the French, converted in Ireland, were the nucleus of our first American societies. A converted Hebrew, with a converted German Roman Catholic for a wife, first planted our Church on the Continent of Europe. To-day we are preaching the gospel on every continent, and on one of them is seven and thirty different languages. Never think of the Methodist Episcopal Church as a church of English-speaking people. Even in the one state of Massachusetts, it is a church of ten different nationalities, worshiping in ten different languages. Our Epworth League makes use of many tongues, and a convention in which all should be represented might well attract the gaze of holy angels. Let us glory in the fact that we belong to a universal Church—a Church whose roof is as wide as the arch of heaven, and whose growing fellowship is winning and holding peoples of every tongue and kindred of our world-wide human family.

The exhortation to which all these facts lead up is this: Be a friend to the incoming foreigner and seek his good. Let him be as one of the home-born among you, and love him as thyself. His fast coming children are native Americans like yourself. They will be in the same school with your own children. Win them, and they will make yet greater and stronger your Church, your League, your country. Win them, and from among them God will raise up devoted preachers, brave missionaries and princely benefactors of mankind. Somebody loved and cared for a little German boy in New York city some years ago, and as a result the boy became the Christian man now known as Louis Klopsch—the man who in his lifetime has raised two millions of dollars for the feeding of famine-stricken peoples in Europe and Asia. Had I been the person who led that lad to Christ—had you been the person—how great would be our joy, how great our reward!

Did time permit, I would gladly outline a plan for a new and most promising line of work for each League Chapter represented in this convention. I can offer but a suggestion. First, that the work may be approached intelligently and tactfully, let every member of the chapter undertake a course of reading, carefully selected, and in any case including the little half-dollar book by

Samuel McLanahan, entitled Our People of Foreign Speech. Let the president and vice-presidents, with the assistance of the pastor, collect and report reliable information as to the nationality, language and religious antecedents of the immigrants residing in your town or parish. If any children or youth from the foreign families are in the Sunday school, make sure of their prompt promotion into the League, and see that they are made doubly welcome. If none are in the school gather in some at once. If, as will usually be the case, these young people can use two languages, show that you consider them the more valuable members for that very reason. If they should chance to be Swedes, get them at some meeting to recite a portion of Tegner's beautiful Swedish poem, 'The Children of the Lord's Supper.' Then let an American follow, giving Longfellow's translation of the same verses. So with other languages. Longfellow alone translated from nine to ten. Get these young helpers to bring to the Sunday school and League others from their home associates. If through them you can learn of any older brothers and sisters, or parents, who cannot go to the day school, but who greatly desire to gain a better mastery of English, *offer to conduct for their benefit once a week an evening class in English readings and conversation.* You will be astonished and delighted to see how gratefully these young Epworthian children of the stranger will respond to your friendly advances, and how effectively they will help to win you their elders. You will quickly discover that they can carry into their homes religious and patriotic influences which no native American colporteur, or missionary, or professional preacher is able to carry. I do not hesitate to prophesy that after a year or two of such work as is here suggested in any town, not a few of these families of incipient Americans will be found more American than some of our American families, more Christian than many of our Christians. Whoever doubts this prophecy has only to test it, and I will abide by the result.

Wm. F. Warren.

## Art. VII. THE BIBLE AND EDUCATION

The aim of this paper is not to show the place that the Bible has had in the curriculum of the world's education; nor yet is it to show the effect that the Bible has had upon the world's instruction. The Bible has been the supreme textbook, even as it has been the supreme force, in the schools of nearly two millenniums. These facts have been set forth forcefully in various treatises. The primary purpose now is simpler: To trace to its main sources the influence which the Great Book has had upon the intellectual life of the race.

We are met at the outset by the singular fact that the Bible has little to say specifically concerning education. It offers no divine command on the subject. Nowhere do we read: "Thou shalt found schools." The literalist who started out to find a biblical order for education, as such, would come back from an unrewarded search. But we have long ago discovered that the silence of the Bible does not constitute a commandment. The truth is that there are some things stronger than detailed orders. An outer law that has fought an inner sanction has usually fared badly in history. On the other hand, the inner sanction, unenforced by any objective form of obligation, has gained some large victories. Witness the barons at Runnymede, the colonists at Concord, and Garibaldi at Rome. An explicit command to act as an immortal is not half so powerful as the implicit conviction that we are immortal. It is only stating a safe principle to say that the implications of the Scripture are often as deep and abiding and meaningful as its explications. If, then, the flowers of knowledge bloom not by commandment in the fields of the Bible, may we still find there the seeds out of which such flowers inevitably grow? If the school building is not definitely prescribed, as was the temple of Solomon, does the Book yield in a spiritual sense the wood and stone and mortar by which the school building must surely stand? Answers to these figurative questions will go far toward determining the relation of the Bible to education. The contention now is that the Bible has been the fountain whence

streams of intellectual life have flowed, and that, minor influences being freely admitted, these streams may be traced to the Scriptures' implicit doctrine of human responsibility.

I. In discussing the relation of the Bible to learning much has been made of the example of the Scriptures' mightiest characters. In all the eras, it is pointed out, the leader has been an educated man. Now this fact is striking, and it gives itself readily to popular treatment. The average man takes a truth more eagerly when it is offered to him in a human setting. Hence it may be granted that the spirit of the Book in its bearing on education has been splendidly supplemented by its concrete examples. In the patriarchal era the majestic figure is Abraham. Of course, man's mind must precede man's education. Inasmuch as the world's passion for learning has always expressed itself in some institutional form, we could not expect to find organized education in the most primitive days of human and religious history. A very ardent educator may be allowed to presume that, if a good college had existed in Haran or Chaldea, Terah would have sent Abraham thither! But, after all, education is relative. An eminent American graduated from Harvard in 1836 at sixteen years of age. In this day his sixteen years and his completed course of study would barely admit him to a freshman class. So Abraham's education must be graded by the standard of his dim and far age. Tradition represents him as reaching the conclusion as to the divine unity and spirituality by a distinct process of reasoning. You may say of his physical journey that he went out not knowing whither he went; but you cannot say that concerning his intellectual journey. While his feet pressed an unknown way his mind and heart marched straight toward the discovered God. If the best educated man of a generation is he who sees most deeply into the essential truths and problems then Abraham was the supreme scholar of his day. As the life of the chosen people reaches more definite form the place of education is more clearly seen. Doubtless most men would agree that Moses was the arch-figure of the Old Testament. There seems to be no questioning the fact that he had the best mental furnishing of his period. The Book of the Acts says of him that he "was

learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." The Jewish historians make large claims for his scholarship. Elijah may have been the crude and forceful son of mountain and of rock but his smooth successor is the product of one of the numerous "schools of the prophets." Criticism has not attacked the view that the book of Isaiah bears marks of high culture; if it had two authors the ancient world is entitled to the credit of a second scholar. And when the radical is done with the story of Daniel we have left at least the schoolroom in which the prophet gained his superior wisdom. It would thus appear that the examples of the Old Testament heroes lend small encouragement to the idea that any type of selection or any miracle of afflatus may not be supplemented by trained intellects in the kingdom of God.

We need not halt long with the like lesson from the New Testament. Much has been made of the fact that the twelve apostles were uneducated men. It may be that we often do their intellectual life scant justice. Desiring to score in an argument, we point it out as an evidence of the divinity of the faith that it conquered in spite of the disciples' lack of education. But he is wild indeed who would find in ignorance any explanation of the gospel's victories. Let us remember, moreover, that while the "unlettered" Twelve were cramping the universal faith into a local religion, the corrector of their blunder was the "lettered" Paul. After Christ he is the colossal figure of the New Testament —unquestionably the greatest man who has walked the earth since Calvary. For a statement of his education let anyone read Stalker, or Farrar, or Conybeare and Howson, or any other standard Life of the greatest apostle. We thus gather the one result from both the Old Testament and the New. Moses was the mightiest personality of the one, Paul was the mightiest human personality of the other, and both were highly educated. The noticeable examples of the Bible range themselves on the side of learning.

II. The method of Jesus, also, comes in as a tribute to the power of a school. Men have persisted in calling him "the great Teacher." They have an excellent precedent for this—since the New Testament connects his name with the verb "teach" forty-four times. It is indeed astonishing to note the frequency of a

pedagogical vocabulary in the gospels. Nicodemus began his night interview by saying, "Rabbi, we know thou art a teacher." If translated into the language of our day the word "disciple" would be "pupil." And in general the attitude of Jesus suggested the teaching function. We speak of "the Sermon on the Mount"; why not say "the lesson on the mount"? Note the phrasing of the introductory words: "When he was *set,* his disciples (pupils) came unto him. And he . . . *taught* them." The posture of Jesus, as well as the words of the gospel, suggest a schoolroom. All this might be called superficial—a play upon mere words. But we may go further and discover that the method of Jesus was the method of an instructor. He put his effort into other lives in order that those lives might, within their various limitations, duplicate his own. His work was largely devoted to the preparation of his "pupils." Often he left hundreds, and even thousands, to be alone with Twelve. He poured himself into his scholars. He thus did what every true teacher must do: he committed the cause of his life to those whom he schooled into faith and character and power. Nor did the teaching method halt here. The good teacher makes the things of the world serve as approaches to the highest developments. This Jesus did supremely. Long before men made "nature-study" an educational fad Jesus made it an ethical and spiritual service. He pressed flowers, mustard-seeds, grapes, wine, thistles, figs into the lessons of that itinerant school. In truth, he made nature-study so effective that along a path of lilies men walked to God.

But one may see that the teaching function must have room in every far-reaching movement, and that the outer world is a vast avenue toward the Spirit and toward spiritual things, and may still fail in relation to the individual scholars. We have not time to amplify this point as it was illustrated in the Master's work. His school, like all the schools since his day, had in it a "son of thunder." It took the love that suffered long to make John, the youth of fierceness, into John, the man of love. Other examples might be given from the apostolic college. Let it suffice to say that he did the hardest things: he changed the shifting sand of Simon's character into the rock of Peter's character. He was

the patient individualizer. All teachers may wisely study his attitude toward his different disciples.

It is thus seen that we might well go to him with the pedagogical, as well as with the religious, motive. Measured by the reach of his influence, the naturalness of his approaches, the tender persistence of his leading, he is of all teachers immeasurably the greatest. Indeed, he was so great that, though he wrote no book, bequeathed no manuscript, and founded no formal school, others felt compelled to give his spoken words an abiding place in the New Testament, and to make institutions of learning the favored children of the new dispensation.

III. It is an easy assertion that a book whose infinite hero was the greatest Teacher must have a forceful relation to education. But, even so, we have not come to the last thing in the theme. Confucius was a great teacher, but his system has not produced schools. Mohammed was a great teacher, but his system has left his followers wallowing in ignorance. On the contrary, the system of Jesus seems to have had a peculiar genius for diffusing education. It has been a vast normal school. The purer and freer and more spiritual its form the mightier has it been as an educational force. Now all this requires explanation. It is not enough to say that Moses, the arch-character of the Old Testament, was a scholar; not enough to say that Paul, the arch-apostle of the New Testament, was a scholar; not enough to say that the Founder of Faith was the Arch-Teacher. To quote examples is not to give explanations. Even if the example be lifted to the Highest, we have not yet climbed to an explanation. It is true that we have proclaimed a God of omniscience, and that it is a legitimate conclusion that the "followers of God" should push on toward the divine ideal of knowledge. But has not Mohammedanism proclaimed a God who knows all? And has that beacon on the awful height coaxed the Turk on to its shining? Imitation, even though it reach to God himself, will not account for the fact that the school has been the constant companion of the church. Hence it becomes apparent that the list of examples and the vision of the ideal must be supplemented by some form of obligation and that this obligation must be impressed by deep

authority. The Christian theory is that every genuine obligation is laid upon willing men by the ever-present Spirit. It remains to show the nature of the obligation which the Spirit has enforced upon the Church with reference to knowledge. Perhaps this can be more clearly done by taking the attitude of the Scriptures toward slavery as illustrating their attitude toward ignorance.

When Jesus faced his audiences he looked upon men who were in bondage as well as upon men who were in ignorance. It is frequently said that Christ did not attack slavery. In the days before the war the biblical literalist, who believed in freedom, had a hard time with his Bible. He found not only that Christ did not directly condemn slavery, but also that the New Testament gave concerning it various regulations. The pro-slavery orators made good use of the letter to Philemon. The people who believed in human freedom, and who likewise believed in a mechanical and verbal theory of biblical inspiration, passed through intellectual agony in the period of anti-slavery agitation. If human bondage was the sum of villainies why did not Jesus condemn it with unsparing invective? Why did not the apostles enter upon an immediate crusade for its downfall? The answer is that Christ in the deepest fashion did condemn slavery and that the apostles in the realest way did begin their crusade. They gathered no army, and enforced no statute, but Christ stated and his followers promulgated a conception of humanity that prophesied the melting of all chains. Usually the claim is that the Golden Rule was the primary foe of slavery, but the Golden Rule is of little force, apart from the doctrine of human personality that pervades the New Testament. That doctrine and slavery could not live peaceably in one world. That doctrine was a delivering army; it was an emancipation proclamation. Its work was slow, but it was sure and thorough. At last the Spirit carried that gracious weapon over the seas and laid it in the heart of Wilberforce. Soon the Union Jack floated over freemen everywhere. Again the Spirit carried the doctrine over the ocean and lodged it in the hearts of Lovejoy, Phillips, and Garrison. And when four million dark faces grew radiant under freedom's light, and four million voices of peculiar pathos and melody chanted liberty's

song, it was because the Spirit had pressed to an issue that doctrine of man which makes the atmosphere of the New Testament. Jesus had said: "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." That word had essentially a spiritual meaning; but it was worked out, also, in a splendid literalness. The Son has made men free, not primarily by the force of law, nor yet primarily by the violence of armies, but rather by the conquest of disposition. The honor of the victory is with the New Testament theory of humanity.

What the truth of Christ as given in the New Testament did in tearing down slavery it did likewise in building education. The connection is elusive, and subtle, but it must be vitally real. A careful search locates it in a doctrine of personal responsibility —a doctrine so comprehensive as to be atmospheric to one who goes to the New Testament. Men are held responsible for their bodies. Drunkenness, adultery, all forms of sensuality, are condemned. This is at the bottom of life. But at the top of life firmer stress is placed. The spirit of man is made a field of reckoning. The divine dominion over motive is strongly asserted. We need not halt to show that man's body and man's soul have been included within the Christian theory of responsibility and consecration. But that idea of a comprehensive responsibility must include something else. The first great commandment is that we must "love God with all the strength, with all the soul, and with all the *mind*." Men may differ as to the meaning of the "Mind's Love for God." Still, though the mind side of the command has not always been deliberately urged, the Christian sense of duty has asserted it in strange ways. We have been quick to say that the man who abuses and stunts his body is a sinner; quick to say that the man who neglects and cramps his soul is a sinner. Let us admit that we have not been so quick to say that the man who narrows and darkens his mind is a sinner. Yet a law to that effect is written sure and large in the code of the Great Kingdom. It is as certainly a commandment of God as if it had been thundered among the crags and lightnings of a new Sinai.

The conviction of the Church at this point has not always risen to definition; nor has it always risen even to consciousness.

For all that, it has risen to practical life and has struggled ever for an outward expression. Feeling that the empire of God is over all of life, man must submit his mind to the divine sway. Hence it follows that the man who is intellectually lazy, as well as the man who is intellectually dishonest, is a sinner. This statement may shock those who have a surplus of caution; but these may reassure themselves with the conviction that any theory may be fearlessly accepted if it brings man face to face with God at any point of man's total life. The religious denominations that have evaded their responsibility for education have been the fading and dwindling forces of God's work. The God of wisdom is evermore against the promoters of ignorance. Given the right of way, the Bible is the sure and steadfast friend of a proper education. By the examples of its great characters and its Supreme Figure, and by the assertion of its inclusive theory of responsibility and consecration it has opened the doors of countless schools and has bidden the children of men to enter the portals of learning with the assurance that all truth is of God.

Edwin L. Hughes.

## Art. VIII.—SOME PRESENT-DAY OPPORTUNITIES

One of the chiefest of present-day opportunities is the opportunity of the ordinary, the regular, and the non-spectacular. A tendency of our time is in the direction of the abnormal and the showy. We are prone to deal with masses and great combinations. The unusual and the extraordinary capture the imagination. In our special exploiting of the unusual, in church work, we have too much depreciated the ordinary and the regular. Long since it has been shown that the divine method in nature is not cataclysmic, or by way of spectacular catastrophe. Now and then, it is true, Vesuvius belches forth and changes the landscape, once in centuries some unusual faulting process destroys a noble city, but the general order of land and sea sculpture is by the quiet and unnoticed method of rain and river, wind and weather. The Gorge of Niagara, the Canyon of the Colorado, the Garden of the Gods, have been worn out by the slow process of the centuries, and the mighty monuments of the natural world are the outcome of the regular and ordinary laws of cosmic development. The same is true in the moral and spiritual realm. Arthur's Knights wandered far afield to find the Holy Grail, but Arthur's words to them as they started were surely true:

> "Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm
> Pass through this hall—how often, O my Knights,
> Your places being vacant at my side,
> This chance of noble deeds will come and go
> Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires
> Lost in the quagmire! Many of you, yea, most,
> Return no more."

In the over-emphasis of revival and reformatory methods we have somewhat forgotten or overlooked the equally important work of Christian nurture and character formation. A crying defect of modern journalism—secular and sacred—is the publicity of the abnormal and extraordinary, the craze for the striking and

bizarre. One begins to long for a type of writing that evinces ability to go beneath the surface and that will lay hold of the heart and substance of things. It is eternally true that the things that are seen, that can be estimated, numbered and labeled, are transitory and vanishing; the things that are not seen, that must be discovered, if at all, through clearness and keenness of spiritual vision, these things are eternal. We are frequently told in these days, and told reproachfully, that the greatest growth of the church is coming from the Sunday schools, as if that were an evidence of spiritual feebleness. When, I ask, since the organization of Sunday schools, was it otherwise? The church has always received its largest accessions from the ranks of childhood and early youth. The statistics of religious experience amply verify this statement. It is perfectly safe to say that four fifths of the spiritual leaders of the ages were moved Godward in childhood. In a recent speech Dr. Cadman said, "Every dollar spent in formation of character equals one hundred dollars spent in reformation." And he added that if he "had to make choice between winning to Christ one thousand children, or one thousand men at forty, he would unhesitatingly take the children." And yet we still find men characterizing their accessions to the church in the phrase "mostly adults," or, mostly "heads of families," as if that were something specially praiseworthy, and as if the bringing of children into the service of the church were a matter of minor importance. It is a well-attested fact that in rescue work the great hope is with men and women who in childhood have had religious training in home or Sunday school. If one has been impressed in childhood with spiritual things then, though he fall, there is chance of his uprising. Brierley in one of his essays points to the frequent recurrence in art galleries of Mother and Child, and then adds, "Genius, with its fine intuition, offers us here the highest religion as centered in a birth. It is strange that, with such an object lesson before us, the world, and especially the religious world, should have failed so signally in recognizing the spiritual significance of childhood." When Guthrie was dying he asked the watchers to "sing a bairn's hymn." It is to the child in us that religion must appeal. Jesus's estimate of childhood

goes to the heart of the whole matter. And Wordsworth catches the truth when he sings:

> "Not in entire forgetfulness
> And not in utter nakedness
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home:
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Now I have emphasized this opportunity of Christian nurture, of the training and developing of character, through the ordinary, everyday, unheralded methods of the church, not because I desire to decry true revivals, but because I believe this phase of our work is too largely neglected, or at least, if not neglected by pastors, it is not put by our leaders in the forefront, and does not receive the attention due so vitally important a part of Christian work. All through our connection are men whose names are never mentioned, who never can be written down for anything great, but who by wise and faithful training and teaching of youth are laying sure and strong the foundation on which the church of to-morrow must surely rest. Rescue work, the salvage of derelicts, the finding of the lost, the reclaiming of the fallen has its place. Thank God for the workmen and workshops fitted for this work! But we can not all be such workmen, nor ought we so to be. In its very nature such work is exceptional and extraordinary, and at best a makeshift. The work, the true full work, of the church begins with the training of the child, continues in the culture and safeguarding of the youth, the utilizing of the powers and capacities of the virile and vital man, until in the evening of life this trained, cultured, and active personality shall enrich the church militant with counsel and wisdom until he passes to the fellowship of the Church Triumphant. It is doubtless true that one who gives himself to these things will not be rewarded with page-long panegyrics in the press—secular or sacred—but he will at least have the consciousness that he is doing the thing that in our day most needs to be done: laying deep and strong the foundations on which the Christian character and achievement of the future must surely rise. The highest work of God is not a man rescued in mid-career from squalor, vice, and

crime, but a child, touched and tuned to high things, greatening in strength of will and loftiness of purpose; clear of mind and clean of hand and heart through years of active life and service; whose hoary head is a crown of glory because found in the way of righteousness through all the years, and who goes to his reward at last like a shock of corn fully ripe:

"And, doubtless, unto such is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of Heaven."

One who listens to much preaching will, I am sure, soon become conscious of a note of despondency, perhaps of deep pessimism, in the utterances of moral and spiritual teachers. One of the best opportunities of our time is that which makes for a sane and wholesome outlook upon the world of nature and of human nature. There is a sort of conventional pulpit talk about the world that I am quite sure is misunderstood by many people, and makes them think that the world and the things of it are essentially evil. Our use of words is not wise and discriminating, and hence it comes that much of our preaching makes people think that the world of nature and life is hurtful to the development of the highest type of spiritual character. Some of our singing has fostered this foolish notion. When Isaac Watts was disappointed in an affair of the affections he sat down and wrote:

"How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

Just why healthy-minded men and women, fortunate in their loves and sensible in their outlook upon life, should be forever singing Watts's melancholy and morbid refrain is not quite clear. And those other lines

"Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?"

Now the truth is, that the world is not vile, and, rightly conceived and used, it *is* a friend to grace and *does* help us on to God. To believe otherwise is the rankest atheism. God is in his world and reveals himself through his laws. The laws of the world make for

righteousness, and hence for character building. The man who rightly understands the world, the laws that govern nature, commerce, society, and civics, will, like Browning, "find earth not grey but rosy," and, with Wordsworth, will feel "a Presence that disturbs him with the joy of elevated thoughts." And just as there is opportunity for the right understanding and the true interpretation of the world (as distinguished from the worldly, materialistic, non-moral spirit and life), so there is an opportunity for a cheery, helpful, and optimistic outlook upon human nature. Fortunate you are if it has not been your lot some Sunday to hear an arraignment of human nature, with appeals based upon the woeful wickedness and the natural depravity of the average man. As you listen it would seem as if the preacher were pleading for a lost cause; as if men, instead of improving, were declining; as if Christianity were a lessening rather than a greatening factor in the world life and movement. Now I submit that no great victory will ever be won by faint-hearted, pessimistic leadership. The mood of depression is the mood of defeat. The secret of Drummond's success with the young men of his day was his inspirational appeal to the good, to the best in man. The same is true of Jesus, He took men and women on their best side. His sternness and his stringent rebukes were for the self-righteous, self-satisfied civil and ecclesiastical leaders of his time. His words of sympathy, hope, cheer and inspiration were always ready for the average man, even though feeble and unfortunate. We have pressed the doctrine of man's depravity too far. No man is born utterly depraved. To so hold or teach is to arraign God without possibility of defense. It is not without cause that our poets have expressed the spiritual possibility of the last and lowest man. In that expression they have embodied the theology of the gospels. Listen to Lowell:

> "Upon the hour that I was born
> God said, 'Another man shall be;'
> And the great Maker did not scorn
> Out of Himself to fashion me.
> He sunned me with his ripening looks,
> And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
> As effortless as woodland nooks
> Send violets up and paint them blue."

And Dante states that so great is man's spiritual possibility that "if only the soul would allow it so much of the deity would descend into it that it would be *almost* another incarnate God." So Browning holds,

> "A spark disturbs our clod;
> Nearer we hold of God,
> Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe."

And Emerson tells us that

> "'Tis not in the high stars alone,
> Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
> Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
> Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
> But in the mud and scum of things
> There alway, alway, something sings."

With Whittier we must learn to

> "Give human nature reverence for the sake
> Of One who bore it, making it divine
> With the ineffable tenderness of God."

If this world is to be won for God it will be won through a wise, cheery, hopeful, inspirational leadership; a leadership that believes in the goodness and beauty of the natural world, in the high spiritual possibility of the race, in the continuous greatening and the sure triumph of the Christ, the living Leader and Lord of the race.

Another element that should be present in this hopeful outlook, this cheery and inspirational appeal, is the Renaissance of the Spiritual. Our Age is often spoken of as an unspiritual, materialistic age. Men are prone to say that the dollar is our ideal. The casual observer notes surface currents, and cries:

> "'Tis the day of the chattel,
> Web to weave and corn to grind;
> Things are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind."

But, after all, this is only on the surface. The deeper life is present and in our time is making itself increasingly felt. One of the most important as well as one of the most hopeful tendencies of modern life is the growing recognition of the supremacy of the spiritual. The upheavals

in the commercial world at first fill us with dismay and make us think that every man has his price. But, in point of fact, the sensitiveness of the public conscience is proof of the depth of our spiritual convictions. Some years since it was pointed out in the editorial pages of the METHODIST REVIEW that peculation, lying, and fraud occasioned no remark nor any wonder in China. That was the natural and expected order; a sign of moral decay and of the power of the material. Our sensitiveness in things municipal and commercial is a sign not of death, but of life. The victories of righteousness in these departments are proof of the moral healthfulness of the civic and commercial worlds. Is it not worthy of note that in recent Anglo-Saxon statecraft, the most eminent names are John Bright, Gladstone, McKinley, Roosevelt, and John Hay—men attuned to things of the spirit? The application by the late Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, of the Golden Rule to the world's diplomacy is the most striking and significant fact in modern statecraft. In the scientific world, the bald, atheistic, non-spiritual theory of evolution so current a few years since is no longer in the ascendant. Scientific men themselves have been among the first to point out the incompleteness of this theory. "The survival of the fittest" or the success of the selfish may serve as the law of the jungle, but it can never explain humanity. There is in man another law, an-other-regarding law, a moral compulsion, a spiritual yearning that calls upon him to

> "Arise and fly
> The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
> Move upward, working out the best
> And let the ape and tiger die."

As Dr. McConnell tells us, in his Diviner Immanence, we have come pretty widely to discount the idea that the discovery of law in nature does away with the need of mind. We rather insist upon a new watchword—the more law the more mind. On all this world of affairs the spiritual vision has dawned. The scales are falling from men's eyes; the youth of to-day is the dreamer of dreams and the seer of visions. He will not long rest in the

material. More and more he will incarnate the truth taught by Markham in his call to "Young America":

> "In spite of the stare of the wise and the world's derision,
> Dare travel the star-blazed road, dare follow the vision.
>
> "It breaks as a hush on the soul in the wonder of youth;
> And the lyrical dream of the boy is the Kingly truth.
>
> "The world is a vapor and only the vision is real—
> Yea, nothing can hold against Hell but the Winged Ideal."

Leave the world of affairs, and come to the world of ideas, and note here the supremacy of the things of the spirit. Carlyle tells us that the "world is alive, instinct with Godhood." Emerson is a preacher of spirituality. Hamilton Mabie's little book, The Life of the Spirit, is proof positive of the renaissance of the spiritual in the world of modern letters. He truly says: "No dead mechanism moves the stars, or lifts the tides, or calls the flowers from their sleep; truly this is the garment of Deity, and here is the awful splendor of the Perpetual Presence." Lowell is full of illustrations of this principle, and you know he speaks truth when he tells you that "moral supremacy is the only kind that leaves monuments, and not ruins, behind it." Hawthorne is a wizard in spiritual analysis. And did not Dr. Eckman's recent interpretation and analysis of Thackeray in this very magazine reveal the truth that that genial humorist, gentle satirist, and immortal novelist, is after all, and in all his ways and works, an everyday preacher of the supremacy of the things of the spirit!

The poets are the best interpreters of life. Often they are the truest theologians. A true poet is not only a singer, but a prophet and a seer. Professor Winchester tells us that "such a work as the In Memoriam a hundred years hence will be accounted a truer picture of the vital thought at the middle of the nineteenth century than all our formal philosophies and theologies put together." And Professor Olin A. Curtis writes that "in the poetry of Robert Browning one can come closer to the whole reality of human life than he can in any scientific treatise published in the last hundred years." When the professor of litera-

ture and the professor of systematic theology can say such things it is no wonder that one of the poets should say:

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

. . . . . .

"One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down."

And what a recovery of the spiritual there is for us in the writings of the poets! Just think of In Memoriam; The Eve of St. Agnes; Crossing the Bar. Remember that Browning says, in the introduction to Sordello, "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study." Always he deals with inner and spiritual motive. Because of this, through his perception of the power of the things of the spirit, he is optimistic, the cheerful heartener of his fellows, whom no disaster can ever frighten or appal.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

And the joy and cheer of it all is that we have an increasing group of singers who in our own quick, active, and so-called materialistic day are emphasizing the value of the spiritual. Take down your little volumes of Edward Rowland Sill, Sidney Lanier, and Frederic Lawrence Knowles, passed over to the great majority, "ere yet their pens had gleaned their teeming brains." Remember that the home of Sill was on the uplands of life; the unclean could not pass that way, nor any ravening wolfish thought find foothold or food on the high places where he walked with free and fearless feet. To read him is to read a comment on Paul's counsel: "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of

good report, think on these things." Recall that the most trenchant rebuke of Whitman's crass materialism is that of the delicate, refined and spiritually sensitive Lanier, who says: "Whitman is poetry's butcher. Huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry, and never mind gristle, is what Whitman feeds our souls with. As near as I can make it out, Whitman's argument seems to be that because a prairie is wide therefore debauchery is admirable, and because the Mississippi is long therefore every American is God." Read his Marshes of Glynn, Ballad of Trees and the Master, The Crystal. Hear him as he says: "Measure what space a violet stands above the ground: 'Tis no further climbing that my soul and angels have to do [to get to God] than that." Young Knowles's last volume bears the significant title Love Triumphant; and one who reads will soon pierce its deeper meaning. Love is the fulfilling of the law everywhere:

"Yet the east is red with dawn,
Like a cross where one hath bled;
And upon that splendor drawn—
Gentle eyes and arms outspread—
See that figure stretched above:
As God lives! its name is Love!

"Love that lights the fireless brands,
Love that cares for world and wren,
Bleeding from the broken hands
Crowned with thorns that conquer men;
Only love's great eyes inspire
Church, sect, creed to glow with fire."

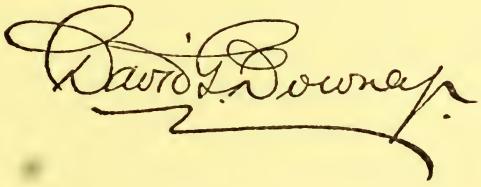
To quote further is needless, it is enough to say that anyone who carefully and intelligently reads the writings of Vaughn Moody, Edwin Markham, Henry van Dyke, and, best of all, the lyrics of Richard Gilder, will readily realize that he is in touch with that spiritual insight and interpretation of the world's life and work for which we plead. The latest volume of Mr. Gilder, In the Heights, is, as its title indicates, a call to men to lead and live the higher life. Society, civics, commerce and religion must all be lifted to the heights of unselfish and spiritual service. The deep, dominant note of our day in commerce and civics, in literature and life, is the spiritual note. The living God is speaking

to men to-day in tones not to be misunderstood. The events of our era emphasize the divine revelation that the wages of sin is death while the gift of God is life. Ours it is to seize the opportunity, and by a wise use of the history and movement of yesterday and to-day reveal to men the supreme and eternal value of the things of the spirit, inviting them by a true interpretation of the world, of man, and of the world currents,

> "To leave the low dank thickets of the flesh,
> Where man meets beast and makes his lair with him,
>
> For spirit-reaches of the strenuous vast,
> Where stalwart souls reap grain to make the bread
> God breaketh at his table and is glad."

Just in proportion as we realize our privilege, and with cheer and faith go forth to meet and measure ourselves against this high opportunity, we shall become—as Gilder foresees—

> "New messengers of righteousness and hope
> And courage for our day! So shall the world,
> That ever surely climbs to God's desire,
> Grow swifter toward his purpose and intent."



## Art. IX.—BROWNING'S SAUL.

In a book on the poetry of Robert Browning appears this dedication:

> "A man—true as steel,
> A poet—searcher of men's
> Minds and hearts."

Thus briefly, but comprehensively, is described the greatest of Christian poets.

The age of Robert Browning was one of doubt and despair. Into it came this man of abounding vitality and of robust faith. He was not of his time, but for his time. With the great problems of human life and destiny he battled like a hero, and the glorious in man, in God and the eternal hereafter, were the trophies of his conflict. His style befits his themes. "Soul struggles and the birth-throes of great thoughts" demand different language than a "hymn to a daisy" calls for. His style is alpine, and there is hard struggling sometimes to reach his vision. In imagination powerful, in intellect piercing, all things with Browning "are pregnant with abstract meaning." In none of his work is the man and the poet seen to greater advantage than in Saul, called by able critics his greatest poem. It is difficult to escape the use of the superlative in estimating it. "The majesty of its thoughts, the splendor of its imagery, the simplicity and sweetness of its rhythmic flow make it one of the greatest of Browning's poems." It has been called "a Messianic oratorio in words." Some, rising high in their praise, declare that there is no nobler poem in the whole range of English poetry, while still more enthusiastic admirers class it as the best and greatest poem ever written. The first part of Saul, ending with section nine, was written when Browning was thirty-three years old; the second ten years later, when the more mature mind of the poet had expanded to the broader conception of salvation and immortality as alone competent to satisfy human need. It is a religious poem, and founded on that familiar scene in the Scriptures, 1 Samuel 16. 14-23, where David, the shepherd minstrel, is brought before the mad monarch to restore him with

the charm of music. The poem opens with the welcome of David, who, as a radiant youth, comes with music and song, humanity and faith, to do what he may for the king:

"Said Abner, 'At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!' Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
And he, 'Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.'"

The dramatic circumstances of the poem are simple but graphic. Saul, blinded by passion, swept on by his mad will, has broken with God and is in ruin. His nature has become morose, his mind has lost its balance, and, melancholy-mad, he has been alone for three long days in the inner tent's deep silence, with never a sign to tell whether alive or dead. There David found him:

"He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the center that goes to each side;

. . . . . .

"so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb."

David is the speaker in the poem, and he tells us what happened as by spell of music, he seeks to bring Saul back to life.

"Then I tuned my harp; took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams like swords!"

First he plays the tunes known to field creatures—the sheep, the quail, the crickets. Then the harvest songs, marriage songs, warrior songs. Then "the chorus intoned as the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned." Here "in the darkness Saul groaned." The minstrel follows with the songs of life: of Saul's youth, of the young warrior with his father's sword, of his mother's death, of his brothers and friends, of that "boyhood of wonder and

hope," and the climb to the fame-crowned monarch "King Saul."

"Then Saul, who hung propped
By the tent's cross-support in the center, was struck by his name.

. . . . . .

"One long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me, released and aware."

Once more the minstrel, wishing to fully restore Saul, who as yet was only partly aroused, tunes his lyre and sings of King Saul and his deeds, of the love and reverence of the people for him as monarch, of his fame beyond death, of monuments and traditions and songs of bards all praising him in later centuries as the first great king, and of the good of his life which will be diffused through unborn generations. While David sang thus Saul

"slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes
Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat that his countenance bathes
He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price with the clasp set before.

. . . . . .

"So sank he along by the tent-prop till, stayed by the pile
Of his armor and war-cloak and garments, he leaned there awhile,
And sat out my singing—one arm round the tent-prop, to raise
His bent head, and the other hung slack—till I touched on the praise
I foresaw from all men in all time to the man patient there,
And thus ended, the harp falling forward. Then first I was 'ware
That he sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees,
Which were thrust out on each side around me, like oak-roots which please
To encircle a lamb when it slumbers. I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side till he laid it with care,
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow: thro' my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head with kind power—
All my face back, intent to peruse it as men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine—
And O, all my heart how it loved him!"

Here is the crisis of the poem. His soul stirred with love for the king, David would do more than arouse him to life. He would

heal the monarch's broken heart and fill his soul with hope. But how? What is there to sing beyond the good of life, and noble memory, and long influence after death? Then the truth dawns upon David. "No harp more—no song more! outbroke—" Harp and song abandoned the minstrel becomes a prophet:

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here the parts shift?
Here the creature surpass the Creator?—the end, what Began?
Would I fain, in my impotent yearning, do all for this man
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him who yet alone can?"

. . . . . .

"And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest),
These good things being given, to go on and give one more, the best:
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection—succeed with life's day-spring death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life?"

. . . . . .

"See the King—I would help him but cannot; the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life starve my own out, I would; knowing which
I know that my service is perfect. O, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!"

. . . . . .

"'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee: a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!'"

Reasoning from his own love to the infinite compassion of God, David claims for Saul, and for man as well, a redeemed and immortal life through incarnate love in Jesus Christ crucified.

This remarkable poem affords us a comprehensive study of Browning's view of nature, of man, and of God. In no other production of the poet are these great themes more fully and graphically treated. Here Browning's philosophy of life reaches certainty and his theology its final interpretation.. Human life and the divine character are both revealed in their sublimity. Strictly speaking, Browning is not a poet of nature. His themes

were such as excluded the fullest treatment of nature. One writer has well said:

> When we come to the nature poetry of Browning we find with him nature is less a means of ornamentation than with Tennyson: less a source of personal enjoyment or universal revelation than with Emerson: less a refuge or anodyne for pain than with Arnold. It is subordinated to human nature to a degree not found in any other except Shakespeare. The development of a soul has the supreme interest in Browning.

Yet Browning had great nature-feeling. He was an out-of-door man, and saw the beauty and the meaning of the world around him. There are few passages, if any, superior to these in Saul. Here is a quiet and beautiful scene in the shepherd's song:

> "And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
> So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
> They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
> Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
> And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
> Into eve and blue far above us;—so blue and so far!

The hunter's song is full of out-of-door life:

> "O, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
> Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
> O, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
> The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
> And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
> And the meal—the rich dates yellowed over with gold-dust divine,
> And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine—
> And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
> That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well."

This mid-day pastoral scene is a beautiful nature-photograph:

> "Then fancies grew rife
> Which had come long ago on the pasture, when round me the sheep
> Fed in silence—above, the one eagle wheeled slow as in sleep;
> And I lay in my hollow and mused on the world that might lie
> 'Neath his ken, tho' I saw but the strip 'twixt the hill and the sky."

Of the tender and beautiful sympathies between the human soul and the outer world in Browning's poetry Saul contains one of the most remarkable descriptions. It is the closing scene of the poem. David has conquered. He has risen to the faith of the Son of God. His soul wild with ecstasy, he hastens back to his flocks. With a stroke of genius Browning makes all nature that night

share the shepherd's triumph. All the hosts of life press upon him, the stars "beat with emotion," and the whole world is in tumult and rapture:

"I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware:
I repressed, I got thro' them as hardly, as strugglingly there,
As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed with her crews,
And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge."

Again, closing his peom, with an equal genius, Browning leads us from this breathless climax to the dawning of a new morning where the wildness of the night has passed and the calm of a new and serene day has come:

"but I fainted not,
For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
All the tumult and quenched it with quiet and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.
Anon, at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth
Not so much but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
In the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still
Tho' averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff with chill
That rose heavily as I approached them, made stupid with awe:
E'en the serpent that slid away silent—he felt the new law.
The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;
The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine-bowers;
And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—E'en so, it is so!"

He not only sees the beauty of nature but discovers and interprets its soul.

The genius of Browning finds greater scope in unfolding in Saul his philosophy of human life. The poet's view of man, of his career, of the good and evil in his life, and of his destiny, is here seen in clear outline. In Saul life's meaning has its ideal, its final interpretation. What Browning was himself necessarily affected his interpretation of life. "He was a strong, glowing, whole-souled human being. He was from early youth to venerable age a center of bounding vitality." Hence he saw all things

hopefully. For him the sun always shone, the joy bells always rang. He faced life with absolute certainty, and looked toward the future with perfect trust. He never despaired of human love, of the final triumph of the soul, or of God. We would expect such a spirit of optimism to have a decided effect upon Browning's philosophy of life, and it had. Browning recognized the monstrous fact of evil in the world but despaired not. He reasoned that evil could not be purposeless. He says, in the Ring and the Book,

> "Why comes temptation but for man to meet
> And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,
> And so be pedestaled in triumph?"

Browning interpreted life as

> "Just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on, to educe the man.

Everywhere Browning encouraged the upward struggle of man. Effort, he believed, was coincident with development. To endeavor was to grow. Suffering and advancement were identical. To suffer was to reign. Browning was the exponent of the strenuous life in moral endeavor. He hated indolence, hesitancy, compromise. He would have every man know the completest possible experience realized by work and interpreted by thought. To illustrate these thoughts in Saul would be to transcribe the entire poem. Hope for man gleams in every line. The optimism of life exults everywhere. Man will not, cannot fail. All things shall work together for his good. Life is upward, and the struggles will end in triumph. No one can read Saul without feeling the glow throughout the entire poem of this optimistic struggle. It is a message of inspiration. To discover, to enjoy, to employ, to endeavor—in human life these are true ambitions. Evil is evil still, but it is overborne. Life is salutary, uplifting. God is in his world to hinder the wrong and to help the right. The joy and hope of life burst forth in several passages in Saul:

> "O, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
> Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
> O, the wild joys of living!"

And again:

> "How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

And still again:

> "Let one more attest,
> I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best."

But the real essence of life is not in accomplishment but in struggle. Though he struggle, man may lose. He may not achieve that for which he strives. Has he then really failed? Browning conceives the sublime truth that success is not achievement, but that the true value of life lies in the preciousness of striving. Other philosophies have taught us that the highest attainment of life is the work we accomplish. What we perform of real service for humanity shows us worthy or debased. But Browning declares that it is what one aspires to be, the inmost hope and impulse of the soul, that is the test of life and of its worth. That achievement, though it may be the measure of man's capacity in a certain direction, is not the real measure of man's ability in character and worth. The true worker is he who, though having failed repeatedly, still strives upward to God. This is the central truth in Browning's creed of life. Running like a golden thread through all his poems, it is revealed full-patterned in Saul.

> "See the King—I would help him but cannot: the wishes fall through.
> Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
> To fill up his life starve my own out, I would—"

It is at this crisis of human endeavor and apparent failure that Browning reveals his philosophy of life. David cries, not in defeat but in victory, "What stops my despair?" And this the answer, this the new psalm of life that Browning puts on the lips of the singer:

> "What stops my despair?
> This: 'tis not what man Does which exalts, but what man Would do!"

This is a supreme utterance of the poem and Browning's ultimate message for human life. And is not Browning right? This is the theory of life that makes apparent defeats magnificent conquests. Thus from shattered hopes man arises a better creature. Disappointments in life are made trifling; rather, man has got the

better of them by getting strength and stature. Being is exalted above doing, purpose above service, and what man aspires to be, but fails to reach, becomes an eternal comfort to the soul.

No view of Browning's philosophy of life is complete which does not present his conception of God. Browning was philosopher and theologian, and in no poem shall we be better able to see Browning's God than in Saul. Browning saw God everywhere. Thus in Saul David comes back from his search for God to tell us,

> "God is seen God
> In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and the clod."

Browning's basal conception of God was that of intelligent power. He began with God and power as synonymous; he ended with God and love as synonymous. How finely he puts God's power and man's importance in these two lines in Saul:

"From Thy will stream the worlds, life, and nature, Thy dread Sabaoth:
*I* will?—the mere atoms despise me!"

It is a God of power of whom David brings back intelligence as he goes "the whole round of creation":

> "I have gone the whole round of creation; I saw and I spoke;
> I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
> And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Each faculty tasked
> To perceive Him, has gained an abyss where a dewdrop was asked.
> Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
> Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite Care!
> Do I task any faculty highest to image success?
> I but open my eyes—and perfection, no more and no less,
> In the kind I imagined full-fronts me."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And, thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete."

But Browning's God was preëminently a God of love. With him everything in the world was love. And just as we have found his optimistic nature coloring his view of human life so we may

expect his theory of love to determine his conception of the Divine nature. "Life," Browning says, in A Death in A Desert,

> "For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
> And hope and fear—believe the aged friend—
> Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love;
> How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is."

In Asolando he says:

> "From the first Power was, I knew.
> Life has made clear to me
> That, strive but for closer view,
> Love were as plain to see."

In Saul we are told, "All's love—yet all's law." From a universe of love, therefore, to a Supreme Love was a perfectly natural and inevitable conclusion for Browning.

> "A loveless worm, within its clod,
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid his worlds."

The doctrine of divine love is deduced in Saul from man's ideal of love in himself. Thus David, his harp set aside, his songs ended, reasons up from his own love for Saul to the divine compassion:

> "Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
> That I doubt his own love can compete with it? here the parts shift?
> Here the creatures surpass the Creator? The end what Began?"

There could be but one inference from such reasoning, God must be love. And the next step was inevitable: God's love must surpass the human even as the infinite surpasses the finite. So on the minstrel is led in his reasoning until, full-visioned, God's love is declared:

> "O, speak through me now!
> Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
> So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
> And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave, up nor down,
> One spot for the creature to stand in!"

Here is the sublime crisis of the poem. David, reaching out from the human, has found the divine love, but his discovery sweeps him on and in this infinite Love he sees not only relief for Saul but redemption for man. The immortal hope, and Christ, the incarnate Love, burst upon the vision of the minstrel-seer. In

the passionate yearnings of David for the salvation of Saul Browning gives us the deeper reason, grounded in love, for a future hope. With strong crying and pleading David pours his soul out for Saul's redemption. That splendid wreck he would save not only for this life but for the next. What he would fain do is prophetic of what may be done. What he would fain do, but cannot in his weakness, the Divine, all-powerful and all-loving, can and will do. David, the human lover, would give life and immortal reward; God, the divine lover, can do no less.

"Would I fain, in my impotent yearning, do all for this man.
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him who yet alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind—the bare will, much less power—
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvelous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest),
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the best:
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection—succeed with life's dayspring, death's minute of night?"

What is the value of such a poem as Saul? What is its meaning? What does it teach?

Saul is a study of character in the struggle of a great crisis. A human soul is face to face with a mighty problem—the saving of a ruined life. The situation is desperate—the opportunity sublime! Tact, sympathy, faith, courage, every resource in David is taxed to its utmost. Magnanimous himself, he claims from God for the King whom he loves the largest sympathy, the most complete redemption. David triumphs, Saul is rescued, and man, in the higher conflicts of the soul, is seen a grander conqueror than the victor on martial field. The poem is a sublime expression of the soul's deep longing for a God of love. It is the cry of the human heart for its greatest need—love human, love divine! The minstrel felt the passion of love in his own soul but recognized its inadequacy. The bitterness of life—life's sin, sorrow, and remorse—needed more than human sympathy: a divine compassion. Naught else could satisfy. In Saul's condition human wretchedness is seen appealing, out of its awful despair, for divine help; in David's sympathy human love is heard passionately

pleading for the sinner's redemption—and thus, in sublimest imagery, is expressed the world's uttermost need. It is, further, an illustration of how man's nature is an authority for interpreting the divine. If from the flower of beauty we mount to God, the Creator, how much more from man, of reason, will, and love, to God, of wisdom and compassion. Does David love? God must. Would David do all for Saul? So must God. Would David surrender his life for the saving of the King? God can do no less. Can the creature surpass the Creator? man excel God? The conclusion is irresistible, the authority final, and man interprets God in terms of his own life and character. The poem is, finally, a "powerful exposition of the central problem of Christianity. The experiences of sorrow and sin raise for us the greatest questions, force upon us the mightiest problems. Face to face with Saul's wretchedness the problem of evil stares at us, and the questions of its being, and of man's redemption from sin, plead for answer. What is evil? What useful purposes can it serve? How shall man be saved from its dire consequences? Philosophy is incompetent, but love is found supreme. In David love is facing the problem of evil: love compassionate, love self-denying, love self-sacrificing! It beholds suffering as essential to the divine excellence, and divine sacrifice as alone adequate for the awful blight of sin. And to love's inspired vision is given the sublime revelation of the incarnate God as the suffering Redeemer. Saul is a voice of human love crying up to God for help, and a voice of divine love answering back to man." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

A. J. Coultas.

## Art. X.—WALTER PATER AND HIS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

On July 30, 1894, after a brief illness, Walter Pater died suddenly at his home in Oxford, and was buried in Holywell churchyard. For thirty-six years his life was associated with the old university town—first as student at Queen's, then as tutor, and for thirty years as Fellow of Brasenose College.

In 1873 a set of essays in criticism, which at intervals had appeared in reviews, were collected and, with additional papers, published as The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry. The little volume—chiefly because of the Conclusion—immediately produced a vivid sensation in certain circles, chiefly churchly, and the young "Fellow" found himself the center of widespread denunciation as a "hedonist," a Greek pagan, a Cyrenaic, and pious persons ignorant of Greek and confounding "hedonist" and heathen, became livid at the thought that an Oxford fellowship was held by a man who, at the heart of him, was an unbeliever in the Christian religion as a philosophy of life. So violent grew the protest that when the second issue of The Renaissance appeared it was noted that the Conclusion had been omitted; but scarcely had the religious mind regained its equanimity, in view of the supposed retractation, before Marius the Epicurean appeared, and it was discovered that that piece of elaborate philosophic fiction was in fact only the Conclusion in another form—a sort of "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Besides, the third edition of The Renaissance itself contained the Conclusion, somewhat modified "to prevent misunderstanding"! The Marius contained a chapter on The New Cyrenaicism—an exposition of the ideas expressed in the Conclusion. But readers were puzzled to know just where to place the book; because while it seemed to be a reiteration of Pater's paganism—the "hedonism" that had excited such opposition—it seemed also to hint that the author was on his way to the "Church;" for Marius, the hero, after wide ranging, died at last on the threshold of the Catholic Church—the holy wafer between his lips and the holy oil upon his brow.

Pater desired to show that in an age when the old paganism was apparently fading away in Rome before the dawning of a new religion, which in fact was only a development of truths latent in Hebrew prophetism, it was possible for a young man, definitely consecrated to the pursuit of a pure and noble pleasure, as a Cyrenaic or Epicurean, to develop a type of personal character as pure and gracious as that which the church developed in her homes and before her altars. Marius, it is true, exhibited desire to understand the faith that had been founded in Rome by Paul and Peter, if the legends could be trusted, and to the priests of the new cult seemed a possible convert, but, as a matter of fact, he had not been confirmed by the bishop, and, only by a large interpretation of the mode of his death and the essential animus of his serene, sweet, comely life, had he been recognized to be "naturally Christian"—impliedly a believer in the great Catholic symbol. He was accepted in death as a son of the church rather by what he promised to be than by what he was, except that his personal virtue was so crystalline and so imposing, so convincing, that to repudiate it, to discount it as merely pagan was to place stigma upon the work of the Spirit of God, and deny the truth, expressed by Saint Paul, that it is possible "to do by nature" the very things contained in the Law.

That which happened in the life of Marius also happened in the life of Pater—though not, of course, literally. For, though Pater never recanted his Conclusion, and in fact reaffirmed it in the Marius, he was recognized by representative men of the Church of England as the peer of Christianity's own disciples. On the day of his funeral the Warden of Keble College, Oxford, delivered a eulogy at Canterbury in presence of the boys of King's School, but did not tell them, what in due course they would learn, that after Pater had gone up to Oxford he had deliberately repudiated the entire dogmatic system of the Church of England—defended as it had been by such an apologist as Bishop Butler and implicitly held by as lofty a statesman as Gladstone—and had accepted, as the guide and goal of life, a system of philosophy developed by Aristippus in the days of old Socrates! One wonders what the effect would have been if, after the Warden

had ended his eulogy of the dead "Fellow," the Conclusion had been read to the students, with the statement that, though several editions of The Renaissance had appeared during Pater's life-time, he had never retracted his saying that the highest quality was given to the passing moments of life, not by religion, but by "art" and that the love of art for art's sake has most of that wisdom which shows itself in the culture of pure passion! No doubt Pater had been attracted by Catholicism, by the High Church movement, and in his later life had seemed to complete the circle of his career by returning to certain theological, religious, and ecclesiastical intents that had appeared in his boyhood, but there is nothing to show that his interest in Anglo-Catholicism, exhibited by attendance upon the services at Saint Barnabas's conducted by the Pusey "fathers," was ever more than æsthetic or humanistic. Indeed, it is a belief at Oxford that he went there for the "color"—for the sensation that any elaborate ritual would have produced, whether Christian, or pagan. No doubt he would have found quite as much to attract him in the rites of Shinto or Buddhism performed in a Japanese temple as in an Oxford church dedicated to the holy "Barnabas" and to the worship of God according to the ritual of the Church of England as interpreted by the disciples of Dr. Pusey. In early life he had, indeed, purposed to be a "priest," and this purpose was strong when he came to Oxford, but, before he was twenty-six years of age, he had not only repudiated the orthodoxies of Church of England Protestantism but even of Unitarianism. Perhaps Jowett had something to do with this result, for Jowett was also a Greek and, as is now known, thoroughly in accord with Renan; to whom one religion was like all others, no better—if not worse.

In Oxford itself one of Pater's clerical friends delivered a memorial sermon in which he said, "Walter Pater's life seemed to me to be the gradual consecration of an exquisite sense of beauty to the highest ends, an almost literally exact advance through the stages of admiration in the symposium till at last he reached the sure haven, the "One Source of all that is fair and good." This may be true, it was true, according to Pater's philosophy of life, but it was not true according to the doctrines actually held and

taught by the Church of England, as anyone may see who reads her Prayer Book. If the "One Source of all that is fair and good" —that is to say, God—may be attained by "advances through stages of admiration" it is not necessary to pass through the various experiences which are supposed to be necessary to the initiation and development of the Christian life as those experiences are characterized by the expounders of the Christian faith. In fact the church made the great concession to philosophy—she abdicated in favor of Aristippus, and accepted, as substitute for her *ordo salutis* established by her Founder, a rationalistic process of culture which recognized no broader boundaries than the self. Instead of her canons of "repentance" she recognized as valid the Platonic maxim, "Honor the soul." This would not have been possible in the stern days of the martyrs, Ridley, Latimer, and Bilney, whose monument in St. Giles Pater might have seen any day—nor would it have been possible if Newman could have stemmed the currents of Liberalism and turned the church back into primitive courses; for neither the Anglo-Catholics nor the Reformers, antipodal though they were in their conceptions of the essential elements of "religion," believed it possible to speak of God as "the One Source of all that is fair and good," or of the exact advance through "stages of admiration" as a substitute for "grace," whether secured by inner, subjective exercise of "faith," or objective submission to the authority of the priesthood. Such a doctrine, if preached during a Lenten mission, would be recognized at once as a total departure from the rigid orthodoxies which, even in so liberal a church as the Church of England, are then inculcated as the sum and substance of religion. It was not less a departure from those orthodoxies when enunciated in a memorial discourse.

This is not saying that it is inherently false. There may be more than one way into the Fold, despite the Parable. The fact that it was so spontaneously uttered in the presence of a completed life, in the presence of a consummated career which had bourgeoned in so many graces of the spirit—and which peered when it did not surpass the lives of many confessedly "Christian" men—suggests that it was really true, and that the *ordo salutis,*

always difficult to determine except by much "begging of the question" at the beginning and much admission of unremoved "mystery" at the end, was concededly false because insufficient in such a case. This must have been apparent to critical auditors—to men who know Pater as he was, to men, for instance, like Edmund Gosse, who had known him to be a "pagan," and George Moore, the novelist, who was convinced that he never had been a Christian. Not able to think that, to use a church term, he was "lost," they wondered what the apostles of the Holy Faith would "do" with him, now that he was dead; were they astonished to learn that, after all, the "stages of admiration" were as sure an approach to the goal of life in God as processes defined in the Catechism? To the materialistic science of the age this may be an unimportant issue, but to Pater it was the supreme issue of life. All the processes of his thought hinged upon it. He had made his choice; he was willing to abide by it. There was never anything in his speech to show that he had suffered remorse in any degree because he had abandoned all thought of entering the church; and he died as he had lived. He had found "peace"—freedom from unrest and disturbance of spirit. Calmly, from day to day, year to year, he did the work that was given to him to do, doing it with an all-absorbing conscientiousness which constituted the ethical note of his genius as a critic, and then gave to the world such finished product of his thought as he wished; experiencing a pure pleasure in the contemplation of all beautiful things and in the expression of his own sense of the world's fair and good. Such a philosophy spared him the aimless agony of settling theological questions, endless chains of discussion about the "system of salvation" or any of the subjects presented so authoritatively in such a book, say, as The Catholic Religion—that "Manual of Instruction prepared for members of the Anglican Church" which fixes opinions once for all after the manner of the "established doctrine and laudable practice of the whole Catholic Church of Christ." Such discussions could not afford pleasure. In the nature of the case it was impossible for them to minister to the sense of graciousness as that sense expressed itself, or realized itself in art or music; the art and the music of the churches never being more false to all

ideals of beauty than when they are employed to teach theology, or soteriology, or any specific phase of the hierarchical system. And it had the merit of being irrefragably self-consistent. Despite the developments of Cyrenaicism, which, however, bore essentially the same relation to the original system that the various Christian sects bear to the primitive ideas of Jesus of Nazareth, Pater saw in it a universal truth—a demonstrable, ascertainable truth. As a matter of fact, pleasure is the end of all self-conscious aspiration, despite the confessions of that Hebrew "Koheleth" disillusioned by the ennui which preyed upon his spirit at the close of the day's delights. For the "fear of God," which at last Koheleth pronounces a law of universal obligation, is only a phase of pleasure, the highest and most satisfactory, leaving no dregs of self-rebuke. The term itself needs definition, but unless it connotes pleasure, happiness, joy, blessedness, its connotation falls below the heights of that perfected life which the phrase implies. Read aright, the old book cherished so long by the Hebrews is not a warning against Epicureanism, but an appeal to choose a pleasure which shall satisfy the "light" that excelleth "darkness." That Cyrenaicism is susceptible of perversion is not an argument against it, for even Christianity itself is exposed to perversion as the great Epistle to the Romans proves; its logic being employed to disprove the false "therefore" which seemed to follow Paul's premise—"the greater the sin the greater the grace of God exhibited in its forgiveness." For there were men who, having heard Paul say that the grace of God was never so fully shown as in the forgiveness of an incorrigible soul, immediately argued, "Let us sin, therefore, that the grace of God may abound"! Even Calvinism has lapsed into Antinomianism, and the ethical idealism of so-called "Christian Science" is susceptible of lapse into gross immorality.

G. M. Hammell.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

### PROFESSOR GEORGE B. STEVENS, PH.D., D.D., LL.D.

Because Dr. Stevens was a valued contributor to this Review, and because his fellowship with the whole Christian Church was wide and warm and generous, and particularly because the last article he prepared for publication was for this Review, a brief notice is not inappropriate here. He was one of the farm-born and farm-bred men, sturdy, sound-minded, healthy-souled, fond of labor; and there was always about him a breadth and wholesomeness suggestive of life in the open air. His spirit was not that of a cloister or a coterie; his comprehension and his sympathy were as spacious as all outdoors. The all-aroundness of his view and the range of his sympathy were in part due to the number and variety of the institutions that participated in his education—Cornell University, the University of Rochester, Rochester Theological Seminary, Yale Divinity School, Syracuse University, where he secured by examination his Doctorate in Philosophy, and the University of Jena, Germany, from which he received on examination the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In Yale Divinity School he held for about ten years the chair of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation, and for about ten years more the chair of Systematic Theology. While successful as a teacher of the New Testament, his most ardent preference, most marked fitness, and most ample equipment were for philosophic studies, and in Systematic Theology he was at home and happy. He rose to notable rank in the world of authorship, publishing A Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, The Pauline Theology, The Johannine Theology, a popular treatise on doctrine entitled Doctrine and Life, The Messages of Paul and the Apostles, The Theology of the New Testament, now widely used as a textbook in Great Britain and America, The Teaching of Jesus, and The Christian Doctrine of Salvation. His last article in this Review was on "The Christian Doctrine of Sin."

Not long prior to his death, on June 22, he corresponded with this editorial office concerning a possible article for this Review. He

expressed a desire to write on "The Reality of Invisible Things," saying the subject had been increasingly in his thoughts for a long time. He must have addressed himself at once to the writing of it with characteristic promptitude and energy. Undoubtedly it is the last he ever wrote, and the fact that this reasoned declaration of conviction concerning the reality of invisible things was written on the verge of eternity, renders his clear, strong utterance unspeakably impressive. Taken in its matter and circumstances it is a great sermon by a noble Christian thinker who was and is a living soul. Walter Pater wrote of the Greeks that they had been so faithful in the study of the visible world as to merit a divine Revelation of the invisible, which could solace their hearts in the inevitable fading of things visible. That Revelation was Professor Stevens' solace, and is ours. Desiring to signalize his article on "The Reality of Invisible Things," we print it in these editorial pages, immediately following this notice.

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## THE REALITY OF INVISIBLE THINGS

Every religious teacher is a prophet of the spiritual. All the religions of the world are so many testimonies to the craving of man for certitude respecting invisible powers. What are all their sacred days and sacred rites but witnesses to man's belief in an invisible world and an invisible Power? This common yearning is one of the marks of the real unity of mankind. One of the proofs that men are made of one blood and that they draw their life from a common source is this instinctive impulse to seek after God, if haply they may find him. Hence through all the ages men have built their altars and reared their shrines, and, although it often seems as if it were an unknown God whom they but ignorantly worship, yet we may not doubt that

> "the feeble hands and helpless
> Groping blindly in the darkness
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness
> And are lifted up and strengthened."

"He fashioneth their hearts alike," as the Psalmist says. Fundamentally we are made after one pattern, cast in one mold. Beneath all the peculiarities of individual life there is a common aspiration after God and immortality. "All peoples," says Amiel, "bear witness to the Invisible. Here we have the link which binds all men together.

All are equally creatures of sorrow and desire, of hope and fear. All long to recover some lost harmony with the great order of things and to feel themselves approved and blessed by the Author of the universe." True and important as this is we must admit that it is not easy for us to retain the conviction of invisible things. There are moods and experiences in our human life when the heavens seem brass above us and when our lives seem to be the sport of a mindless and merciless fate. It may be well for us, then, to stop and reflect for a few moments on the reasons for believing in the things that are not seen. This is the subject which I propose for brief consideration.

If the theme sounds abstract and forbidding, let me first explain that I am not about to present recondite arguments remote from the experience of our common life. I want rather to inquire whether we do not constantly and necessarily, in the life of every day, assume the reality of invisible things. Take, in illustration, our knowledge of ourselves. Every man knows that his real self is not his visible body. We know that the body is somehow inhabited and controlled by an invisible agent. All thoughtful men acknowledge this fact. Here, then, we are face to face with the invisible. We have found it before ever we started out on our quest for it. Yes, we ourselves are invisible, spiritual beings. The visible part of us is but the instrument of the soul, the mere shell or husk of our rational and moral life. The moment that invisible life forsakes its tenement all that is visible is but worthless and meaningless; dust and ashes. The apostle is clearly right when he says: "The things that are seen are temporal." We have never seen or touched a human personality—either our own or another's. We have merely seen certain signs from which we infer and by which we interpret the invisible soul.

> "We are spirits clad in veils;
> Man by man was never seen:
> All our deep communing fails
> To remove the shadowy screen."

There is thus a world of reality lying behind the things of sense. The visible things—the human body, with all its actions and motions—derive their value and use from the invisible things which they express. All that is visible is but the outward play of invisible forces within. When we reflect upon ourselves, and consider what we really are, it almost seems as if what we see and touch were hardly more than shadow or illusion; the mere symbol of those invisible powers

and processes which we most directly and certainly know in self-consciousness. Take another illustration: music. I can imagine someone saying, "Well, music, at any rate, is an affair of sense. It consists in an harmonious combination of sounds." Let us see. We have no reason to doubt that the domestic animals have as acute hearing as man has. We know that some of them hear far more acutely. But for no animal was there ever such a thing as music. It cannot be altogether, then, a matter of sound or hearing. Nay, it cannot be primarily a matter of sound and hearing at all, for where these are perfect there may be still no music. Here we reach the bottom fact: music is in the soul. Ear hath never heard it. The perfect ear of the animal cannot hear it. The sounds he can hear; the vibrations of the air beat upon his ear precisely as upon ours, but there is no music because the soul is lacking. Music is not sound, nor is it the hearing of sounds; it is the interpretation of sounds and the response of the soul to their suggestion. Hence there can be no music except for moral and spiritual persons. Though the world were as full of sounds as the ancient philosopher supposed who thought that he heard "the music of the spheres" there would be no music in it all without the responsive and interpreting soul. Music is not a mechanical affair, but a spiritual. We are accustomed to speak of certain people as having music in their souls. We thus unconsciously express the true philosophy of the subject. The music is in their souls if it is anywhere. It is an affair of the invisible, intangible world. Just as there may be atmospheric vibrations but can be no sound until there is an ear to catch and respond to them, so there may be sounds, but there is no music until there is a heart to interpret them and to respond in feeling and aspiration. Let us take one more example: the perception of beauty. The case is precisely analogous to that of music. Beauty is a spiritual appreciation. The dog does not see the beauty of a rose or of a landscape, though he can see both the rose and the landscape as well as we. The orders beneath man know nothing, so far as we can judge, of the beautiful. You do not reach beauty until you reach the spiritual. Beauty lies, if anywhere, in the eye that sees it; or, rather, in the mind that apprehends it. Only a being with rational and moral powers can know what beauty means. Its deepest meaning is spiritual.

These examples are sufficient to show that our everyday life proceeds upon the reality of the invisible, our own spiritual nature, the invisibility of the whole world of persons, and the fact that music and

beauty are spiritual interpretations of outward phenomena. I should like now to present the subject in a somewhat different light.

What is this book which we call the Bible? In one view it consists of a certain quantity of leather and paper and ink, having such and such dimensions and weighing so many pounds. But would any other combination of the same physical ingredients be a Bible? Not at all, we answer; the words must be just these and no others. But here is a man who has what he calls a Bible, and it is in a wholly different language. Not a word of it is the same as ours, and were he to read it aloud the reading would be to us but meaningless sound. And we learn that there are hundreds of such differing Bibles. What a confusion of tongues! And yet all these people suppose that they have the same Bible, and we have never thought otherwise. Plainly, then, the Bible is not a physical phenomenon at all. It doesn't consist of certain particular words or of certain particular sounds. The real Bible is a spiritual affair; it is a name for a collection of ideas or truths. One of the church fathers gave us the fact of the case in a nutshell: "Scriptura est sensus Scripturæ"—Scripture is the meaning of Scripture. The Bible is what the Bible means. There was a time when these various histories, poems, and epistles were not yet written; but the great truths of God and man and life were as true then as now. There was a time when the thoughts of the apostle Paul existed only in his mind; they were just as real and true before they were written down as after. For a long time the words of Jesus were not committed to writing; had the church then no gospel? It had, in part at least, the same Bible which we have, though as yet a particular system of signs had not been put to use for its outward, visible expression. It is perfectly plain, then, that the Bible, considered as a book, is simply a collection of symbols for certain ideas or truths, and that the *real* Bible consists in these ideas and truths themselves; and this invisible body of truth has value or power for me only as I spiritually apprehend it and respond to it in feeling, desire and action. Books are nothing but a collection of signs by which I spiritually interpret the thoughts and feelings of other men's minds—in most cases the minds of the distant and the dead. What is the study of literature if not communion with the invisible? But this is no less true if the book we read or study was written by our most intimate friend. The book is but the symbol of his mind; a bridge, as we may say, by which we cross over the mysterious gulf which separates all persons into participation in his thought. The

reading of a book is a spiritual process, a handling of invisible realities. A poem has the same meaning if I retain it in memory as if I read it from a printed page. The paper and ink are only incidental.

If we analyze a little more particularly the act of reading it will become abundantly evident how completely our daily life and most commonplace experience transcend the realm of sense. What is meant by reading? This is meant: we have learned to attach certain meanings to various signs and their combinations—letters, words, and sentences. And what do we get from the process? We get the *ideas,* we say. How so? The ideas are not in the printer's ink. Nor are the author's ideas hovering about in the air, ready, somehow, upon proper occasion to enter our minds. The fact is that no man ever got another man's idea. Nobody ever had any ideas except his own. I may have an idea that agrees with yours, but it is mine, not yours. To say, then, that in reading we get the writer's ideas is only a loose figure of speech. What we really do in reading is to *create* in our own minds a series of ideas and feelings similar to those which the writer had and which he suggests to us in that system of signs which we call a book. The ideas which these signs call up in our minds may be more or less like the author's. If the thing we are reading is one of Browning's more abstruse poems we will probably say that we do not catch the author's idea; the fact being that we cannot succeed in creating an idea of our own in whose resemblance to his idea we have any confidence. If the book in hand were Kant's Critique of Pure Reason we should probably say, I cannot read this book, I do not see what the author means; that is, we should find ourselves unable to produce the subtle and abstract ideas which the author bids us create. On the other hand, we lay aside a light or frivolous book, saying, I do not care for these commonplace ideas; really meaning, the play of thought for which this author calls does not interest me. Reading, then, is really the play of our own thought; it is thought-creation or it is nothing. In reading we work indeed under the guidance of another, but *we* do the work. That another man should do my thinking for me is as preposterous as that he should do my eating for me. We never have any thoughts but our own; we never enjoy any ideas but our own. But the point is simply this: How obviously spiritual a process reading is. The visible means of which it makes use are only helps or incidents. The whole meaning of the process is spiritual. It begins to look as if the things which are not seen were pretty strongly in evidence in our daily life.

But I can readily imagine an objector saying: "You say that the reading of the Bible is a process of creating certain thoughts and feelings in our own minds. Does not the book record historical events and acquaint us with certain characters which have their full significance quite apart from any thought-creation of ours? Do we then create the character of Jesus Christ for ourselves?" In answer I would say that the Bible does, of course, record historical events and describe characters and teach truths which are all real and true quite independently of us; but the point is that these facts can never have any meaning for us apart from our interpretation of them. Everything means to us what we interpret it to mean. If this were not so the Bible would mean the same to all men; but we know that it does not. Different people read it differently; with different presuppositions, prejudices, and capacities. The events and characters of Scripture have religious value for us only as we appreciate them and clothe them with meaning. Not as naked, isolated facts do the events of biblical history reveal God to us, but because we penetrate to their inner, spiritual significance. God is never in the audible voice or the roaring whirlwind, but always in the still voice which speaks to the heart. Outward events are but media for the expression of hidden, spiritual truths. Thus it appears that, when closely considered, revelation is really a spiritual affair, an invisible process. Nothing can be revealed *to* me, except as something is revealed *in* me. The light which shines is no light for me unless I have the eye to apprehend it. In like manner, no events can reveal God to me except as I construe them as the outward manifestation of the Invisible.

I insist, then, that the invisible things are the things which are certain. Even sensation is primarily a spiritual process. We do not see with the eyes or hear with the ears. The moment after life has left the body the eyes and ears are still as perfect as ever, but there is no sight, no hearing. The eyes are the physical organs or media of sight, but we see by means of the mind. In like manner, it is the mind only that feels pleasure or pain; the nerves as such have no power to feel. Allow me one more illustration. We speak of admiring nature, of seeing harmony, order and law in the world. What is it that happens in such an appreciation? Harmony, order and law are all spiritual ideals. No one ever saw a law of nature—except with his mind. No one ever saw a force; we only see phenomena from which we infer force. Force is an invisible reality; it is something spiritual. The force with which we act is the force of our wills; there is no force in

muscles as such. Subtract the will, and muscle is dead and powerless. Just so the forces and order and laws which we speak of seeing in nature are seen by the mind alone, for they are all invisible. Moreover, they are themselves spiritual realities, if they are realities at all. We know of no force except mind-force, and can conceive of no other; and law, except as a product of intelligence and will, is meaningless.

I hope I have given some reasons for thinking that invisible things are the most certain, significant, and real things. We often forget this, and sometimes deny it, but a little reflection seems to show that even our common life proceeds every moment upon the conviction of the invisible. When, therefore, religion points to an invisible world it directs us to no strange sphere, but simply insists on the real meaning of a world in which we are already living. Everything that we esteem most, all the meaning and beauty of the world and of life, belongs wholly to an invisible world. If this is so, then how great is the folly of that estimate of material things, amounting almost to worship, which is so common among men. The things that are seen are not only temporal, but they are, in themselves, meaningless and worthless. Their true value is realized only when they are made to minister to higher spiritual interests. The common greed for their possession, apart from the appreciation of these higher uses, is justly described by the apostle as idolatry; for worship is tribute to worth, and the essence of idolatry is spurious veneration—the veneration of an object unworthy of worship. Idolatry is rather stupid than irreligious. It illustrates the capacity for worship in men by exemplifying its perversion and degradation. This is true of covetousness and the pride of possession. Their logical outcome is the miser—whom the world, by common consent, regards as the crowning absurdity of which our humanity is capable.

In the last analysis the whole meaning and worth of life are bound up with the invisible and spiritual; our thoughts and interests and ideals alone lend value to outward things and prescribe their only true uses. We are already living in a spiritual world; we are part of an invisible order. Our task is spiritual culture and achievement, a task we cannot decline without repudiating our humanity.

## ON FOOT AMONG THE HILLS

A CHARMING English book of years ago was entitled The Harvest of a Quiet Eye. Such harvest waits just down the road to be reaped

by any observant eye and musing mind. The common roadside is rich and wonderful with treasures, surpassing the costliest collection of bijouterie or bric-a-brac ever kept under lock and key. Lancelot Andrewes, an old divine, centuries ago took pleasure in recording how, when a Cambridge undergraduate, he used to make the journey to his home in London on foot, observing, as he walked, the "grass, herbs, corn, trees, cattle, earth, water, heavens, and any of the creatures, contemplating their natures, orders, qualities, virtues, uses"; and this was to him, he says, "the greatest mirth, contentment, and recreation that could be." Huxley often spoke of the enjoyment he found in the "constitutionals" he was in the habit of taking on the roads about Eastbourne, and once said to a friend: "I delight in the simplest rural scenery. A country field has before now entranced me. One thing which weighs with me against pessimism and tells for a benevolent Author of the universe is my enjoyment of scenery and music. I do not see how they can have helped in the struggle for existence. They are gratuitous gifts." It seems that a skeptic on a country road is liable to be struck with a sense of the divine goodness and to feel the rudiments of a doxology starting in his involuntary soul. He must have noticed also many other "gratuitous gifts" lavished by the Creator unnecessarily upon the world, which the scientist cannot account for on any theory of necessity or utility to the struggle for existence. Listen to that soliloquizing warbler in the wood's edge yonder, whose superfluous ecstatic song floats across the road:

> "That's the wise thrush.
> He sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> That first fine, careless rapture;"

and also lest the naturalist go on thinking that all things can be explained as products developed by the struggle for existence. Nature's extravagance at every turn convicts such theories of inadequacy.

Christina Rossetti, sauntering down a country road, found in the ditch a broken bottle which, having been oxidized, displayed a variety of iridescent tints, not brilliantly but as in a minor key, a sort of dull rainbow, and she experienced from it as much pleasure as she would in the lovely tints of rare old Venetian glass or in the bended bow upon the clouds of heaven. Watts-Dunton confesses to having lingered long over a patch of many-colored mosses on an old wayside apple tree, which "looked as if embossed with miniature forests in jewel work." A stroll down almost any road may prove interesting, if not

eventful, to a mind at leisure from itself, impressible and ready to be active on the mildest hint; and almost any small objective fact, dropping into notice like a nickel in the slot of a gramophone, can set the mental faculties to playing like an orchestra. Edison has made no phonographic cylinder quite so responsive as the revolving mind.

An ordinary wayfarer, going down a quiet road which serpentines among the hills "through silent symphonies of summer green," may have a succession of incidental experiences, which, however trivial in the record, serve to enliven for him half a summer's day. First he meets a little nut-brown maid, led by the hand by her ten-year-old sister along the smooth track which bicycles make on the side of the highway. "What's your name?" says the strolling stranger. "Her name's Pearl," answers the bigger sister. "How old are you?" continues the catechist; and "She's three," responds the spokeswoman. "Shake hands," he says, reaching toward the brown-faced wee one, admiring her bright eyes, bulging cheeks, and pretty mouth. She draws away coyly, seeming to decline acquaintanceship; but as the strange man moves off, shaking his hand toward her and saying, "Good-bye," in the gentlest tone he can command, she melts into a coquettish smile, and, as her sense of safety grows with the increasing distance between him and her, she says a clear and sweet "Dood-bye." The retiring stranger doubts, as he goes, whether the weighing and measuring scientist can analyze the infinitely variable and elusive, but all-subduing, charm which lives and rules in the face of a lovely child, or can account for it by the muttering pretentiousness of his "struggle-for-existence" theories.

Further down the road the man meets Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," a rugged, stocky nine-year-old, big brother, it seems, to little Pearl. The boy faces the approaching stranger boldly, and inspects him fearlessly. He stands sturdily on both feet, entirely aplomb with the universe, with no more look of obsequiousness than if he were a lord and owned the county, although one cannot be certain that this incipient American sovereign owns even a pair of shoes. "Good afternoon! What's your name?" "Jack Quartz." "Where do you live?" "In the second house there." "What do you do around here?" "Oh, everything." "And what is everything?" "Oh, dig in the dirt and everything." Jacky's last words make the stroller think, with mental nausea, as he passes on, of a scurvy crew of writers whose everything is to dig in the dirt—decadent, degenerate, diseased minds, whose madness is not like Nebuchadnezzar's, nibbling clean grass,

but swinish, wallowing in putrid filth—and he sees floating in the air, like the blurred black spots of a bilious headache, the faces and names of a dozen such—names better unmentioned on these pure pages; writers who, if they had eyes to see themselves, would feel as Keawe did, in Louis Stevenson's story of The Bottle Imp, when, on the night after his betrothal to Kokua, he sat on the edge of the marble bath in his Bright House, and "spied upon his flesh a patch like a patch of lichen on a rock," and knew that the proper place for him was on the north coast of Molokai, at Kalaupapa, between the huge cliffs and the sea breakers, where the pallid lepers dry up and rot away and drop piecemeal into the grave. Realists these writers call themselves, and of them Lowell said:

"The so-called realist sometimes raises doubts in my mind when he assures me that he, and he alone, gives me the facts of life. All I can say is that, if these are the facts, I do not want them. The police reports give me all that I call for every day. But are they the facts? The real and abiding facts are those that are recognized as such by the soul when it is in that upper chamber of our being which is farthest removed from the senses."

It rained the other day, and not every place has dried up. The man going down the road stops to look at a flock of butterflies sitting on the mud in the broad ditch, opening and shutting their yellow wings. Why do such clean-looking creatures prefer a mud puddle to a clover field? The butterfly once had a good reputation. It used to sit on Psyche's arm and be the emblem of immortality. A poet called it "a flower with a soul in it." Of late it is less respectable, having become a synonym for light-headed foolishness and fickleness. And just now it, or rather the male of the species, is brought by the naturalists into special disrepute; for it is said that he is a guzzling tippler, who idles around and will get drunk whenever any intoxicant is accessible, while the lady butterfly, like an exemplary housewife, occupies her time in laying eggs and otherwise attending soberly to business. One minister confesses that he has not been able to be wholly comfortable in the presence of these diurnal lepidoptera since reading Kipling's verse:

> "The toad beneath the harrow knows
> Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
> A butterfly upon the road
> Preaches contentment to that toad."

In which verse the butterfly appears as a preacher tossing off easy

exhortations in a flippant way, flitting lightly over sufferers who writhe in agony with lacerated vitals; an unfeeling preacher offering cheap advice to those who are deep in the bitterness of trials he does not take the trouble to know anything about. One minister fears that he must sometimes have seemed to people in dire trouble like an uncomprehending or unsympathizing butterfly, preaching patience to one whose flesh was torn and bones were broken under the harrow. It is a pastor's business to hold himself so close against the sufferings and sorrows of his people that the iron of their agony shall in some degree enter into his own soul, so that when he speaks to them it shall be quiveringly and with tears in his voice. Unsympathetic advice, dropped by prosperous and comfortable butterflies flitting over, is exasperating to the sufferer. Some thoughtful day some literary socialist will frame Kipling's verse and hang it on the walls of his clubroom. Similar words already answer back from the submerged tenth to the glib admonitions and prescriptions let fall upon them by dainty visitors from the superincumbent nine tenths floating airily above their deep and dreadful misery. The toad under the harrow would like to exchange places with the butterfly, but does not thank him for his fluent and flippant advice.

A little further down the road up limps, with feigned or exaggerated infirmity, the professional beggar, known as such by his brazen face and artificial whine, as also by the doggerel appeal for alms, printed on a soiled card which he unblushingly presents. The falsehood on which this particular lazy liar travels is that he has scrofulous sores in obscure places, and is collecting money to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas. Here, unabashed, though shamed by diligent bees, by busy self-supporting birds, by provident squirrels, and even by black tumblebugs which work on the road and roll their big ball along with commendable push and persistency, this indolent fellow begs. He too should be put to work on the road, and so lifted toward the level of the industrious tumblebug's respectability. He belongs to the preying band.

A dead snake on the road makes the pedestrian wonder how it is that the most astute of animals, the serpent, which in some times and places has figured as the symbol of wisdom, so often manages to cross the highway just in the nick of time to be run over by a passing vehicle or to have his head bruised by the woman's seed, between whom and himself there abides, in biblical fulfillment, an accentuated and implacable enmity; under whose heel his jaws gape

open and his impotent forked tongue protrudes, flickering as if trying to say, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

A shadow passes suddenly over the stroller's spirit at sight of a long black vehicle, slow, sedate, and somber, approaching from the distance—the chariot of the dead; not a shining city equipage with urns, fringes, tassels, and plate-glass sides, but a rusty-looking, shabby-genteel affair which has been kept in a barn, where the chickens roosted on it. It is known that a landscape takes on a more picturesque appearance if one views it from a reclining position, lying on his side; but a hearse has no use for windows, for the horizontal passenger inside rides on his back and has lost interest in earthly scenery. This particular death-cart carries now the body of a young man who gradually died by coughing himself away at a camp on one of the islands in the lake—a "camper" and a "lunger," as pulmonary patients are colloquially named by the dwellers among these mountains. He came too late to nature's great sanitarium of the North Woods, which has saved many lives of those who came early enough; he has finished life too early; and now the portable remnant of him is riding to take the night train for home, going as baggage in the baggage car because of what it is, yet traveling on a passenger ticket in memory of its former dignity; going to be met with love and tears, and to be laid to rest prematurely under the astonished grass of some far-off family burial plot.

The westering sun and cooling air give notice that "it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." The man turns about near a cluster of humble homes and retraces his steps. Soon he hears swift footsteps behind him, and in a moment a comely young woman from one of the little houses passes him on a run to meet a young man coming along the road, upon whom she flings herself with her arms around his neck and a resounding kiss upon his lips, careless of the proximity of the stranger, who feels that he has witnessed a sacred and typical scene in this hearty welcome, at the day's end, of the working man by the waiting woman. Instantly he remembers another summer evening when, walking with a friend past the Portuguese settlement at Martha's Vineyard, he heard the explosive and ecstatic shout of a sunburned five-year-old, "Poppy! Poppy!" and saw the India-rubber boy spring from the doorstep and bounce off the ground like a ball into the muscular arms of his stalwart father. Such scenes are typical, enacted daily at millions of thresholds. Widespread over the civilized earth is the eager and blessed happiness which leaps in

honest homes when wife and children give loyal welcome to the bread-winner home-arriving from his day's toil, with his work done and, let us hope, his labor prosperous and his wages righteous and sure.

Among the home-comers whom the man meets on the road is one of the guides who carry tourists in their light Adirondack boats through the lakes. The guide recognizes the man, and says, "I saw you in church last Sunday." "Yes; how many churches have you in the village?" "We've got four." "And which is the strongest?" "Well, it's nip and tuck, which and t'other; 'twixt Methodist and Catholic. You see, the difference is this: the Catholics git aout; they git aout. They calc'late to git there every Sunday. Now, with other folks, they let every little thing keep 'em from meetin'; and sometimes they're there, and sometimes they ain't. That's how it is."

The man reapproaching his stopping place sees standing on the porch a round chub of a girl, exactly eight years old, with crinkly brown hair snugly braided in two short plaits between her plump shoulders, with pink-and-white cheeks like a peach; good to look at and pleasant to be smiled on by; a cool and self-possessed little maid, not likely, if she saw a mouse or even a snake, to do as Freedom did when Kosciusko fell. In the mind of one guest, who does not know her real name, she goes by the name of "Little Allee Samee," ever since a day when he witnessed a brief disciplinary episode in which she played the principal part. Eight-years-old, for some good reason, wanted wee Three-years-old, of whom for the moment she had charge, to go with her around the corner of the house, and he would not. He shook his willful, or won't-ful, curly head and said, "No!" Then, as a mother cat might lug a kitten, though not with her teeth, Eight-years-old promptly picked up that rebellious man-child and carried him, struggling and squealing, whither she would, despite the fact that he would not, cheerily saying, as she triumphantly swung him along, "But you're going, allee samee, mister, whether you want to or not." It is encouraging to think that there is likely to be wholesome family government in one home when "Allee Samee" grows up, and one good woman who will probably show herself a well-poised and competent domestic disciplinarian.

## THE ARENA

### THE ROMAN CHURCH AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM

During the last years of the Pontificate of Leo X a Biblical Commission was appointed to consider the many questions raised by Higher Criticism concerning the authorship of the Pentateuch. That Commission which was composed of some of the most eminent scholars in the Roman Church has now made its report and it has been given out under the seal of Pius X. The original text of the report and its authorized translation is as follows:

TEXT

Propositis sequentibus dubiis Consilium Pontificium pro studiis de re biblica provehendis respondendum censuit prout sequitur:—

1. Utrum, argumenta a criticis congesta ad impugnandam authentiam Mosaicam sacrorum Librorum, qui Pentateuchi nomine designantur, tanti sint ponderis ut posthabitis quampluribus testimoniis utriusque Testamenti collective sumptis, perpetua consensione populi Iudaici, Ecclesiae quoque constanti traditione nec non indiciis internis quae ex ipso textu eruuntur, ius tribuant affirmandi hos libros non Moysen habere auctorem, sed ex fontibus maxima ex parte aetate Mosaica posterioribus fuisse confectos?

Resp. Negative.

II. Utrum, Mosaica authentia Pentateuchi talem necessario postulet redactionem totius operis, ut prorsus tenendum sit Moysen omnia et singula manu sua scripsisse vel amanuensibus dictasse; an etiam eorum hypothesis permitti possit qui existimant eum opus ipsum a se sub divinae inspirationis afflatu conceptum alteri vel pluribus scribendum commisisse, ita tamen ut sensa sua fideliter redderent, nihil contra suam voluntatem scriberent, nihil omitterent; ac tandem opus hac ratione confectum ad eodem Moyse principe inspiratoque auctore probatum, ipsiusmet nomine vulgaretur?

Resp. Negative ad primam partem, affirmative ad secundam.

III. Utrum̃, absque praeiudicio Mosaicae authentiae Pentateuchi concedi possit Moysen ad suum conficiendum opus fontes adhibuisse, scripta videlicet documenta vel orales traditiones, ex quibus, secundum peculiarem scopum sibi propositum et sub divinae inspirationis afflatu, nonnulla hauserit eaque ad verbum vel quoad sententiam, contracta vel amplificata, ipsi operi inseruerit?

Resp. Affirmative.

IV. Utrum, salva substantialiter Mosaica authentia et integritate Pentateuchi, admitti possit tam longo saeculorum decursu nonnullas ei modificationes obvenisse, uti: additamenta post Moysi mortem vel ab auctore inspirato apposita, vel glossas et explicationes textui interiectas; vocabula

quaedam et formas e sermone antiquato in sermonem recentiorem translatas; mendosas demum lectiones vitio amanuensium adscribendas, de quibus fas sit ad normas artis criticae disquirere et iudicare?

Resp. Affirmative, salvo Ecclesiae iudicio.

FULCRANUS VIGOUROUX, P.S.S.
P. LAURENTIUS JANSSENS, O.S.B.
Consultores ab Actis.

TRANSLATION

I. Despite the arguments formulated by modern criticism against the Mosaic authenticity of the Pentateuch, greater regard must be had for the witness of the Old and New Testaments, the constant persuasion of the Jewish people, and the uninterrupted tradition of the Church, equally with the internal proofs derivable from the sacred books themselves. It must be maintained that these books have Moses for their author, and have not been composed of elements for the most part later than his time.

II. It does not, however, follow that Moses wrote the Pentateuch entirely with his own hand or dictated it all to copyists. It may be admitted that, when he had conceived his work under Divine inspiration, he confided its redaction to one or more secretaries. It must, nevertheless, be affirmed that they have truly rendered his thought, neither adding nor omitting anything contrary to his intention; and that they have published their labors only after having obtained the inspired author's approbation of the work which bears his name.

III. It is likewise admissible that Moses, in composing the Pentateuch availed himself of earlier sources, written documents, or oral traditions, whereof, under Divine inspiration, he made use conformably to the end he proposed attaining; so that he borrowed sometimes the words, and at other times the sense only, abridging or amplifying according to circumstances.

IV. It may further be admitted that the books of Moses in the long course of centuries which have elapsed since their composition, have undergone some modifications; as, for instance, certain additions, written by some inspired author after the death of Moses; certain glosses and explications interpolated into the text; certain words and forms of discourse translated from an older into a more modern style; and, lastly, certain faulty readings attributable to the unskillfulness of copyists. It belongs to the province of criticism to employ the rules of its art in the research and discernment of these modifications.

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## WHO SHOULD ARRANGE AND PRESCRIBE THE CONFERENCE COURSE OF STUDY

IN the May number of the REVIEW the article by Rev. P. H. Swift, D.D., on the Conference course strikes the keynote to some other changes that might profitably be made as to the course. Keeping in mind that the purpose of the Conference course is the making of Methodist preachers, and recognizing the fact that the University Senate is an organic part of

our educational polity, let this body prescribe the course of study, instead of the bishops, for the following reasons:

1. The members of the Senate are educators and preachers in the business of training Methodist preachers.

2. They practically decide on the merits of our college and seminary courses.

3. These courses are recognized in the Discipline as fulfilling the requirements of the Conference course, and may be substituted therefor. See Appendix ¶ 63, § 1.

4. They would be likely to keep and bring these courses into greater harmony with each other.

5. This would bring schools and examining boards into affiliation with each other.

6. It would tend to unify, more than ever, our educational policy.

7. And give an additional incentive for those in Conference course to enter the theological school.

8. It would relieve the bishops; they have enough to do without prescribing the course of study.

9. The bishops are required to appoint the University Senate, and to approve the teachers in the theological schools, so that the course would be guarded at that point.

The writer of this is just completing the Conference course, and believes that a post graduate course in Conference would be a great advantage to many of our preachers. Two or three features which have suggested themselves to him may be mentioned: Let the University Senate prescribe the graduate course, making it broad enough for a wide range of subjects, the choice of which would depend, to a great extent, on the attainments of those pursuing the course.

The course to consist of a major and two or more minors continuing through three years. The Senate, or some persons appointed by them, to decide as to the merit of the work done. At the completion of the course let some recognition of the work done be made, say in the form of a fellowship of theology or something of that nature, care being taken that this be not too easily earned.

L. G. McAndrew.

Capac, Mich.

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## "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES; A NEW THEORY"

In July, 1903, was published in the French journal, Revue des Deux Mondes an article on the subject named above. This was reprinted in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institute for 1903; and so comes to us with a show of authority. After stating (p. 508) that, notwithstanding all that has been claimed for his work, Darwin failed to account for the "Origin of Species," the author of the article says (p. 509): "Up to the present time, no one has seen an animal or vegetable species engender another; or transform itself into another"; that is, the writer emphatically

declares that, up to the present time, the notion of such "evolution" is solely hypothetical; is purely imaginary; and is not "knowledge" at all; hence it is in no proper sense, "scientific"—and this spite of all the claims, etc.

When Darwin announced his so called "discovery" of the mode of the "origin of species by natural selection," the reading public was variously affected. Unbelievers of every grade and character, were jubilant, and from that day to this, the radicals have insisted that this "discovery" explodes the notion that God—A Personal Being—created, directs, controls, and governs the world. And with such claims set forth, in the high and holy name "Science," many believers were not simply confused—they lost their heads.

"Facts" are said to be stubborn things. And "facts" may be in front of your face for a lifetime, yet never be observed. The story of Newton and the apple is in point. In the case before us, as in so many others, many persons on either side of the line have failed to see the facts in their true light and true relation. In the first book of that old "Document," the Bible, is given what purports to be an account of the "beginnings of things" —of earth and its inhabitants; of plants, animals and man. Now, let the critics prove—if they can—that Moses never wrote Genesis; that the book is a patchwork—a "polychrome"—that its every individual statement is to be referred to a different author, or "Redactor," or to sheer invention; let the dates of the individual parts, or documents be shown to be all of them, post exilic—let all this be done, if it be possible; it will still remain a fact that the book of Genesis—as we now read it—is more than two thousand years old, and the account referred to has been, for so long, an "Account of Record."

In giving an account of the beginnings, it is stated in Genesis that the first living creatures dwelt in the water; that there was a succession, a system, in the introduction of living forms; the lower forms appeared first, then forms of higher grade, then others still higher; until last of all appeared Man, the Crown and the Glory of all. Let this account in Genesis be history, poetry, allegory; let it be fact, fiction, fable or what not; it yet remains that in this Book—written thousands of years before Darwin was born—is set forth, not merely "*A*" doctrine of evolution—that is included in these teachings—but, practically, every point that is accepted by *all* those who argue evolution as of science alone. For it is simple fact, known of all who read, that when the radical evolutionists attempt to show *how* species were introduced; how the evolution was effected; that is, when they attempt to philosophize on the facts of the natural world, that are named in Genesis, they are all at sea. Each new student may concoct a new theory, or a new arrangement of an old one, for this purpose, but thus far the net result has been in time trampled into the dust by later comers.

Seeing, then, that for thousands of years Genesis has taught that in the making, and in the furnishing of the earth, there has been an orderly progression, a development from the simpler to the more complex, an "unrolling," an "evolution"—using the word in its simple sense, and not

with that technical meaning attached to it in recent times—it is thus seen that every posted Christian is—and of necessity must be—to this extent, and in this sense, an Evolutionist. But many have been confused. The Bible has ever been considered—and rightly so—as a text-book of religion—not only of physical science. Yet, since it refers to facts of the material universe, and since *a* doctrine of evolution is actually taught therein, effort is made to compel the adhesion of Christians to *a special theory of the mode* whereby species—and life itself—came into being. And this, too, without show of sufficient reason. For whereas Genesis declares that there has been an orderly progression in the introduction of the species of plants and animals, and that in His own way—whatever that may have been—Jehovah "created" ("made") the various species. and finally man, each one "after his own kind"; these, our friends, with a wave of the hand, and no attempt at reasoning, dismiss the whole biblical account with the "dogmatic" assertion: "For the dogma of creation, there is no scientific evidence whatsoever." Taking this statement as it stands, and in its connection, what is its precise content? Simply this, "No human being ever saw a species created." We venture to suggest that if the fact that no human being has seen a species of plant or animal "created," puts creationism out of court, the admitted fact that no human being has seen a species transformed from another, equally puts every theory of evolutionary transformism out of court. The rule must apply on both sides alike.

But, that "new theory." Our essayist introduces Hugo de Vries, a Dutch botanist, who, we are assured, having "given the finishing stroke to the theory of natural selection already much shaken, has proposed in place of it another hypothesis, which he calls the theory of mutation." De Vries thinks there have been "abrupt mutations of living forms"; that in characteristic instances, parents have produced offspring which have been of a species absolutely different from their own. De Vries is a botanist; and as most plants have both the sexes in the same flower, or from the same root, he has not, apparently noted that in the animal world this rule does not hold. The essayist too, seems to stumble here. He quotes the substance of a remark made by Professor Louis Agassiz that in the "Cambrian horizon all the principal types appear simultaneously. We perceive here a sort of explosion of universal life" (p. 512). Among plants, a single individual, if monœcious, may be the parent of a race, but among animals there must be two individuals, a male and a female. Burbank, the Wizard, has produced numberless varieties among plants. But here is an overruling and controlling Mind. That God the All Wise, may have originated species of both plants and animals in this way, no Christian has reason to question. But all this, though true, is aside the matter in dispute. Agassiz was a creationist; and his criticisms of the theory of natural selection, propounded by Darwin, were so unanswerable that, lacking better argument against him, some of the smaller fry dubbed the eminent naturalist "a nuisance."

The statement from Agassiz is important, and certainly negatives the Darwinian idea. It is conceded that the species appeared suddenly. Does

De Vries recognize Deity as the Overseer and Director of the work? If he shall do this, we have no need to argue. We leave open the question as to how the Great Worker may have wrought. It may have been by just such "mutation" as De Vries supposes. But who has not noted the animus of the argument of the average evolutionist? It is "utterly unscientific" to imagine that an All Wise and All Powerful Being—if there be such—could possibly effect these results by "creation," "utterly unscientific" to think such Being did or could "create" an individual species the first living thing the first "cell" of living matter; or anything else whatsoever. But—

It is thoroughly "scientific" to imagine that at some time, no one knows when; by some means, no one knows what; and in a manner, no one knows how—parents, whose existence is "established" by supposition, produced offspring of species different from their own! We suggest that since our theorist finds it necessary to "suppose" a parent, ready made and provided to his hand, in order to account for the *second* of all the species that can be identified, the contemned creationist is scarcely to be blamed when he "supposes" that the *first*, the original parent of all, is Jehovah. The essayist calls this theory of mutation a new one. In fact it is not new; but in its substance, was held by some eminent men, nearly forty years ago. These men—among whom Professor Huxley figured for a time—taught that in the ascending scale of being, the advances were made, not by infinitesimal variations, as Darwin supposed, but, at least occasionally, by "Leaps"; the causes or occasions of which they were not able to state.

Darwin's theory of natural selection, then, is no more. "Sic transit Gloria." As an observer and recorder of facts in Nature, Darwin was beyond praise, but when he began to theorize—an old proverb assures us that all things come to him who waits. It is near half a century since Darwin published the story of his guess work, labeled as above. And his own followers—his "scientific children" may we not call them? have evoluted his notions out of the field. Meanwhile the Christian Evolutionist may hold on to the Old Book, with its doctrine of creation; and may calmly survey the arena, where his antagonists demolish—each the pet theories of the other.

JAMES LISLE.

Gandy, Neb.

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## THE RIGHT SPIRIT OF CONTROVERSY

WE have read with a great deal of interest the comments given in the Itinerants' Club in the last REVIEW on Jude 9, "But Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee."

We have quite a lengthy and exhaustive discussion as to who Michael is and what is meant by the "body of Moses," but not a word about the spirit of controversy, where even "Michael, the archangel, durst not bring

a railing accusation" even "against the devil" on so tender a subject as the whereabouts of the body or his attempt to prevent its rising before the general resurrection, thus cheating the transfiguration out of one of its chief personalities, or whatever else may have been the nature of the dispute, but simply said, "The Lord rebuke thee." As if it were said, "He is the One to do it. He has never delegated such work to me. I will contend with you on what I conceive to be right, but in the proper spirit. No matter how rude you may be toward me, and how vital the point in dispute, it is my place to keep sweet, ever remembering with whom I am contending and Whom I represent." Is not this the real point which is here presented? In other words, Don't lose your head, but keep sweet, no matter with whom you contend or what may be the odds against you. If the world had learned this lesson from Michael long since, much acrimony and ill-feeling and even martyrdom might have been prevented.

New Haven, Conn. WM. WELLS W. WILSON.

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## EVANGELISTIC USE OF THE BIBLE

I HAVE read with some interest the able article of Dr. Swift on "The Conference Course of Study." I believe that the need of the hour is a graduate course of study. Supposing that the Conference course remains the same, there should be in the graduate course a system of Bible study that is more than criticism. The REVIEW has had articles bearing upon "the homiletic use of the Bible," "the Bible as literature," "the Bible as a text-book of science;" but little has appeared in regard to the "Evangelistic use of the Bible." Moody's revival was one of the skillful use of Scripture—as is also nearly every genuine revival. The Salvation Army teaches its soldiers to use the Scriptures skillfully. The Christian Scientists have a ready use of Scripture. Methodism sprang up through the evangelical use of the Bible. Yet our preachers have little time while pursuing the Conference course to equip themselves as the leading evangelists have been equipped with a ready use of Scripture passages for winning men to Christ. Let us go among the Cornish people and we will find them ready with a Scripture quotation suitable to every incident. Shall not the preacher of to-morrow be as skillful in the use of Scripture? The need of to-day and to-morrow is evangelism. The call of the church is for evangelistic pastors. Then let the Conference course equip the young men in the evangelistic use of the Bible. A course of lectures at Conference or at mid-year Bible conferences in Districts, or the text-book method, may do it. Whatever is remembered in a graduate course of study my belief is that it should be thoroughly evangelical and prepare the teacher to be his own evangelist.

Port Hope, Michigan. A. O. HAMMOND.

## THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

### ISCARIOT

It was not an Institute but a Ministerial Club of a half dozen denominations in which a paper was read on Judas. It was a fine study of his life, character, great crime, and tragic end, assuming the truth of the record and its usual interpretation. It did not bother about original sources, nor suggest that there might be anything new to be learned. It sailed over thin ice as if it were rock a thousand miles deep, but glowed with a hot ethical condemnation of the traitor. It was apparently complete. But there was a man there who, as was Pope, was "a little crooked interrogation point." Others, too, would indulge in the passion of this age, and ask questions. Some brethren were evidently disturbed. What is the use of questions? Why spoil the effect of so fine a paper? Why not go away with the contented feeling that they knew about Judas, and that he was safely housed in "his own place"? When the inquisitive brother asked if they were sure about the name of Judas there was a ripple of laughter. That there was any uncertainty about "Iscariot" was the height of improbability. What had been settled so long surely could not be questioned now—so great is the power of tradition. But the little "interrogation point" stood his ground. A wise old pastor who had been fifty years in his present charge said, "I never pass an interrogation point without digging around it a little, let's try this one." Indeed that was one secret of the freshness of his ministry, and of its long and noted success. So it soon developed that the little interrogation point was in good company. It was found that the "texts" varied in the use of the name "Iscariot." The "King James," the "Revised," and the "American" versions do not agree. Origen, Ewald, Grotius, Hermann, Bartolocci, Gill, Heinsius, Lightfoot, and other more recent scholars had discussed it, and some of them given a half dozen other meanings to the name than the one usually suggested, "Judas, the man of Kerioth."

Kerioth seems to be mentioned twice in the Old Testament, but its locality has never been determined, and the plural form indicates that it is the plural of a general term, and means cities or hamlets. Such it most surely is in the reference to a region in Moab; a region from which it is not thought that Judas came. The other supposed reference to Kerioth is in Josh. 15. 25, and the place has been sought for some distance south of Hebron. Both the "Revised" and "American" versions recognize the absence of the copula, however, which would make Kerioth a distinct place in company with "Hezron, Amam, and Shema." and also make it a compound with Hezron; "Kerioth-hezron," and then make this equivalent to Hazor which Joshua burned. Reference to the original shows that a simpler reading would be to translate "kerioth" as "hamlets," a meaning suggested by Fuerst, and so make the passage read, "the hamlets springing up in place of Hazor." And with this interpretation the few

scattered remains, the frontier position, and the associated epithets seem to agree. So Kerioth as a place disappears from view, and if there were no such place, the usual interpretation of Kerioth must be given up. In this dilemma the explanation was suggested that the Greek name "Iscariot" was from the Hebrew "ascara," denoting "strangling." This would derive the name from the same root as the modern Hebrew word for "angina" or quinsy, literally "a choking" or "a strangling." Lightfoot suggests that this name might have been given to Judas after his death, and in commemoration of the manner of his dying. Heinsius suggests that he may have been subject to a disease tending to suffocation in his earlier life, and hence his name. If this were true, it seems most probable that as a disciple of Jesus, one of the select twelve, Judas would have been healed. How natural then—what poetical justice—that after his betrayal of the Master he should die of strangling. That from which the Master saved him, he makes to be the means of his own undoing. Is it not often so? "I believe it; I believe it," said the pastor of fifty years, and the next Sunday preached a fresh, original, startling sermon on the thought that if the saved are ever lost it is by their own agency, and is most likely to be through the evil from which they were once saved.

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## THE MINISTRY

Is the world an expression of selfishness or of ministry? Many statements in arguments for, or interpretations of, "the struggle for existence," "the survival of the fittest," and "natural selection," sound as if life in its upward strides had always been selfish, and as if the final outcome of the onward march would be the triumph of incarnated selfishness. To the Christian such an interpretation of the world is unbelievable.

Should the world be interpreted by its lower ranges of life, or by its highest? In the abodes of highest life it is now seen that not selfishness but ministry is surviving and enjoying what promises to be a permanent triumph. Not the tornado nor the earthquake, that seem for a time to be working and winning, but the quiet, ministering, constructive forces of sunshine and helpfulness are building the advancing world. Not the worthless weeds, thorns, and thistles, but the ministering plants—wheat, corn and others—are having more abundant life, and cover the land. The wild beasts that minister less are becoming extinct, while the domestic animals that minister more multiply, and increase in power of ministry also. So, among men, savages, in whom is more of selfishness, and among whom the chief is served, are dying out, but the peoples who minister in manifold mutuality, and among whom the highest is the servant of all, are coming to power and permanence. Should not the outcome give meaning to the process by which it came, even though that process be dark in places and red in tooth and fang? It is not selfishness but ministry that helps on life to its highest and best manifestations.

Was it Montesquieu who said "Happy is the people whose annals are vacant"? Carlyle wrote: "Stillest perseverance were our blessedness; not dislocation and alteration." Yet these latter are called events and chronicled by history, and magnified too often by scientists and philosophers, as the processes by which the world of mankind moves on. "Attila Invasions, Walter-the-Penniless Crusades, Sicilian Vespers, Thirty Years War, were sin and misery; not work, but hindrance of work. For the Earth, all this while, was yearly green and yellow with her kind harvests; the hand of the Craftsman, the mind of the thinker rested not; and so, after all, and in spite of all, we have this so glorious high-domed blossoming world." Not by the forces that selfishly destroy, but by those that unselfishly minister is our civilization made.

So God is coming to his own at last in the world. He is the eternal minister, and it is his infinite ministry that fills the world with all good things, and keeps the real evolution of life moving on to its highest destiny. The Bible is a record of God's personal ministry to man in the dark evolution of the centuries. It is not merely a record of "God's self-revelation." That is too selfish and theatrical. It is a record of God's ministry to his child; a child wayward, stumbling, and falling, and yet ever crawling onward like a wounded giant for whom the world was made and for whom all the events of history are working. This ministry culminates in the incarnation when his Son comes "not to be ministered unto but to minister." On the Cross, suffering, the mightiest language of love speaks so that the world must hear, and his children receiving new life and love, come to that loving character of ministry which is worthy of their Father. It is this ministry of God that is carried on in "The Ministry," which is really to continue both the Bible and the Incarnation. This high, holy, and unselfish service of the ministry, incarnating the heart of God and the finally triumphant principle of the world, should surely appeal to men of highest ambitions and holiest ideals.

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## "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE"

Eddyism has had a great time dedicating its two million dollar temple in Boston. It is a great temple too. Of course the ministers of Boston have had a great time with "Christian Science" also. The old saw that Christians say it is not Christian, and scientists say it is not science, has been made to do good service. It has been shown that "Christian Science" is not only nonChristian, but that it is an antichristian religion. It is practical atheism. It denies God as creator, denies any creation, denies that God is Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. It asserts a doctrine of God which is the baldest, nakedest pantheism; none the less odious for calling itself a spiritual pantheism. It denies the true Godhead of Jesus Christ. It denies the incarnation because it denies flesh. It denies the propitiation for our sins because for them there is no sin, and hence no sacrifice and no faith to take away sins that do not exist. It denies Christ's resurrection, the Holy Spirit, and the Sacraments. Wide of Christian, all that,

surely. It is sublimated selfishness says another. It builds a two million dollar temple for its own enjoyment. It has no hospitals, no free dispensaries, no missions in the slums, no orphanages. There is absolute lack of charity. There are no poor in the ranks of "Christian Scientists." Another goes even deeper and says it is utterly lacking in sympathy. How can it have true sympathy when there is no pain, or ache, or suffering to sympathize with? It cannot succeed for long in a suffering world.

Why does "Christian Science" seem to succeed? Mrs. Eddy is "the Lydia Pinkham of the Soul" is the reply. Great was the success of the former "Lydia," and for the same reason this latter "Lydia" seems to succeed. When people want, with a passionate selfishness, to be well in body, heart, or soul, they do not care much for either chemical formulas or logical conclusions. They take what offers relief, even if the relief be imaginary, temporary, partial, or narcotic. And this woman pretends to offer relief. There is neither mental nor heart stimulus in "Christian Science." It does not stir to the strenuous life but tends to tranquility. It differs from the old "quietism" in that it does not try to sink into God but rather into a self-satisfaction which includes a world-satisfaction also. This smug satisfaction makes many of their faces characterless and their congregations people "well-dressed in unruffled countenances." God is good and God is all, and so all is well. Why strive to make God better?

Now some such satisfaction is an attractive element in religion, and a comfortable thing in life. In the strenuous life of missions, charities, and activities of all kinds, may we not have gone to the other extreme? Methodism once urged a satisfying experience. Indeed this seemed to be her specialty. Years ago a strenuous business man of New York, not a professed Christian, said to this writer, "I like to go to Ocean Grove to see the happy faces. So many people there seem satisfied with their religion." Is it as much so as it ought to be in our churches?

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## WHAT MEN ARE ASKING TODAY

"Men are asking today, as always, the elemental and imperative questions: Is there a God? If there is, does He care for us? If He cares for us, why do we suffer? And, after our life is done, what is there then? To these primal, eternal questions the Christian minister has plain, definite, positive answers. The message of Christianity is that God Himself has spoken. God Himself, made man in Jesus Christ, has taken the everlasting questions one by one and answered them. There is a God, and He is our Father; He cares for us and loves us, every one. Pain comes, indeed, and the problem of it is unsolved, but the Cross shows how pain and love do as a fact exist together. And after death is life. Not one of these fundamental assertions is capable of ordinary or scientific proof. Nevertheless the happiness of mankind depends upon them. The minister stands in the midst of the community, sent by Jesus Christ with a message direct from on high, to tell men in God's name that these things are true. The heart of his message, the words of it, and the worth of it, is Jesus Christ."

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

### THE BATTLE OF THE CRITICS

No book on Pentateuchal criticism has created more stir in recent times among English-speaking students of the Old Testament than a volume, entitled, The Problem of the Old Testament, from the vigorous pen of Dr. James Orr, Professor of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. The book is published under the auspices of Lake Forest University. This institution was the recipient in 1879 of $40,000 from Mr. William Bross, at one time lieutenant-governor of Illinois. The income from this money was to be used periodically in prizes for treatises or books "on the connection, relation, and mutual bearing of any practical science, or history of our race, or the facts in any department of knowledge, with and upon the Christian religion." The promoters of this fund had especially in view "the religion of the Bible, composed of the Old and New Testaments of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," as commonly received in the Presbyterian and other evangelical churches. The last prize, amounting to $6,000, offered in 1902, thrown open for competition to scientists, philosophers, scholars, and historians, regardless of creed or clime, was unanimously awarded by the committee selected as judges to Dr. James Orr. It is needless to add that this volume, selected from a number submitted in competition, and deemed worthy of this munificent prize—for $6,000 is a large sum—has been written by a profound scholar, one thoroughly versed in the great questions discussed, one, not only acquainted with the immense literature on the subject in French, German, and English, but also accustomed to weigh evidence in a scientific manner.

Dr. Orr's main contention is with the Graf-Wellhausen wing of critics. He is eminently fair, meets argument with argument, and never attempts to minimize the services rendered to biblical criticism by this school. He protests against the methods employed and the untenableness of much that is taught by these critics as scientifically established truth. Notwithstanding the array of learning connected with, and the great popularity of the Wellhausen theory, Dr. Orr, if we mistake not, shows conclusively that it is not entitled to "the unqualified confidence often claimed for it," because the theory, plausible as it is, "rests upon erroneous fundamental principles," is built upon the sand, is permeated with subjectivity and wrong deductions, and, "must, if carried to its logical issues—to which happily very many do not carry it—prove subversive of our Christian faith." Dr. Orr, with telling effect, holds to view the lack of harmony in the radical camp as to questions of dates and priority of documents. Such lack of harmony is inevitable, since their conclusions are based upon premises purely subjective and issuing from such a variety of sources. We find among them all shades of opinions, from those of the ultrarationalist, who denies a

supernatural revelation to those of the orthodox or liberal-conservative. The lack of agreement is comparatively harmless beside the bias to discard the supernatural in the Bible. We have, however, no quarrel with a man for depressing the date of a psalm or even of an entire book provided he does not do so for the purpose of undermining inspiration and the supernatural. Take Kuenen for example; in discussing the Religion of Israel and those of other nations, this learned Dutch theologian says: "For us the Israelitish religion is one of those religions; nothing less, but also, nothing more." He says in so many words that neither the Jewish nor Christian religion is derived from *special* divine revelation, or is supernatural in its origin. The following from his pen is explicit: "So soon as we derive a separate part of Israel's religious life directly from God, and allow the supernatural or immediate revelation to intervene in even one single point, so long also our view of the whole continues to be incorrect.....It is the supposition of a natural development alone which accounts for all the phenomenon." It would be easy to multiply similar quotations from the writings of other critics of this school, such as Duhm, Stade, Gunkel, Wellhausen, etc.

We Methodists think that we can trace the divine hand from Genesis to Revelation, but Wellhausen and his school degrade the origin of the profoundest truths of the Bible, and fail to see a redemptive purpose manifesting itself through the entire Scriptures. "They lower the character of religion to suit the conditions of its hypothetical development." Prof. Robertson Smith saw this tendency, and was candid enough to say: "There appears to live a substantial and practical difference of view between the common faith of the churches and the views of the modern school" of biblical critics.

The Graf-Kuenen-Willhausen school, like most modern critics, believe in the documentary theory of the composition of the Pentateuch, or rather Hexateuch, for, according to them, the book of Joshua is a mere continuation of the first five books of the Old Testament. The Mosaic origin is denied *in toto*. Not one of the documents can by any possibility be from the pen of Moses. There are at least four sources generally known as J, E, D, T. We find the J and E documents so united as to be scarcely distinguishable. These four sources are the main documents; we say *main* because the critics divide and subdivide these at will into many smaller fragments. What student of the Pentateuch is not familiar with $J^1$, $J^2$, $J^3$, or $E^1$, $E^2$, $E^3$, or $D^1$, $D^2$, etc.? These algebraic signs, thanks to the ingenuity of advanced critics, are destined to disappear in the near future, for, of late years, it has become fashionable to speak of schools rather than of individual writers. Thus the difference of style in one of the four principal documents is easily explained, since it is the work of a long series of writers, all belonging to the same school. When the critics come to date these documents, or to discuss their relative ages, harmony is conspicuous by its absence. P., or the Priestly Code, written by and in the interest of the priestly class, appeared, according to Wellhausen, shortly before 468 B. C., and was produced in Babylon. Bleek, Colenso, and most of the older,

higher critics, make this the oldest of the four documents, written about the time of Samuel. This is the reason that they named it "*Die Grundschrift.*" Riehm, Dillmann, Noeldeke, Schrader, and others likewise regard it as the oldest document, but bring it down to the regal period. Even Graf, in his former writings, made P. earlier than Deuteronomy, but later, in agreement with Wellhausen, stamped it as post-exilic or the very latest portion from which the Hexateuch was formed.

Having depressed the date of P. which forms so large a portion of the Pentateuch, the next step was comparatively easy, that is, to reduce it to a mere fiction. Not only do they make the laws non-Mosaic and legendary but they also deny a historic character to the greater part of the narratives. What purports to be history is fiction invented by the priests to insure readier acceptance of the legislation. Here again the critics disagree. Prof. Robertson Smith, says that such a system of laws could not have been invented in Babylonia, and that to settle upon Ezra as the author of the Priest's Code is arbitrary guess-work. Other advanced critics, mindful of the many objections to a post-exilic date, admit that large portions of P. existed in an unwritten state long before the captivity. If it existed unwritten, why not written? Dr. Orr very ably points out three huge incredibilities to the acceptance of post-exilic date to P. *First*, there is the *moral* question. Ezra, when he read the law of the people, passed it off as genuinely Mosaic. The people at the time accepted it as Mosaic, and so have the Jewish and Christian churches down to comparatively recent times, and that without scarcely a dissenting voice from Jew or Christian. And yet, notwithstanding this long consensus of opinion, Wellhausen coolly says: "Not only was the code unknown before the exile, but it *could* not have existed earlier than the captivity." He further assures us that the tabernacle, with its ark and utensils, the choice of Aaron and his sons as priests, or the Levites as their subordinates, the establishment of Levitical cities, the tithes system, the Day of Atonement, and much more besides, are all pure inventions without historical bases. "Not only were these institutions non-Mosaic, they *never existed at all.*" How then, the uninitiated into the mysteries of biblical criticism may ask, became such legislation and institutions attributed to Moses? The critics solemnly assert that it was the custom of those ages to attribute all new laws to Moses, simply to give them a greater weight. But Ezekiel did not attribute his laws to Moses, nor did the Chronicler, nor did Ezra and Nehemiah, but all these made a clear distinction between what was their own and what they regarded as belonging to Moses. Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and men of their type were "as incapable of employing lying lips, or lying pen as any of our critics to-day. We simply cannot conceive of them as entering into such conspiracy or taking part in such a fraud, as the Wellhausen theory supposes."

In passing we might very briefly refer to the critical view regarding the origin of Deuteronomy. We are forced by the Graf-Wellhausen theory to regard Deuteronomy as "a pious fraud, or a deliberate intention to deceive." Lest we do the critics injustice, let them speak for themselves.

Wellhausen says: "Deuteronomy is the book which the priests *pretended* to have found in the temple." Kuenen tells us that D. was composed by the Mosaic party to further its own interests; in those days, "men used to perpetrate such fictions as these without any qualms of conscience." Cornill solemnly adds: "We must recognize the fact that we have here a pseudograph, and that this was known to the persons interested." Cheyne chimes in by saying: "No student of Oriental life and history could be surprised at a pious fraud originating among priests." If we are not mistaken, Cheyne, too, is an ordained priest! He also says: "Such conduct as that of Hilkiah is, I maintain, worthy of an inspired teacher. . . . . Indeed, if we reject the theory of 'needful illusions' we are thrown upon a sea of perplexity."

To return to P., we must next point out the *historical* incredibility that such a system of laws, if not Mosaic, should have been accepted after the captivity. They have not the least post-exilic flavor, on the other hand the entire code is permeated with "so perfect an air of the wilderness." Ezra, had he desired, could not have perpetrated such a scheme upon his contemporaries. The Book of Nehemiah clearly shows that there was a "strongly disaffected party—a faction keenly opposed to Ezra and Nehemiah." Professor Robertson Smith frankly admits that "all the historical indications point to the priestly aristocracy being the chief opponents of Ezra." This being so, how could Ezra have hoodwinked the people, and foisted upon them, in the name of Moses, such a production as the Priestly Code? And how could the Samaritans, so hostile to the Jews, have accepted, a short time later, such a document as from the pen of Moses? Indeed, it is not wonderful that some critics, as, for example, Professor H. P. Smith (in his Hebrew History) should be inclined to deny the very existence of Ezra. This learned critic says: "Whether there was a scribe named Ezra is not a matter of great importance."

Then, there is again "the *unsuitability* of the Code itself." Why invent such a system for the post-exilic people? Take, for instance, the tithe system. The Levites were to receive a tenth of all from the people, of this they were to give one tenth to the priests. Is it not a historical fact that the priests in Ezra's days outnumbered the Levites in the ratio of twelve or thirteen to one? How ridiculous, therefore, to give ninety per cent to one man and only ten per cent to twelve or thirteen?

Dr. Orr's book cannot be too highly recommended to Bible students, old and young, especially "to any who have, perhaps, yielded too ready or indiscriminating an assent to the positions of the modern critical movement."

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**B. Stade.** He has long been known as one of the ablest of the Old Testament students of Germany. A recent contribution to his special department of learning has appeared under the title *Biblische Theologie des alten Testament. Die Religion Israels und die Emtstchung des Judenthums* (Biblical Theology of the Old Testament. The Religion of Israel and the Origin of Judaism). First volume, Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1905. Stade holds, contrary to the majority, that Old Testament theology has a much more important function than the discovery and classification of the religious and ethical conceptions of the Old Testament. To his mind its real function is the description of the religion as founded by Moses, and how this, through the preaching of the prophets, and the peculiar experiences of the Israelites, developed into the Judaism of the time of Christ. Accordingly he divides his material into two parts: First, The Religion of Israel prior to the prophets, in which he discusses the founding of the religion in the wilderness, its modifications due to the settlement in Palestine, the prophetic reaction, the tenets of the religion previous to the prophets, and the divine worship of the period. Second, The transformation of the religion of Israel in the period of the prophets, in which he treats the prophecy of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., its relation to the earlier religion, and to the Babylonian cults in Palestine; the results of the prophetic preaching during the exile, and the founding of the Jewish Church. Stade holds that such a review of the development enables us to discover the Old Testament germs of Christianity and at the same time to observe the contrast between the Old Testament and the revelation in the New—a contrast which cannot be so well seen in any other way—which illustrates the value to the pastor of such a study as this. One of the chief sources of interest in this utterance of Stade is that in it we see how a really great man views the performance of Delitzsch in his Bible and Babel. Hundreds of the small fry, on both sides, have written most of them so little about the subject, and have so little intellectual ability that what they say or think makes no difference. But here is a man of the first order. What does he have to say? In the first place he does not pretend to deny a degree of Babylonian influence in the religious ideas of the Old Testament. But his general attitude toward the contentions of Delitzsch is one of opposition. Stade would not have thought it worth while to refer to the matter had it not been that the newspapers made so much of it. Only the uninformed took the matter seriously, whether for or against Delitzsch, who has long been known by scholars as an extremist, but whose extremes have but recently been brought to popular observation. It may be here remarked that if he had been let severely alone by his opponents his expressions of opinion would have done far less harm. The friends of the faith are the chief agents in the spread of radical views. Stade will

be quoted as an opponent of Delitzsch, but it must be remembered that he is equally an opponent of Hommel and those who train with him. He thinks that Hommel has been trying for a long time to bury the results of the literary criticism of the Bible, but that they refuse to stay in the grave while he shovels in the earth upon them. He has ever to dig the grave over again. On the whole Stade is of the opinion that the labors of the critics have produced good results. He says that the accusation against them, that they fail to distinguish between the time of the writing of a book and the time of the origin of the ideas and customs it describes, is mostly unjust—as these two things are generally held apart by the critics. In conclusion just a word as to Stade's idea of the origin of the religion of Israel. Some descendants of Leah, who had a place of worship of their tribal God, Jaweh, in Kadisch, were leading a nomadic life in Goshen, and were oppressed by the Egyptians. These Moses called to freedom under the protection of Jaweh, and thus arose the fundamental idea of the religion of Israel-Jehovah, the God of Israel.

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**M. Friedlander.** Although born and brought up a Jew he is in reality much nearer to Christianity than to Judaism. The one great thought that runs through all his writings is that the influence of Hellenism on the Jews of the dispersion worked beneficially in that it freed them from the narrowness of the law, and placed them in the religious condition of the Jews of the time of the prophets. All his many books tend to establish this one point. Although he is generally regarded as exaggerating the influence of Hellenism it may be of interest to give the titles of his books and longer articles. They are *Das Judenthum in der vorchristlichen griechischen Welt* (Judaism in the Pre-Christian Greek World) 1897; *Der vorchristliche jüdische Gnostizismus* (Pre-Christian Jewish Gnosticism) 1898; *Der Antichrist in den vorchristlichen jüdischen Quellen* (Antichrist According to Pre-Christian Jewish Sources) 1901; The Pauline Emancipation from the Law, a Product of the Pre-Christian Jewish Diospara (article in the Jewish Quarterly Review, vol. XIV, 1902); *Geschichte des jüdischen Apologetik als Vorgeschichte des Christenthums* (The History of Jewish Apologetics as a Preparation for the History of Christianity) 1903; *Griechische Philosophie im Alten Testament* (Greek Philosophy in the Old Testament) 1904; *Die religiosen Bewegungen innerhalb des Judenthums im Zeitalter Jesu* (The Religious Movements within Judaism in the Times of Jesus) 1905. The merest glance at these titles will suggest that Friedländer regards Christianity as a direct offspring of the Judaism of the dispersion—in other words Christianity is the product of the combined Jewish and Greek spirit. Nevertheless he does not deny the originality of Jesus. He says that the time was ripe for the Messiah, but this does not mean that the time produced the Messiah and his message, but merely that at that time there was a preparedness for him, the possibility of understanding and accepting him. But between him and his times. As to Jesus himself he says he was faithful to the law, but in the sense in which the non-pharisaic portion of the devout in Israel were faithful, that is, faithful to the spirit but

regardless of the letter. Jesus did not allow himself to be held to the ideas of Moses and the ancients, but went beyond them in the spirit of a newer age whose morals had already been purified by philosophy, so that his ethics were higher than the Mosaic—indeed, they were the completion of the Mosaic. In fact, therefore, he was free from the law. In his struggle with the Pharisees he came to constantly clearer conceptions of his own person. While at first he thought of himself as a successor of the prophets, a second John the Baptist, he soon felt that he had gone beyond them, and became conscious of his higher mission and of a power of God within him far surpassing any who had preceded him. No one was so nearly the manifestation of God's love as Jesus. For him God was not a reality merely in thought, he enjoyed such an incomparable fullness of conscious relation with God as had never been reached before. With his strong antipathy for legal Judaism, and this evident sympathy with Jesus and Christianity, it might seem strange that Friedländer does not become a Christian. And he has thought on that matter, but feels that Christianity is as much in need of purification from mixtures of error as Judaism is, and hence he would gain nothing by the exchange. The extravagance of his claims for Hellenism and its influence is very marked in his latest book, mentioned above, where he strives to make it appear that even Jesus was in a good measure the product of the Greek spirit. On the whole one may say that Friedländer has learned much from Paul, who teaches that legal Judaism is a later and relatively defective form of religion as compared with the earliest revelations of God to Abraham and others; and that the Christian doctrine of justification by faith has its parallel in the justification of Abraham.

## RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen** (Disputed Questions concerning the Bible in Our Times). By Various Authors. Gross-Lichterfelde: Berlin, E. Runge, 1905. The series of booklets under the above general title treats many special themes: The Problem of Suffering: an Introduction to the Book of Job; The Lord's Supper in the New Testament; The Historicity of the gospel of Mark; The gospel of John and the synoptic gospels; The Resurrection of Jesus; Paul and Prayer; The Text of the New Testament; The New Message in the Teaching of Jesus; The Older Prophetism to the Time of Elijah and Elisha; Baptism in the New Testament; The Biblical Account of Primitive Times; New Testament Parallels to Buddhistic Documents; The Miracles of Jesus. Besides these many more are promised. The object of the series is twofold: first, to furnish a defensive statement of the teachings of the Scriptures which shall, in contrast to the older apologetics, be true to the historical spirit; and, second, to set forth these truths on the basis of the belief in revelation, in contrast with those who would explain away the supernatural in the Bible. Of course where so many different writers are engaged varying degrees of success in the work attempted must be expected. On the whole it must be said that what has been written is satisfactory. All of the writers are

ranked in Germany as conservatives, and some of them have been quoted in recent months by Americans as on the conservative side. This is eminently true if by conservative is meant one who preserves all truth essential to the Christian faith. It is false in the sense in which the Americans referred to have represented them. They are not conservatives in the sense that they hold on to the so-called traditional views of the Bible, its origin, its history, its ethics, and its theology. This may be illustrated by a few specimens. Professor Sellin, in treating The Biblical Account of Primitive Times (Die biblische Urgeschichte), deals with the sources. J was begun under David, P was completed under Ezra. Where does the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch come in under such a scheme? Again he affirms the dependence of the writers of this early Bible history upon heathen mythology, chiefly, but not exclusively Babylonian. Whatever we may think of this, we can never again honestly rank Sellin as a conservative in the usual American sense of that word. Bernhard Weiss, writing on The Historicity of the gospel of Mark, holds that besides the recollections of Peter Mark used the so-called Logia-source, but with far less fidelity than that source is found in Matthew. He holds, also, that Mark does not give, and did not intend to give, us an historical record, but that he grouped his material around certain ideas which he wished to illustrate, and that for the real history of Jesus we must go to the gospel of John. Here again we find that the writer is guilty of maintaining the source theory; finding a gospel relatively untrustworthy; denying that in each gospel we have history. Evidently he will not rank as a conservative. Barth treats The gospel of John, and the synoptic gospels, in such a way as to show that the synoptics cannot be trusted, but that John's gospel can be trusted. Here again is no conservative. Beth deals with the miracles of Jesus in a way very unsatisfactory to American conservatives; for he affirms that in the synoptics and in the gospel of John alike Jesus is represented not as performing his miracles for the purpose of awakening faith, but because of his love and pity for human suffering. So far as this present writer is concerned all the writers in this series of booklets are tarred with the same critical stick. The difference is not in the method but in the presuppositions with which they came to the use of the method—in other words the difference is subjective.

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**Le dogme de la redemption. Essai d'étude historique** (The Doctrine of Redemption Historically Considered). By Abbé J. Rivière. Paris, N. Lecoffre, 1905. The book is published with the sanction of the Archbishop of Albi. In the introductory pages the author gives a summary of the Roman Catholic doctrine of the redemptive work of Christ, and a discussion of the so-called rationalistic systems of more recent times. These systems have not necessarily any rationalism in them, but consist of any and all Protestant attempts to construe doctrinally the redeeming work of Christ. Nevertheless the author regards the Socinian negativism as the classic Protestant view—how erroneously all intelligent Protestants are aware. The last ripe fruit of the Reformation, according to our author.

is modern liberal Protestantism with its individualism, of which Albrecht Ritschl is the chief exponent. In the next section, which treats of redemption as taught in the Holy Scriptures, he decidedly softens down the ordinary Romanist judgments of the now celebrated Loisy. Following this comes a section on redemption according to the Greek fathers which concerns itself chiefly with an attempt to show that the doctrinal considerations of these fathers are much richer, and much more manifold, than Ritschl and Harnack have discovered. The section next following is on redemption according to the Latin fathers. He gives us a lengthy discussion of Anselm's satisfaction theory, which he calls a masterpiece which, by its originality and its actual influence upon the history of theology, has given to its author a place of honor alongside of the greatest church fathers. He says of it that even to-day it is, because of the power of the conception and the vigor of its development, the mightiest, if not the completest, effort to solve the problem of redemption which Christian literature has created. In opposition to Ritschl, Harnack, and Sabatier he defends the satisfaction theory of the atonement from every assault of every kind. To his mind the doctrine of Anselm is the classic form of the occidental tradition of the realistic theory of redemption. His condemnation of Abelard is, on the other hand, equally vigorous. Abelard, he says, by the radical character of his ideas recommends himself particularly to modern Protestants who see in him their forerunner. And in this they are not deceived, he thinks. By denying to the sufferings of Christ any objective value, and by reducing the saving efficacy of the redemptive death to a purely subjective influence, Abelard proves himself the pioneer of liberalism which finds itself again in this "deep and moving doctrine"! But it contradicts fundamentally the tradition of the church which would have had to give up its very existence had it not fought such enemies. The author thinks that the development reached its conclusion in Thomas Aquinas, whose form of the doctrine is Anselm's with but unessential modifications, but who gave the final expression to the doctrine. He says that Thomas by his wise reserve, his caution resulting from looking at every side, and his understanding of every shade of thought on this subject, was called to give us the full results of the preceding evolution. On the other hand he deals rather scornfully with Duns Scotus, whom he takes into account chiefly in relation to the question of the scope and worth of the satisfaction rendered by Christ. He thinks that Protestants have much overrated the significance of the teaching of Duns Scotus, in which they see an anticipation of the Socinian rationalism. The last section of the book deals with the rights of the devil, which have played so important a part in the history of the doctrine of redemption. The aspect of the subject was confined mostly to the early centuries. Anselm, Abelard, and Thomas Aquinas did away with all such mythologumenon. The conclusion sums up the whole development, attempting to show that the doctrine as developed was only the ever clearer unfolding of the original concept of the church made necessary by the opposition of heresy. Here the author identifies the doctrine of evolution with the doctrine of traditionalism—which is a most interesting procedure for a Roman Catholic.

## GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

Full of freshness and living interest is The London Quarterly Review for July, well spiced with variety. A touching article by R. Wilkins Rees brings near to us the pathetic nobleness of Charles Lamb, of whom Coleridge, his fifty-years friend, said, "Lamb has more totality and individuality of character than any other man I have ever known in all my life." Ruskin said, "Lamb was the only writer in the world's history who had a human soul within his breast that cared for *me* and *you*"; which saying Arthur Symons echoes thus: "Kindness, in Lamb, embraces mankind, not with the wide engulfing arms of philanthropy, but with an individual caress." There exists an old suspicion that Lamb was profane. But the almost worshipful tributes of such men as were his friends is proof enough of the groundlessness of such a notion. Thackeray spoke of him with sincere love as "Saint Charles," and Wordsworth's epitaph on Lamb contains the line, "O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived." Mr. Rees says: "There was in him throughout a deep and true religiousness. As a young man he writes to his friend, Robert Lloyd, in a memorable letter, 'Friends fall off, friends mistake us, they change, they grow unlike us, they go away, they die; but God is everlasting and incapable of change, and to him we may look with cheerful, unpresumptuous hope, while we discharge the duties of life in situations more untowardly than yours. You complain of the impossibility of improving yourself, but be assured that the opportunity of improvement lies more in the mind than the situation. Humble yourself before God, cast out the selfish principle, wait in patience, do good in every way you can to all sorts of people, never be easy to neglect a duty though a small one, praise God for all, and see his hand in all things, and he will in time raise you up *many friends*—or be himself instead an unchanging friend.' With his oft-recurring and pathetic humility he writes to Coleridge of his own 'improvable portion of devotional feelings, though when I view myself in the light of divine truth, and not according to the common measures of human judgment, I am altogether corrupt and sinful. This is no cant. I am very sincere.' And to the same supreme friend he also says, 'In my poor mind 'tis best for us to consider God as our heavenly Father and our best friend without indulging too bold conceptions of his nature. Let us rejoice in the name of dear children, brethren, and co-heirs with Christ of the promises, seeking to know no further.'" Lamb's heroic unselfishness during the long tragedy of his life, endears him to his fellowmen. His patient devotion to his insane sister, and to his poor old palsied exacting dotard of a father, puts him in the calendar of saints. His sister Mary was perpetually on the brink of the next attack of madness. In one period of insanity she murdered their mother. Life was to them a horror of memory and of fear. He was always watching for signs of recurring mental aberration in her. Even when away together for a holiday, the ominous strait-jacket was carried in the trunk ready for use. When the black shadow was settling again over her mind he

would lead her along bypaths to the asylum, in tears and anguish; and when the frenzy had subsided and the cloud of madness lifted from Mary's mind her brother Charles would lead her back to the pleasant haunts of men. And so their years went on in terror and in gloom, lighted only by pure love and the humor with which, in spite of herself, he cheered the darkened days of this gifted and beautiful sister. Lamb's love for London is another of his conspicuous traits. To him no sound was dissonant that told of life, and a mob of men was better than a flock of sheep. Apart from human faces the finest scenery failed to satisfy his sense of beauty. His letters are full of his love for the great city. "I have cried with fullness of joy," he writes, "at the multitudinous scenes of life in the crowded streets of ever-dear London. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. London, whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley I would not exchange for Skiddaw and Helvellyn! Oh, her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, book-stalls, toy-shops, mercers, hardware men, pastry-cooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand, Exeter Change, Charing Cross, with the man upon a black horse! Had you not better come up here? All the streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you. At least, I know an alchemy that turns her mind into that precious metal—a mind that loves to be at home in crowds." Mr. Rees says: "Petrarch delighted in the country within reach of the town; but even at Enfield, that 'little teazing image of a town,' Lamb felt it sorely hard that his solitude was not relieved by the sights and sounds of his own dear London. 'O never let the lying poets be believed,' he writes to Wordsworth, 'who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets. . . A garden was the primitive prison till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Then followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part and the thither side of innocence.' He 'frets like a lion in a net' for the 'dear London weariness,' and he might take his rest 'but that back-looking ambition tells me I might yet be a Londoner.' In the same letter to Wordsworth he declares, 'I would live in London shirtless, bookless.' A fortnight after he writes thus to Barton, 'Give me old London at Fire and Plague times, rather than these tepid gales, healthy country air, and purposeless exercise.' And about a year before his death he refers once again to London in a letter to Wordsworth: 'London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, though not one known of the latter were remaining.' It is undoubtedly true that Charles Lamb was a Londoner: the Londoner of all Londoners that ever lived."

In *The Atlantic Monthly* for August appeared an article on Father Taylor by Ralph Waldo Emerson. It was found among Emerson's papers, with indications that he may have used it for a parlor-lecture with the title "Improvisation—Rev. Edward Taylor." He called Father Taylor "this grand improvisator" because of his unpremeditated, spontaneous, uncontrolled eloquence. He said that if this sailor-preacher had only known how to control his abounding and untamed imagination he would have been the greatest of orators. "Ah, could he only guide those grand

sea-horses of his with which he rides and caracoles on the waves of the sunny ocean of his thought!" Some of Father Taylor's inimitable expressions are quoted. He had gone fishing at Groton, and said, "The fishes were as snappish as the people, so that he looked to see if their very scales were not turned wrong side out." To one grim Calvinist who conceived of a harsh Deity, he said, "Your God is my devil; tell him so, with my compliments." To another, "You tell me a great deal of what the devil does and what power he has. When did you hear from Jesus Christ last?" In his volley of epithets he called God "a charming Spirit." He spoke of men who "sin with ingenuity, sin with genius, sin with all the power they can draw." One Sunday afternoon, wishing his sailor boys a happy New Year, he prayed God to "Care for his servants of the brine, to favor commerce, to bless the bleached sail and the white foam, and through commerce to Christianize the universe. May every deck be stamped by the hallowed feet of godly captains, and the first watch and the second watch be watchful for the Divine Light." When about embarking for Europe, he said, "I am sorry to leave my own babes, but he who takes care for every whale and can give him a ton of herring for breakfast, will find food for my children. The following are some of the things Emerson says of Father Taylor: "He is mighty Nature's child, trusting entirely to her power, as he has never been deceived by it, and arriving unexpectedly every moment at new and happiest deliverances. How joyfully and manly he spreads himself abroad! He is a work of the same hand that made Demosthenes, Shakespeare, and Burns, and is guided by instincts diviner than rules. His whole discourse is a string of audacious felicities harmonized by a spirit of joyful love. Everybody is cheered and exalted by him. He is a living man, and explains at once what Whitefield and Fox were to their audiences, by the total infusion of his own soul into his assembly, and consequent absolute dominion over them. How puny, how cowardly, other preachers look by the side of this preaching! He shows us what a man can do. He is incapable of accurate thought: he cannot analyze or discriminate; he is a singing, dancing drunkard of his wit. Only he is sure of his sentiment. That is his mother's milk; and that he feels in his bones; that heaves in his lungs, throbs in his heart, walks in his feet, and gladly he yields to the sweet magnetism, and sheds it abroad on the people, in his power. Hence, he is an example—I thought, at that moment, the single example—of an inspiration: for a wisdom not his own, not to be appropriated by him, which he could not recall or even apply, sailed to him on the gale of this sympathetic communication with his auditory. There is his closet, his college, his confessional. He disclosed his secrets there, and received informations there, which his conversation with thousands of men, and his voyage to Egypt, and his journeys in Germany and in Syria, never taught him. His whole work is a sort of day's sailing out upon the sea, not to any voyage, but to take an observation of the sun, and come back again. This is the picture, the music, that he makes. His whole genuis is in minstrelsy. He calls it religion, Methodism, Christianity. It is minstrelsy; he is a minstrel!"

## BOOK NOTICES

### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Fundamentals and their Contrasts.* By JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D.D., LL.D., 12mo, pp. 210. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, net $1.00.

These are the Quillian Lectures for 1905 delivered by Dr. Buckley at Emory College, Oxford, Georgia, his predecessors in that lectureship having been Bishops Galloway and Hendrix. The lectures into which the unity of Dr. Buckley's discussion is divided are entitled "Religions and Religion," "No God," "Many Gods or One," "Inspiration and Revelation," "False and Distorted Forms of Christianity," "The Indestructibility of Christianity." Out of Dr. Buckley's numerous books this, if we mistake not, is the one by which he will be most widely known and longest remembered—a clear, strong, careful, and mature production of possibly permanent value; although permanence can be predicated of but few books. One manifestly proper place for Dr. Buckley's book is in the Conference Course of Study. The lectures exhibit knowledge commensurate with the subject and a mind equal to the large and difficult task. The lecturer is confident that "if the fundamentals can be stated with absolute clearness, and the alternatives sharply defined, the foundations of religion in general, and of Christianity in particular, will be recognized and accepted by all except a few minds of a peculiar structure." Beyond question the fundamentals are stated with absolute clearness and established firmly in reason in this book while the alternatives are sharply defined and then put out of court by unanswerable argument. Calm, solid, skillful work is done in establishing the fundamentals of the Christian Faith, but, for many, the excitement and exhilaration of the book begin when the lecturer proceeds to dispose of the alternatives, and increase as he exposes certain false and distorted forms of Christianity, typical of all. Several peculiarities of this book accrue to the advantage of the reader, and to the value of the discussion. One advantage lies in the arguments being the work of a past master in debate. No small part of the author's skill in dealing with his subject on all sides is due to the instinct and method of a practised debater, in conceiving correctly, and analyzing clearly the matters in issue, and in presenting forcibly the positive argument, as also in meeting each objection with precision and impact so that the objector goes down before a straight aim and a hard blow. The intellectual skill of an experienced polemic is here put at the service of the Christian Religion. Another advantage, considering the nature and purpose of the book, is its being the work of a naturally exacting, rationalizing and questioning mind, the farthest possible remove from easy-belief, as well as habituated to test severely the validity of reasoning so as to be saved from accepting for itself or commending to others unconvincing and insufficient arguments. The reasons which compel a mind of so critical and questioning a disposition, to firm faith in the Christian facts and verities, will presumptively prove convincing to any sane mind which gives itself a chance to understand them. Whatever else may be found in this

book there are no weak or poorly stated arguments. One more advantage is that its conclusions have been verified through a lifetime of sharp and insistent testing. It is not the brash brochure of a brilliant youth, whose zeal exceeds his knowledge and who sees things out of focus, but the proportioned views, the sifted residue of faith, held by a fully informed and satisfied mind long familiar with all the problems and weighing all the arguments pro and con. Still another advantage in his dealings with false religions and distorted forms of Christianity is that the work is here done by an acknowledged expert in the detection and exposure of all sorts of heresies, infatuations, fanaticisms, impostures and superstitions. As a diligent and fearless exposer of frauds and humbugs of all sorts, Dr. Buckley is entitled to the thanks of his fellowmen, for no man of his generation has rendered more extended, more varied, or more efficient service in any respect. He is a life-long specialist in the scientific and clinical study of all manner of abnormalities, divergencies, degenerations, insanities, inanities, and criminalities. He readily detects the specious, the spurious, and the erratic. For purposes of investigation he has cultivated an intimate acquaintance with all manner of lop-sided, squint-eyed, mentally or morally diseased, deformed or deficient specimens of mankind. On such subjects he is so much of an authority that he would be listened to with respect and with advantage by any society of medical or scientific men in the country. He is at his best and happiest when hunting with keen scent and healthy appetite on the track of fakirs, shysters, fanatics, cranks, and rascals, running them down and tearing them to pieces. Their quivering fragments are strewn over some of the pages of the book before us. This wholesome and discriminating huntsmanship has helped to rid the land of vermin, and make highways and byways safer for the innocent and unsuspecting. Readers of this book will perceive that Mormonism, Dowieism, and "Christian Science" have had no more unescapable and deadly assailant than this Quillian lecturer. No imposture and delusion is more completely and conclusively exposed and riddled here than Eddyism, showing the manifest infantility of the minds that succumb to "the Lydia Pinkham of the Soul," and become the cheerful idiots, the imbecile children, of Mother Eddy, who keeps her feeble-minded nurselings in a mental suffocator called Christian Science. If this book contained nothing but its clear, accurate, compact definitions and descriptions of the numerous religions which have opposed Christianity, and its equally precise and concise presentation of the many corruptions, perversions and distortions of Christian truth which have misled and afflicted mankind and still continue to do so, together with its accompanying exposures of their weakness, falsity, and perniciousness, the volume would have the value of a standard authority on those matters. We suspect that some readers will turn with special interest to the lecture on Inspiration and Revelation to see what this author may have to say on that subject. The scope and aim of the lecture are thus stated: "To prove that the Bible is a revelation or contains a revelation of special information from God is not here my primary object. I aim to show that (on the assumption that there is but one God, all powerful, all wise, everywhere

present, the Creator of the universe and of man, and that He is as holy and loving as He is powerful) a revelation is necessary and that it is rational to believe that there is one in the world. And, assuming this, I shall endeavor to make clear that the Bible furnishes the clearest evidences of divine origin and of fitness for the purpose of such a revelation. My personal belief is that the Bible contains a revelation upon the fundamentals of religion; and if this be not so, none exists. Further, I believe that no special information upon religious truth has been communicated by God to the world since the sacred books of Christianity were written, and that no religious teaching which contradicts the New Testament in its distinctive principles or foundation facts is of divine origin or authority. The exposition of the grounds of this belief is my present object." Some of the passages of particular significance are the following: "Some have held that inspiration extended to the dictation of every word in the original manuscripts of the Bible. Unless the present manuscripts are very unlike the originals, this would be inconsistent with the human element shown by each of the sacred writers. Some have maintained that even the translators of the Bible were infallibly guided. Others have not assumed such a literal inspiration, but have held that no error on any subject referred to, either great or small, was in the original manuscript. This no one could positively know. Others maintain that the moral and spiritual teachings of the sacred books are infallible, but that in other respects the inspired writers used their real or supposed knowledge for illustration or persuasion. It is unnecessary to diverge from our main theme—The Fundamentals—to discuss these systems, since the moral and spiritual benefits of the Christian revelation are accessible to all who believe that these sacred writings 'truly express the mind and produce the word of God in the manner, and to the degree, which Divine Wisdom knew to be the need of the human race.'" The lecturer finds evidence "that various portions of the Bible were written by men acted upon by that form of inspiration which is bestowed upon the devout of all nations, stimulating the moral faculties and the emotions; that other parts were written in obedience to inspired direction, by men who wrote under the influence solely of their natural faculties; but that vital revelations concerning the mind of God were so controlled that no error affecting their substance could creep into the communication as made to mankind. The whole presents to the world God's eternal truth with 'substantial unity' and 'circumstantial variety.'" His account of progressive revelations is as follows: "The history of the progressive revelations made by God to man and of his providential dealings with men and nations fills what would otherwise be a dark void in the religious condition and growth of the world. It conducts the reader to the period when the race of man was in its infancy. He looks with pity upon the patriarchs groping in the starlight; he follows them until the moonlight of the Mosaic dispensation enlarges their views, relieves many of their difficulties, and furnishes them with minute rules of living, all designed to preserve their segregation till their work was done, to impress them with the holiness of God and a devout hatred of idolatry, and to prepare them to discern 'the True Light which

lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' After tracing such a gradual unfolding, he recognizes the culmination of revelation in the appearance, life, character, suffering, death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ." One passage more we quote: "That by some the Bible itself has been made a fetich, is evidence only that every instrument of knowledge or piety may be perverted to base or pernicious uses. He who understands that only those parts of the Old Testament which agree with the spirit and teachings of the New Testament are binding upon the Christian, will not blindly surrender his judgment nor fall into 'divers superstitions.' The indispensable and imperishable contents of the Bible are its moral and spiritual teachings and its divine promises culminating in the assurance of immortal life." This chapter on the Bible closes by quoting Whittier's declaration that when we have searched the world for truth, inquiring of all the wise men of all the ages, we come back weary from our quest "to find that all the sages said is in the Book our mother read." At this point we find ourselves unable to close this notice without one more quotation: "Every science at its birth has been employed by some to antagonize Christianity. . . . Soon after its origin as a science, geology was arrayed against the Bible by certain experts. To find contradictions of the Bible in the rocks of the earth, it was necessary first correctly to interpret the rocks, next correctly to interpret the Bible, and then correctly to compare the two—a work still incomplete. Were this accomplished, and were the Bible proved to disagree with the records in the rocks, it would have no more effect upon the vitality and supernatural origin of the spiritual truth taught therein than the finding of baser ore in connection with a rich vein of gold or silver would affect these precious metals." We simply note that these reassuring and quieting words are not only true concerning any Biblical disagreement with the record in the rocks, but are equally strong and available against any other error or alloy that can ever be found adjacent to or mingled with the pure gold of divinely inspired and everlasting Truth. In full harmony with this are the words of that spiritual seer, Bishop Thoburn, in his article on Inspiration in this number of the REVIEW. "Not since the days of Luther has there been more need of forbearance, toleration, and absolutely free inquiry than at the present hour. Never since the time of Moses has the ark of God been in less actual danger, and never has the Leader of Israel been more manifestly present in the van of His militant host than in this year of our Lord, 1906. This is no time for raising cries of alarm, for predicting disaster, or for putting marks on men to indicate that they are unsound in the faith." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

*The Minister as Prophet.* By CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, D.D. 16mo, pp. 187. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, cloth, 90 cents, net.

The pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle is known especially to our readers by his two strong and valuable volumes, *Things Fundamental* and *Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers*, the latter of which has a sort of supplement or continuation in the volume before us. The five chapters

contain the lectures on preaching delivered at Bangor Theological Seminary in 1904-1905. The subjects are "The Dimensions of the Work," "The Three Men Involved," "The Growing of Sermons," "Form and Manner," and "The Place of Dogma in Preaching." Extracts from the book shall show what sort of lectures they had at Bangor on the George Shepard Foundation a year and a half ago. "There are obstacles and disappointments in the minister's work, as there are everywhere. It is hard to get an education, but no harder for theological students than for others. It is hard sometimes to find a satisfactory place, but so also is it hard for lawyers and doctors and journalists to get a start. It is hard to get a salary sufficient for one's needs, but many a young man entering a business career is down at the bottom, working for four or five dollars a week. It is hard not to be appreciated, but preachers are not the only unappreciated men in this world. It is hard to be gossiped about and misunderstood, but such has been the fate of every man who has helped to make the world a better place to live in. The man who wants something easy is not called to preach the Gospel. Men who go whimpering because of their misfortunes and trials can never lift men into the joy of the Lord; if one is to keep his people on the sunny side of the street he must walk there himself. When Jesus called twelve men to preach his Gospel, he did not promise them easy times. But his apostles went forward without wincing or faltering. To read the tenth chapter of Matthew's gospel gives an exalted notion of the kind of stuff these twelve men were made of. No wonder they turned the world upside down. They went forward bravely and endured with patience. Every successful minister has mastered the secret of enduring. When William Pitt was asked what quality a prime minister needed most to fit him for his place, he answered, 'Patience.' And when asked what further was necessary, he replied again, 'Patience.' Ellen Terry gave the students of a dramatic college this advice: 'Work, be patient, don't be vain.' All ministers need patience, whether servants of an earthly sovereign or of the Heavenly King. One cannot work successfully with men in enterprises that are critical and vast unless he has the grace of holding on. No delay should daunt him and no disappointment break him down. After every defeat he should rise again, and from every slough he should emerge with a face radiant with the expectation of victory. The minister will have much need of patience. If he grows impatient, feverish and fussy it will injure the tone of his pulpit work. The man with high ideals and strenuous spirit is likely often to become disgusted with the sluggishness of the average parish, and unless he is careful to control himself he will infuse into his sermons a heated and captious spirit and perhaps threaten to resign. One of the curses of the church is the shortness of the average pastorate. Preachers are degenerating into nomads, wandering from place to place in search of greener pastures, not staying anywhere long enough for their tillage to take effect in making that pasture greener. By this the preachers lose and the whole church of God suffers. A man cannot show what is really in him unless he has been in a church for several years, and the best and most lasting work is never done until pastor and people have had time to know each other well.

I wish every young man might make up his mind to stay with his first church at least five years, and not less than ten years with any subsequent church. The man who flits from place to place leaves only a surface impression which is quickly washed away. He and his work are soon forgotten. Alexander Maclaren of Manchester, a prince of the modern pulpit, says, 'A man's influence increases in geometric ratio with the length of his pastorate.'" Of the three men involved and engaged in preaching, Dr. Jefferson says, "The physical man must be strong, the mental man must be alert, the spiritual man must be alive and pure and true. Nowhere else does the personality of the man himself count for so much as in the ministry. Nowhere else is there so much of warning in the words of Emerson, 'What you *are* speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say.' Some ministers are tempted to laziness and carelessness because their people are so common intellectually. The congregation reads little and thinks less, and so the minister feels no incentive to put thought and labor into his sermons, and thinks any sort of a talk will do for such people. But no matter what his temptations, a prophet of the Lord cannot be lazy without guilt and the decay of his power." And Dr. Jefferson drives home at the ministry in this straight fashion: "Unless you work as hard as Italians do when they are digging ditches, and as hod-carriers do when they are carrying mortar, and as farmers do when they are in the harvest field, and as doctors do in attending day and night upon sick people, and as merchants do loaded and driven under heavy burdens of anxiety and toil in the merciless struggle and strife of business, and as mothers do in ordering their households and rearing their children, you have no right to stand in the pulpit on the Lord's day and as a representative of Christ tell his people how they ought to live. Learn to live strenuously and manfully yourself, lest you be found trying to teach your betters." The lecturer emphasizes the necessity of appropriating the mornings faithfully to study, defending them against all interruptions. If on Sunday the sermons show that the pastor has really studied, his people will be as glad to let him have his mornings for that purpose as they are proud that they have a minister who can preach. And if some crank in the parish complains that the minister did not see him at whatever unseasonable hour he chose to call, let no one be thereby disturbed; for the cranks no doubt are stationed by the predestination of Almighty God in every parish to test the patience and the courage of preacher and people. One day when Spurgeon was closely occupied with important duties, an importunate visitor demanded an interview on the ground that he was a servant of the Lord. This was the answer Spurgeon sent: "Tell the servant of the Lord that I am engaged with his Master." This is one of Dr. Jefferson's counsels: "The man who doubts the dignity and divinity of human nature cannot preach. Banish every doubt concerning man as you would a doubt concerning God. Speak to men as if they were indeed the sons of God. Go out to meet them on the levels on which Jesus walked in the upper chamber and in the sermon on the mount. Have faith in men and in their responsiveness to the highest you can give them, and you will never lack an audience nor ever speak

in vain." We are told here that when our English brethren visit us and then go home and talk about us, this is what they say about us American preachers: they say we are a very bright and learned set, we are intensely intellectual, we know a lot of things—but we *are not spiritual*, we are lacking in spiritual passion. One earnest lecture urges the necessity of dogma in our preaching. Without it we will have a powerless pulpit and a dissolving church. The lack of doctrinal instruction is responsible for the ignorance and instability of Christian people. The children grow up ignorant of the creed of the church, and when they go to college are discovered to be as ignorant of the Scriptures as if they were Hottentots. Men and women reared in orthodox households are so little grounded in sound doctrine, so little instructed in the faith, that they are easily swept away by Dowieism, Eddyism, or Esoteric Buddhism. The false Christs of our day get their devotees not from the world, but from the churches of evangelical Christendom. The following fact is important for the pulpit to bear in mind: "No men have ever left their mark upon this world who have not had a definite and clean-cut creed. Men often talk about the scientific spirit who do not know what the scientific spirit is. Science is as dogmatic as the church was in the middle ages. Science has her creed and its articles are clear and definite. The universality of law, the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, organic evolution, the age of ice, the undulatory nature of light—these are some of the articles of her creed which she repeats endlessly in all her temples, and which she proclaims with the air of one having authority. It is because she has a creed and speaks dogmatically that she holds the ear of the modern world. The high priests of science are without exception dogmatists. Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, and all the rest of them have been as dogmatic as the great Christian apologists of the second century were. And that has been characteristic of the stoutest and most aggressive opponents of the Christian Church. They have met the church with clear and sharp dogmatic assertions and denials. In this scientific age, men demand above all things clearness, definiteness, pointedness. 'To the point!' they cry, 'Tell us quickly just what you mean! What is your doctrine?' What a tragedy and a shame it is that when science is speaking in such clear and confident tones with such downright declarations, so many preachers of the Gospel should be speaking with hesitant apologetic voices and blowing the bugle with so uncertain a sound. When we are met on every side by ideas and assertions as sharp as lances and solid as spears, we cannot conquer with hands filled with mush or mist." The dogmatic note of the Broadway Tabernacle is heard in this passage: "A ministerial brother in the Outlook asks, 'Is not belief in the unceasing presence of a divine intelligence, active in power and boundless in love, enough?' The answer is No! It is Christ and Him crucified which must form the minister's message, and leaving Him out, the preacher abdicates his high position and empties his ministry of its power. A preacher must have impulse, power, and passion—these three, and all these can come from the Cross alone. The incarnation, the trinity, redemption through the blood of Christ, immortality through union with the Son of God, the

Christian Church as the body of Christ—these are not golden-tinted exhalations floating on the surface of the great river of human speculation, bubbles to be toyed with for a season and blown to nothingness by the gales of a scientific age. Rather are they outcroppings of the eternal granite on which the universe is built. Blessed is the preacher who plants his feet on these. A pulpit built on these is built on rock, and no matter how the winds may blow or the rains descend, that pulpit will stand forever." One of the things Dr. Jefferson told the Bangor theologues was this: "The mightiest Protestant church of our modern world is the Methodist. Methodism owes its power to a dogma. It was on a certain evening in the month of May, 1738, that John Wesley, attending a religious service in London, while listening to the exposition of one of Paul's letters, felt his heart strangely warmed. The fire that was kindled that night in Wesley's heart started a spiritual conflagration which put an end to the age of ice. On both sides of the sea a dead church was brought to life again by the preaching of men whose lips had been touched with a live coal from off God's altars and who knew from their own experience that it is possible for a man to be born from above. 'Ye must be born again'; that is preëminently the dogma of Methodism." One more point must close this notice: "When Paul wants money he takes his stand on Christian dogma, the equivalent of Christian fact. He says, 'You remember the grace of our Lord Jesus, how that He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor that ye through His poverty might be made rich.' Paul did not ask people to give money because it was right, nor because people were suffering, nor because it was a fine thing ethically for them to do; but because of the saving love of God in Christ. He appealed to the incarnation for a motive whenever he asked for money." And again, "Paul buttresses his ethics in front and behind by glowing visions of the risen Christ: 'If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth, for ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God.' That is the way to preach. No other kind of preaching is really Christian preaching." And, we add, that is the sort of downright apostolic preaching that is heard in the Broadway Tabernacle.

## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Southern Writers.* Edited by W. P. TRENT. 12mo. pp. 524. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.10, net.

This is a volume of selections in prose and verse, intended primarily as a text book to acquaint students of literature with what is best in the literary product of the South from Captain John Smith in 1607 to Thomas Nelson Page and John B. Tabb in the twentieth century. The significance of these selections is not so much in their purely literary value, as in their reflecting the peculiar life of the South with its sentiments, principles, customs, and prejudices. We exhibit the book by a few extracts. Beverley Tucker was a Virginian by birth, an able jurist, an intense upholder of

the political and social ideals of the South, and an accomplished writer. His style is seen, and his admiration (or the contrary) for President Martin Van Buren may be inferred, from the following description of that high functionary "sitting alone in a small room in his palace": "The august dignitary of whom I speak, though far advanced in life, was tastily and even daintily dressed, his whole costume being exactly adapted to a diminutive and dapper person, a fair complexion, a light and brilliant blue eye, and a head which might have formed a study for the phrenologist, whether we consider its ample developments or its egg-like baldness. The place of hair was supplied by powder, which his illustrious example had again made fashionable. The revolution in public sentiment which, commencing sixty years ago, had abolished all the privileges of rank and age; which trained up the young to mock at the infirmities of their fathers, and encouraged the unwashed artificer to elbow the duke from his place of precedence; this revolution had now completed its cycle. While the sovereignty of numbers was acknowledged, the convenience of the multitude had set the fashions. But the reign of an individual had been restored, and the taste of that individual gave law to the general taste. Had he worn a wig, wigs would have been the rage. But as phrenology had taught him to be justly proud of his high and polished forehead, and the intellectual developments of the whole cranium, he eschewed hair in all its forms, and barely screened his naked crown from the air with a light covering of powder. He seemed, too, not wholly unconscious of something worthy of admiration in a foot, the beauty of which was displayed to the best advantage by the tight fit and high finish of his delicate slipper. As he lay back on the sofa, his eye rested complacently on this member, which was stretched out before him, its position shifting, as if unconsciously, into every variety of grace. Returning from thence, his glance rested on his hand, fair, delicate, small, and richly jewelled. It hung carelessly on the arm of the sofa, and the fingers of this, too, as if rather from instinct than volition, performed sundry evolutions on which the eye of majesty dwelt with gentle complacency." The present occupant of the White House could hardly have sat for a portrait like that. Following are some of the smooth and urbane words with which in January, 1861, Jefferson Davis, Senator from Mississippi, took leave of the United States Senate, when he resigned his seat and went out for the desperate and deadly venture of Secession: "I am sure I feel no hostility toward you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent toward those whom you represent. I, therefore, feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and, if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and thus, putting our trust in God and in our own firm hearts and strong arms, we

will vindicate the right as best we may. In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision; but, whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered." It appears that Albert Pike, the author of the grand war-song, "Dixie," was a Boston man and a Harvard student. Here are some of the words with which Alexander H. Stephens, afterward Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, strove to dissuade his fellow southerners from attempting the overthrow of our national institutions by the dire decree of Disunion. It is part of his appeal to the Legislature of Georgia against secession, his futile protest against that dreadful enterprise which carried those who launched it to untold disaster and caused the slaughter of a million men. "Our institutions constitute the basis, the matrix, from which spring all our characteristics of greatness. Look at modern Greece! There is the same fertile soil, the same blue sky, the same inlets and harbors, the same Ægean, the same Olympus—there is the same land where Homer sang, where Pericles spoke—it is in nature the same old Greece; but it is the living Greece no more! Descendants of the same people inhabit the country; yet what is the reason of this mighty difference? In the midst of the present degradation we see the glorious fragments of ancient works of art—temples with ornaments and inscriptions that excite wonder and admiration, the remains of a once high order of civilization, which have outlived the language they spoke. Upon them all *Ichabod* is written—their glory has departed. Why is this so? I answer, their institutions have been destroyed. These were but the fruits of their forms of government, the matrix from which their grand development sprang; and when once the institutions of our people shall have been destroyed, there is no earthly power that can bring back the Promethean spark to kindle them here again, any more than in the ancient land of eloquence, poetry, and song. The same may be said of Italy. Where is Rome, once the mistress of the world? There are the same seven hills now, the same soil, the same natural resources; nature is the same; but what a ruin of human greatness meets the eye of the traveler throughout the length and breadth of that most down-trodden land! Why have not the people of that Heaven-favored clime the spirit that animated their fathers? Why this sad difference? It is the destruction of her institutions that has caused it. And, my countrymen, if we shall in an evil hour rashly pull down and destroy those institutions, which the patriotic hand of our fathers labored so long and so hard to build up, and which have done so much for us and for the world, who can venture the prediction that similar results will not ensue? Let us avoid them if we can. I trust the spirit is among us that will enable us to do it. Let us not rashly try the experiment of change, of

pulling down and destroying, for, as in Greece and Italy, and the South American republics, and in every other place, whenever our liberty is once lost, it may never be restored to us again. . . . I look upon this country with our institutions as the Eden of the world, the Paradise of the universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous; but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear if we yield to passion, and without sufficient cause shall take that step (secession), instead of becoming greater, more peaceful, prosperous, and happy—instead of becoming gods, we shall become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats. This is my apprehension." There spoke the true statesman, the wise patriot, the inspired prophet, the solemn seer. In the Southern Hall of Fame he is entitled to a foremost place. In this volume is the famous speech delivered by the brilliant Henry W. Grady of Georgia before the New England Society of New York city at the Pilgrim Dinner, Dec. 22, 1886. Here is his tribute to the heroic fortitude of the soldiers of the Lost Cause when defeat had overwhelmed it and them. "When the war was over our army marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds and dreading death not half so much as surrender he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves. What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience

and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. 'Bill Arp' struck the keynote when he said: 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did me, and now I am going to work.' Or as said the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: 'You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again.' I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is kind of careless about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory. . . . I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his Almighty Hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war."

*Literature: Its Principles and Problems.* By THEODORE W. HUNT, PH. D., LITT. D., Professor of English in Princeton University. 12mo, pp, 400. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, cloth, $1.20, net.

Professor Hunt is known as the author of *English Prose and Prose Writers*, and *Ethical Teachings in Old English Literature;* and especially to our readers by his occasional contributions to this REVIEW. The chapter on Literature and Ethics in the volume before us first appeared in our pages. It seems to us as valuable as any part of the book. Other chapters are on Literature and Science, Literature and Philosophy, Literature and Politics, Literature and Language, Literature and Literary Criticism, Literature and Life, Literature and the Arts, Methods of Literary Study, Open Questions in Literature, The Place of Literature in Liberal Education, etc., etc. The purpose of the volume is to discuss fundamental topics, such as the guiding principles and methods of literature, its scope and mission, its primary aims and processes and forms, the laws that govern its orderly development, its logical relation to other departments of human thought, its specifically intellectual and æsthetic quality, its informing genius and spirit. Notwithstanding the book's large scope, its details are as carefully and faithfully done as they are germane to the general plan, and its illustrations are such as illuminate. Its literary and ethical judgments are sound, and the whole volume is capable, wise, instructive, and attractive. We find in it nothing crude, erratic, immature or warped. It is not the work of a novice, but of a practised teacher and critic. Next to the chapter on Literature and Ethics, which our readers had years ago, the one on Hebraism and Hellenism in Literature most nearly adjoins the world of our interest. Its very title at once recalls Matthew Arnold, of whose unbalanced and errant views it is in part a criticism and correction. Arnold, catching a hint from Heine, set up a distinction, largely imaginary, between Hebraism and Hellenism, and pivoted on it his interpretation of literature and of life. He championed what he called Hellenism and depreciated what he called Hebraism. Hebraism makes Character the dominant

idea, and concerns itself with conduct; Hellenism makes Culture supreme and concerns itself with seeing things as they really are. Hebraism is biblical and theological; Hellenism is classical and secular. Mr. Arnold finds the former uninteresting and undesirable, and only the latter attractive and inspiring. It is an artificial distinction and tends to confusion, not clearness. The best literature cannot be discriminated and classified under Hebraism and Hellenism, since something of both is present in it, as Professor Hunt clearly shows. The secret of Arnold's view is his antipathy to the Hebraic. The Hebraic element, he says, is not good form among the literary elite; it is the mark of a Philistine; the literary aspirant should purge himself from the Hebraic taint by sitting at the feet of the Grecian oracles to learn what wisdom really is. At bottom it is anti-Christian. The two critics who seem nearest to Arnold in their views of literature are Poe, the American, and Taine, the Frenchman. Poe held that poetry, as such, has nothing whatever to do with duty or truth. Truth, he insisted, belongs to the intellect; duty, to the conscience; and beauty, to the taste: and literature must be ruled by taste. Professor Hunt shows how superficial and untenable such theories of literature are. Literature embraces both character and culture, intelligence and feeling, beauty and action, art and conduct. Taine complains that the Hebraic element, the Puritanic type, dominates British authorship. He sees its presence in Cowper and Coleridge, in Tennyson and the Brownings. Writing of the Puritan period he says: "No culture here, no philosophy, no sentiment of harmonious and pagan beauty. Only conscience spoke. They steeped themselves in texts of Saint Paul, and in the thundering menaces of the prophets. The external, natural man is abolished; only the inner, spiritual man survives." He thinks genuine literature could not issue out of such conditions, because it seems to him that the idea of beauty is wanting and that the natural expression of the heart's emotion is proscribed. He says "The Puritans destroy the artist and fetter the writer; they are without style and speak like business men." That last expression is felicitous. We could hardly have thought of anything so good to say of the Puritans as that—"They speak like business men." Well, they meant business; they had business, the "King's business"; life was serious; they were too earnest to spend their days merely jingling and tuning words and polishing figures of speech; they were not frivolous dilettanti, pleasing themselves and their fellow men by playing deft tricks with language. First among the Hebraists Taine finds Bunyan and Milton. He speaks of Bunyan as a "preacher who attains the beautiful by accident while pursuing the useful on principle," as "poet buried under a Puritan," as the author of "the Protestant epic of damnation and grace." Taine concedes Milton to be a great poet, but says it was in spite of his Hebraic type, and because of his study of Polite Letters at Cambridge and his familiarity with the classics. As to Matthew Arnold's crusade against Hebraism, Professor Hunt points out the undeniable fact that Arnold himself was not free from it; on the contrary, there is in his writings much of the Hebraic element and temper. One of the canons of style on which Arnold insisted was that authorship must have "moral fiber, that the flip-

pant and frivolous are unliterary forms of prose and verse and as such have no place in literature." He demands that authors shall cultivate "intellectual seriousness." The writings of the son of Thomas Arnold are marked by an almost biblical sobriety and sedateness. He usually discusses all things with solemn earnestness. His purity and seriousness classify him with the Puritans. The things we love Matthew Arnold for are Hebraic; they did not come from Attica. He was steeped and colored with the Hebraic spirit, and not all the waters of the Ægean could wash it out of him. His attack upon Hebraism failed partly because no weapon formed against it can prosper, but largely also because he himself was a human document in which were exhibited its dignity and its power. As to the rightful place of Literature in liberal studies, Professor Hunt properly holds that it should have equal academic value with any subject now most honored, equal as to the time allotted it, as to the facilities afforded it, as to the character of the instruction given, and the academic honors assigned it. President Eliot, of Harvard, says that there is no subject in which competent guidance and systematic instruction are of greater value. We ourselves believe that no study in all the curricula of colleges is more enriching, expanding, illuminating, stimulating, and ennobling than that of English Literature directed by a properly endowed, sufficiently informed, and thoroughly accomplished master. Literature is the juiciest, most succulent and most inexhaustible pasture-field, for nourishing and enriching his entire nature that invites the student.

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HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY:

*Walter Pater.* By A. C. Benson, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. 12mo. pp. 226. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

This book notice should be read along with the article on Pater in this number of the Review. Arthur C. Benson seems to us one of the best among the authors of the score of volumes in the series of English Men of Letters. The volumes on Rossetti, and Edward FitzGerald are his, and now this one on Walter Pater. Between the three there is a subtle kinship. "Pater," said Professor Jowett to his pupil one day, "I think you have a mind that will come to great eminence." Not many teachers would have said such a thing to a student, even if they thought it; but exceptional candor was one of Jowett's traits, and he had a habit of saying pungent things that lodged for life in young men's minds. Many years after, Pater expressed his opinion of Jowett, having him in mind in a censurable way in a criticism of Robert Elsmere, of whom he wrote, "Such a man as Elsmere came to be ought not to be a clergyman of the Anglican Church. A priest is untrue to his type unless in him is a preponderance of faith over doubt. It is part of the ideal of the Anglican Church that, under certain safeguards, it shall find room for latitudinarians even among its clergy. But we have little patience with those liberal clergy (like Jowett) who dwell chiefly on the difficulties of faith and the propriety of concession to opposing forces." Benson tells us that when Pater was Dean of Brasenose College, Oxford, he never failed to

attend Sunday services both morning and evening; and he was a strong advocate for attendance on Sunday services being made compulsory. Pater said with truth that there were many students who would be glad to have the habit of attending church, but who would fail to attend, especially on Sunday mornings, partly from the attraction of breakfast parties, or possibly from pure indolence and self-indulgence, unless there was a rule of attendance. Pater deplored that church attendance was ever made, with the young and immature, a matter regulated only by inclination and individual taste. He saw the demoralizing effects of this on young men. It is said that, though kneeling was painful to him, Pater always remained on his knees, in an attitude of deep reverence, during the whole administration of the Sacrament. His reverent and absorbed appearance in chapel was noticed by all. His large, pale face, his heavy moustache and firm chin, his eyes cast down on his book of ritual—all this truly reflected the solemn preoccupation he felt. He expressed regret that the ardor with which the undergraduates sang the Psalms abated in singing the Magnificat, which was to him the Song of Songs. Pater took a deep interest in individual students, and "above all labored to clear away the scruples of men who had intended to enter the ministry, but found themselves doubtful of their vocation or in intellectual difficulty. He had a special sympathy for the ecclesiastical life, and was anxious to remove any obstacles, to resolve any doubts, which young men are so liable to encounter in their undergraduate days." In his reading, Pater made no attempt to keep abreast of the literature of the day. He was very fastidious about the style of authors. He said of Poe, "I cannot read him in the original; he is so rough; I read him in Beaudelaire's translation." In later years he concentrated his reading more and more on a few great books, such as Plato and the Bible, which last he often read in the Vulgate. Dr. Bussell says we saw in Pater "a mind severely critical of itself and its own performances; genially tolerant of others and keenly appreciating their merit; a modest and indulgent censor; a sympathetic adviser." Humphry Ward says, "He was severe on confusions of thought, and still more so on any kind of rhetoric." Pater defined the dangerous emotionalism of the monastic form of life, when adopted by persons of strongly sensuous temperament. He says that such natures learn from religion the art of directing toward an unseen object sentiments whose natural direction is toward objects of sense; and that in monastic life under a strange complex of unnatural conditions, as in some medicated air, unwholesome flowers of exotic sentiment bloom among persons of a shy, remote spirit, somnambulistic, androgynous, frail, the light amost shining through them. In one essay he wrote that "the monastic religion of the Middle Ages was, in fact, in many of its bearings like a beautiful disease or disorder of the senses." Walter Pater, by austere and prolonged effort, achieved a marvelously rich, elaborate, polished, and delicate literary style. His essay on Leonardo da Vinci is brilliant for meditative sublimity and exquisite phrasing. He portrays with wonderful skill Leonardo's fitful, mysterious, beauty-haunted nature, and his absorbed preoccupation which caused him to pass unmoved through the

most tragic events like one who comes across them by chance while bent on some momentous secret errand. His descriptive skill is illustrated in the passage describing the seashore in one of Leonardo's pictures, "that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the calm surface, and the untorn tiny shells are lying thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks to which the waves never rise, are green with grass, grown fine as hair. It is the scene not of dreams nor of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and an hour selected from a thousand. Through Leonardo's strangely veiled sight, things visible reach him so, as in faint light of eclipse, or in falling rain at daybreak." Benson says of this description that it is more like a musical fantasia, embodying hints and echoes, opening up strange avenues of dreamful thought, than like a precise description. Much of Pater's prose is essentially poetical, musical with liquid cadences, and echoing rhythms, and rich with luscious fragrances. Benson closes a critical examination of Pater's religious and ethical views thus: "He found in religion a deep and tranquilizing force, and recognized the religious instinct, the intuitions of faith, as a Divine influence even more direct and unquestionable than the artistic or the intellectual influence. Though his intellectual subtlety prevented any very precise definition of his creed, yet he was deeply penetrated by the perfect beauty and holiness of the Christian ideal, and reposed in trembling faith on 'the bosom of his Father and his God.'" Benson says that below the æsthetic doctrine which Pater enunciated lay an ethical base of temperament, a moral foundation of duty and obedience to the Creator and Father of men. He mentioned "the glory of God" as a motive for high art. In discriminating the difference between Roman Catholicism with all its rich fabric of association and tradition, and Puritanism with its naked insistence on bare rectitude and rigid conduct, Pater said that Romanism was like a table draped in fair linen, covered with lights and flowers and vessels of crystal and silver, while Puritanism was like the same table after it had been cleared, serviceable enough, but unadorned and plain. Of the long service of the Anglican Church he wrote: "It develops patience—that tale of hours, the long chanted English service." Pater achieved a most remarkable style, painfully elaborate, heavy with ornament, brilliant with artifice, stiffly embroidered with gorgeous conceits and jewelled phrases; it has no ease or simplicity; it is all studied, wrought up, stippled; its labored honeyed cadences give one a sense of an over-perfumed and stifling air. Professor Seeley used to say that writers of essays and makers of sermons should "let the bones show." "In Pater's essays the bones do not show; not only does the rounded flesh conceal them, but they are still further disguised into a species of pontifical splendor by a stiff and gorgeous embroidered robe of language." This sedulous, rich and glittering style, so painstakingly cultivated, he tried also to protect from all modifying influences. A tribute to Kipling's haunting and possessing power was paid by Pater in saying that he did not dare read Kipling lest when he sat down to write he should find the style of Kipling coming between him and the page. He was also afraid to read Louis Stevenson lest his style should overpower him. Pater was

regarded by some as a perverse and affected critic. This made Mark Pattison say: "I would not travel with Pater for anything. He would say the steamboat was not a steamboat, and that Calais was not Calais!" To a student asking for advice as to what to read, Pater said: "I cannot advise you to read any special books; the great thing is to read authors *whole;* read Plato *whole*, and Kant *whole*, and Mill *whole*." Pascal's *Pensées* he characterized as pure inspirations, "great fine sayings which seem to betray by their depth of sound the vast unseen hollow places of nature, of humanity, just beneath one's feet." Pater's study of Raphael, that most fortunate of artists, is full of insight. He shows that the supreme charm of Raphael's nature was in his teachableness, his prompt assimilation of influences, his essential humility and tranquility; that his genius was not like a vivid lightning flash, with prodigious efforts long matured in the womb of the cloud, with intervals of silence and ineffectiveness, but rather an equable and tranquil progress; the steady effort of genius by patient accumulation—the transformation of meek scholarship into genius. Indeed, Pater thought Raphael the supreme example of the fulfilment of the beatitude that the meek shall inherit the earth. Raphael always thought of himself as a learner, with no desperate itch for originality, always sensitive to influence, yet expanding, refining, transmuting all influences into higher conceptions of his own. Through all he kept stainless, untainted by an age which all around him flowered in sin; he kept the same unspoilt nature, the same patient studiousness, the same calm unhasting, unresting diligence and industry. Pater calls Raphael the Sir Galahad of art, and says that the aim of his pure and gentle life is embodied in the sentence, "I am utterly purposed that I will not offend." So he lived blamelessly and died innocent—this rarest and noblest of artists. And so it comes to pass that the meek do inherit the earth. Purity and gentleness are not signs of weakness, but proofs and elements of power. Mr. Benson, referring to Coleridge, says his peculiar value to the religious world was that of a great thinker who had sounded the depths of metaphysical and speculative inquiry and had returned from his exhaustive quest not a rationalist nor a sceptic, but a convinced and avowed Christian. One suggestive statement of our author is that religion in its central essence is not a solution of the world's mystery, but a working theory of morals. That is a nugget worth hammering out thin; it can be made to cover a great deal.

*Church Federation.* Edited by ELIAS B. SANFORD, D.D. 8vo. pp. 691. New York and Chicago; Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $2.00, net.

This portly volume contains the record of the great Inter-Church Conference on Federation held in New York city last November, a convention which was pre-announced as likely to be one of the most momentous gatherings in the annals of Christianity. Its significance is in its bringing together officially appointed representatives of nearly all Protestant churches to plan for a closer coöperation of Christian forces in all practical work. The editor, Dr. E. B. Sanford, says this great Conference "marks a new era in the history of American Christianity." Of that new

era Dr. Sanford has been the prophet and seer. One of the visions of his youth was the unification of the churches into complete harmony and co-operation as members of one body of Christ. Dr. J. Cleveland Cady, President of the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers, himself a tireless and influential worker for Federation, says that for a considerable time Dr. Sanford was so far in advance of others in his faith and expectation that he seemed almost a visionary. Others joined him, and together they labored through years of struggle and discouragement to persuade the denominations to heed the call to a formal and pledged coöperation for the securing of common results equally desirable for all. In this great representative Conference these patient laborers rejoiced with exceeding joy not as the end of their labor but as the beginning of the fulfillment of their hopes. Apropos indeed were the words of our Bishop Vincent in making the closing address of the Conference: "One fine June morning a lad stood at his father's side watching the sunrise. After the radiant glow had freed itself from the tangle of trees and hills, and rolled up into view in the burning east, the boy exclaimed: 'Well that's the end of the sunrise.' 'Yes,' said the father, 'but it is only the beginning of the day.' Brethren of the Inter-Church Conference, it is morning with us! This sunrise-convention is over, but the new day it ushers in is before us." Bishop A. W. Wilson, of our Southern Church, addressing the Conference, said: "I am perfectly certain that in ten or twenty years to come we shall see results from this combination of Christian forces that we do not dream of today. The day is coming when the richest harvests that earth ever saw will grow up and bless all lands as the fruit of our meeting and singing and praying here. Results will follow within twenty years such as have not been realized by the Church of Christ in the last two centuries." Such expectations were kindled in the hearts of many strong men by what was said and done in the Carnegie Hall Convention. It is safe to say that never since Christianity first raised the cross on this continent was so complete a representation of all Protestant communions assembled in the persons of their worthiest men as in this Conference. One thing particularly noteworthy is that while reaching out coöperative hands for common ends, none of these accredited representatives sacrificed one iota of his denominational integrity or self-respect. How this is possible was illustrated by our Bishop Thoburn in his address, from the union of seven armies of as many different nations in marching to relieve the beleagured Christians in Peking at the time of the Boxer war. The seven militant powers which were represented in the march to Peking did not waste any time in talking about consolidating their different nations into one nation. The integrity, independence and rights of each nation were reserved and preserved, while the armed forces of the seven nations combined for action, under a plan agreed upon by all for the one urgent and necessitous business of driving back the hostile forces and rescuing the heroic men and women in Peking whose lives were being defended, amid desperate chances, under the masterful generalship of a Methodist missionary, Frank D. Gamewell. One fact concerning the Conference was by

some lost sight of, whereby much unintelligent talk and a little sharp criticism arose; the fact, namely, that this did not purport or plan to be a gathering of all religious bodies, but only of the Evangelical Protestant Churches; and consequently no others had any reason for expecting to be invited. The bulky book before us tempts us to quote from all its seven hundred pages. To choose is well nigh impossible. In Dr. Henry van Dyke's address on "The Idealist Society" is the following: "What shall we say of the modern system of business and trade which those who know it best say is a state of war disguised as competition? Say, as Charles Kingsley said, that it is based upon a narrow, selfish, hypocritic, anarchistic, atheistic view of the universe,' and that it ought to be reformed. What shall we say of the modern industrial order, in which one man in ten is doomed to hopeless poverty, and the right to be happy is blotted out for thousands of families, each herded in a single room and hungering for daily bread? What shall we say of such an industrial system? Say that it is out of joint, and that the religion of Jesus was born to set it right. Say that the conditions of human labor and life must not be fixed solely by the commercial law of supply and demand, but by the Christian law, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor—whether thou employest him or he employs thee—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Say that the question of a living wage is a vital question, spiritually and morally as well as economically, and that the Church will never be satisfied until it is settled; that if any man will work, he shall also eat, and his children shall eat, and the gate of better days shall be opened to them. What shall we say of the modern social language which degrades the very word 'society,' or 'sassiety,' as the idle rich call it in their own corrupt speech—which degrades this word into a title for a few hundred people occupied chiefly with their own amusements, and which refers to the mass of mankind as 'the masses'? Say that it is a corrupt language which betrays a heart rotted with vanity and a mind made imbecile with falsehood. Say that the idle and selfish rich and their parasites, who spend life in the closed circle of costly pleasures, are really 'them asses' and that *Society* means the broad fellowship of all sorts and conditions of men in all their mutual relations, coöperating in common toil and learning one from another in common intercourse. Say also that the Church repents of every idle word of that false language of the House of Mirth that she has ever taken into her mouth. Say that she discards it and renounces it, and that henceforth she will speak the language of Jesus, acknowledging only those who do the will of the Father in heaven as her brothers and her sisters, and honoring men not for what they have, but for what they are and for what they do. * * * * The Church must condemn the enemies of society who are out of prison as well as those who are in. She must say to men: 'By goodness and mercy, by sobriety and purity, by integrity and fair dealing, by doing more good than the law requires and less evil than the law permits, thus only can you hope to enter the kingdom of heaven." Bishop McVickar of Rhode Island (referring to the folly of churches in using against each other the strength which should be directed against the common foe,) recalled hearing Dean Stanley once say that while Christians

were continually confessing themselves "miserable sinners," there is plenty of reason why they should confess on their knees that they are often miserable fools. From Bishop Fowler's address we take this tribute to President Roosevelt: "'Strenuous Teddy', who is the foremost man of our time; forceful as a gladiator, intelligent as a Boston lawyer, quick as an athlete, bold as a brigand, wise as a philosopher, honest as nature, and as farsighted as a prophet, he has wrought the greatest achievement of modern times. By his candor and courage he has forced a peace between two nations, and has lifted the last civilized despot from his throne of absolutism and seated him upon a constitution.* * * * Let the denominations make a great treaty, a Federation, and join hands, and we can lift this nation into righteousness. Let William III and Edward VII and 'Teddy' the First (and the last) join hands and they can dictate and enforce peace to mankind. Not a soldier anywhere on the face of the earth would dare lift his foot without their permission. Then the millenium would swing in through the big front door." Bishop Goodsell, speaking of "The Essential Unity of the Churches" said: "I know towns where the only dissident among the churches is one that stands stupefied and dying in the midst of brotherly vitality, whose Christly quality it denies. I know some great souls in all churches whose exuberant love and activity touch helpfully the whole Christian world. And I do believe that it is now possible for us so to federate that the world will not have to listen for separate voices in a Babel of utterance, but will hear one great strong voice, the united outcry of more than twenty Protestant denominations and of nineteen million Christian hearts." Dr. Buckley, speaking of the Religious Press, said that a Church paper must be Christian and denominational. It must stand for the essential principles of its own body and of the evangelical system. "It will not attack another Christian paper on its denominational peculiarities—unless that paper makes war on its peculiarities. In that case it will say like Saint Paul, 'I withstood him to his face because he was to blame.' My brethren, if Paul and Peter had that privilege, why should a humble worm like myself spurn it?" When Dr. J. W. Hegeman, (an Episcopalian) Field Secretary of the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers of the State of New York, was writing to clergymen of various denominations concerning possible federation for practical ends, one candid bigot answered: "There is only one real Christian church; hence *we* cannot federate with so-called churches. You, yourself, are damned and will go to hell unless you are immersed." The contents of this big volume are, in Carlyle's phrase, "significant of much."

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# METHODIST REVIEW

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## Art. I. THE SMALL COLLEGE

A generation ago there were no real universities in America. At that time there were not even "big colleges"; at least they were not spoken of as such in contradistinction to the smaller institutions of collegiate rank. Except in that they had more students and more ample equipment in men and books (of scientific apparatus there was little), colleges like Princeton and Yale differed but little from colleges having fewer students. The term "small college," in its present conventional sense, was unknown. As late as 1876 Harvard College had but forty-two instructors and eight hundred and twenty-one students. In respectable educational circles there were recognized simply "colleges" and "poor colleges," the latter serving to distinguish institutions not in work and equipment up to the assumed standard of the time. Within the last third of a century the typical college has undergone a metamorphosis. Thirty or thirty-five years ago the college lacked many of the distinctive characteristics of the institutions of today. Coeducation was sporadic and, except by a few enthusiasts, was regarded as too Utopian for this wicked world. Students lived in college houses or dormitories, subject to parietal rules and Argus-eyed proctors or tutors. Both personal conduct and expenditure of money were subject to official oversight. The curriculum was a Procrustean bed upon which all were made to lie. Practically all studies were "required." During my whole college course I never heard of a student's petitioning for the slightest modification of his course. The average student went into the hopper and in due time came out of the mill—and I am not implying that the mill was not,

relatively speaking, a good one. There were not supposed to be any "soft snaps" in the shape of courses. There were instructors who could be "worked," but there were no courses in hymnology, or photography, or dramatic expression. About the only concession made to taste or lack of talent was in a remission of some of the higher mathematics and of Greek in favor of the person who expected to wear the cloth, or of the student who wished to get a little laboratory chemistry. There was plenty of Latin, Greek and mathematics, with homeopathic portions of rhetoric and English literature, which was not the real thing, but the study of a book supposed to give very briefly the "history" of the literature. Logic had a place, as well as mental and moral philosophy, which last the good boys did not need and which did the "hard cases" no good. Its redeeming feature was that it gave opportunity for some pretense at discussion when the more courageous would propound questions that would have delighted Duns Scotus or Thomas Aquinas. Utilitarianism, with its deadening influence, had no part in the college thoughts of the average student. Shortening the course was never thought of. The college library, though frequently very rich in general literature, was not a part of the working assets of the college at all. No student was ever referred to it for work or expected to use it. Of real teaching, whether by explication or suggestion, there was but very little, as we understand teaching in these latter days. Of hearing recitations from a printed book there was much. The drill-master was always in evidence, and sometimes he understood his business. Frequently, however, the professor *did* come into personal touch with students to whom he took a fancy and was a real inspiration to good work. To two college professors I owe an inspiration that has been deep and lifelong, though neither was a very efficient teacher. The teacher was not a specialist, though he was apt to be very much of a man. The president had some teaching to do, along with his disciplining and preaching, and knew something of the burdens and peculiar perplexities of the professor's life. Three years after graduation, as a matter of course, any alumnus who had not been sent up for felony was voted the degree of Master of Arts. If there were any graduate students they were persons who were reading a little more

Latin or Greek or doing harder mathematics than they had done as undergraduates. There was no change in method or aim. The student paid adequate fees—that is, he did not get something for nothing; a healthy condition of things that here in the West has been made impossible by the development of the state institutions. The all-sacred divinity who presides over modern athletics had no place in the pantheon of the boy of those ancient days. I cannot recall a single inter-collegiate game during my college course, though baseball was enjoyed and played as real sport by a large number of students. There was no gymnastics, for there was no gymnasium except what dumb-bells and Indian clubs afforded. Literary societies flourished in the best sense of the term, and fraternity combinations to appropriate all the offices were well-nigh unknown. There may not always have been much high thinking, but there was plenty of plain living. Dormitory apartments were of the plainest, without any of the "modern conveniences." The only luxury was a servant to build the morning fire, run errands and keep the rooms in a very indifferent fashion. Chapel prayers were early—as early as seven, frequently—in a room without much or any fire. Much of this reads like ancient history to the student of today. An institution such as I have described is, in the Eastern and more settled parts of our country, as extinct as the dodo. The old college must bear its full share of sins of omission, if not of commission. It lacked the peculiarly attractive features of the latter-day institution, but the student was not ever looking for some new sensation other than what was fairly scholastic. The curriculum was painfully narrow, but somehow it made men, and the old education is amply justified of her children. It is doubtful if as much can *yet* be said of the new. The student was not perhaps so much a man of affairs as the student of our day, but the boys were few who spent their best energy "in learning to color a pipe, train a bulldog, wear clothes that do not fit, play golf and run an automobile." The student of those days somehow got real culture and an interest in the things literary and immortal, and maintained at least decent regard for "the dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns." If he thought less than the up-to-date youth about making a living, he somehow learned the

meaning of life. It was worth much to spend four years in a place that was something of a microcosm in itself, "amid" what Milton calls "the still air of delightful studies," even though they might not all be delightful. Such is a partial and very abbreviated picture of the college as it existed thirty-odd years ago.

To what has it given place? Not to speak of new institutions that, without endowment or equipment have, like mushrooms, sprung up and pose as institutions of higher learning—schools that are in a real sense neither colleges nor universities nor professional schools—most of our well-established and more or less worthy schools are what someone has called "University-Colleges," or "College-Universities." That is, they are either schools which claim to do university work, but are in reality nothing more than "big colleges," or they are institutions that, with a vast preponderance of college students (many or fewer), aim to do *bona fide* university work. Such institutions are neither good colleges nor universities in the best sense of the word. They lack at once the peculiar advantages of the old-time college, of the English university-college system, or of the German university. They are essentially hybrids in education. Some of these college-universities aspire to do genuine university work—and do no little of it and do some of it well. But they are much handicapped and come far short of what should be the true university spirit, which can not at its best flourish in an atmosphere where the undergraduate spirit is the predominant one and where the undergraduate sets the pace in matters academic. It is a pity that an institution like Harvard should not have been willing long since to sacrifice its income from undergraduate fees and restrict itself to advanced work with graduate students ready for it. There are several reasons why such a school fails in the essentials that should constitute a good college. In the first place, there are far too many students for normal collegiate conditions. The quiet student—the man who does not quickly put his best foot foremost—is apt to be lost in the mass, where individualism, which should have a chance, counts for little; he is too frequently lost in the crowd. Mr. Bliss Perry, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, who was once a professor at Princeton, said two or three years ago in an address to his fellow

alumni at Williams College, Mass.: "In the large colleges the students have no time to think. In my experience in Princeton I found that the best thinkers were those that came from the little unknown colleges of the Middle West. These men possess a certain power of reflection, and of assimilating the few facts that they possess, which is not found in the university graduate. The tendency in the university, growing more and more strong, is towards the repression of individual opinion. It takes great courage to stand up and assert yourself against the mob. The type of men who can do that is what the small college can and should develop." The community of the "big college" is too much like the big world outside. In such institutions even a recognizing acquaintance with his students is hardly possible for an instructor, while the personal influence of the teacher, which in the ideal college should be most marked, is *nil*, or inappreciable. During the early—and it may be said the most important—years of the college course the student has official relation largely or entirely with tutors, frequently as young as himself. Professors he may come to know if he remain long enough. In such an institution, at a period when most need the friendly oversight and control of those older and more steady, the student is thrown adrift and made entirely self-directive. In other words, the university pays little or no attention to his moral conduct; which in the case of the weak and vacillating is dangerous, sometimes fatal. No wonder that the pace set by the rich and dissolute at some of our best-attended universities—practically all of that class in the East—is fearful. And the worst of it is that so long as there is no open scandal it seems to thrive, without effective protest or correction on the part of university officials. This practical immunity from interference, along with the building of luxurious dormitories (they are almost rich men's palaces), has made some of our greatest schools convenient abodes for the sons of rich men where they live in luxury and wanton extravagance, flocking by themselves, and developing a sort of collegiate caste contrary to the scholastic and democratic equality that should prevail in such a place. University authorities have been very slow to recognize, or at least to acknowledge, these evils. But their truth is attested by the lately-heard protests of Yale's president against

the tendency to extravagant living there and by the introduction at Princeton of a system of tutorial supervision as a corrective to large sections and academic herding. It requires no prophet's ken to see that President Hadley is as one that beateth the air. There will be no radical improvement in this particular condition of things at New Haven, and, while President Wilson's plan of bringing in a large number of preceptors to teach and advise small groups is sure to be productive of great good, the essence of the Oxford and Cambridge system, upon which it seems to be based, is *individual coaching and "reading" in small college communities,* where the students live together on terms of real as well as assumed equality. Only lately there were at Oxford eleven colleges that had less than two members each and five that had less than one hundred students, with about the same proportion among the Cambridge colleges. Coeducation has introduced perplexing questions affecting every side of collegiate life, many of which are still disquieting and unsettled. In place of the narrow curriculum there has been a great enlargement in the schedule of studies. This was, of course, desirable and necessary owing to the development and changed conditions of modern life and to the enlargement of our field of knowledge. But, along with a theoretical or, it may be granted, a real improvement, have come abuses that, if they do not offset the gain expected from the enlarged curriculum, impair its value. Chief among these are the admission of, or undue emphasis put upon, studies that have properly little place, or none, in any collegiate program, and what amounts to an unlimited election of studies leading to a degree. The former condition of things has arisen from a mistaken notion that every subject which deserves to receive any collegiate attention is worthy of being made a college Major or Principal Subject, and the latter from that other presumptuous heresy, namely, that any subject is worth educationally as much as any other subject provided it is well taught; neither of which ideas is, we believe, justified either by theory or experience. That the privilege of very large or unlimited election of studies has given rise to great and unreasonable abuse is at last being recognized in unexpected quarters. The full flower and presumably the perfect fruitage of unlimited election of studies is surely to be seen

at Harvard. About two years ago the secretary of the class of 1893 at Harvard asked, in the circular that he sent to members of the class, for "criticisms of the College." Although not asked to criticise anything in particular, it is suggestive that a large number of these men, who had then been out of college ten years, of their own motion condemned the elective system under which they had been educated. It remains to be proven that continued work along the line of the least resistance is real *education*, or, if so, the best education. Something more is at times necessary than that the student should enjoy or even be interested in his work. The methods of the kindergarten have no place in the college. Every scheme of education should provide for something hard, because it is well to do some hard or even distasteful things. A writer somewhat recently puts it thus[1]: "If an undergraduate has not learned this while in college he will pay the price of his neglect in failure or in bitter humiliation; for it will not take him long to discover that the world at large is not run on the elective system." Unlimited election of studies has been of great benefit to some earnest students who knew what they wanted, but it has too frequently served to provide "soft snaps" and flowery beds of ease for lazy youth with whom "having a good time" was the main consideration at school. Mr. Dooley has almost hit the local color and true inwardness of things at some institutions in his picture of the gilded youth as he enters college: "Th' prisidint takes him into a Turkish room, gives him a cigarette, an' says, 'Me dear boy, what special branch iv l'arnin' would ye loik t' have studied f'r ye be our compitint professors?" Accordingly, students get degrees who have secured no well-rounded education or real training, but rather the smattering of a disjointed conglomeration of subjects. Upon some of the worst abuses of the system a check has been attempted by providing safeguards, but in many cases motives low, or surely not based on farsightedness and the demands of the highest self-interest, are apt to prevail. Even where an honest attempt is made on the part of the student to choose his work consistently a short-sighted utilitarianism determines his choice, so that the value of his course, considered by itself, is lessened. It is certainly true that the changes

[1] Atlantic Monthly, 87: 766.

brought about in the methods of instruction have resulted in gain. But even here we run a risk of deceiving ourselves. A company of young people taking lecture notes are not thereby being educated, unless watched closely and followed by other processes. Erudition is not in itself culture, and culture of some sort should be the main motive in college work, distinguished from university or professional. But here there has been great progress made, especially in that the Library has come to be recognized as the center of the college's work. College expenses have increased greatly during these years. Not that the college is enriched by what the student spends, but, as a result of coeducation, fraternity and sorority demands, the student frequently (generally, we suspect) must spend much more on these extras than on the more direct and legitimate college expenses. Frequently persons, who but for this could go through college, after a year or two are withdrawn because unable to meet the new demands. Of course, necessary expenses *outside* of college have greatly increased. Still that can hardly be urged as excuse for expense that is needlessly extravagant or wasteful.

The change most marked, most talked about, most questionable, and, perhaps, most fraught with danger, is that marked by the growth of the athletic craze; which has completely distanced the more sane development of gymnastics in well-equipped gymnasia under skilled directors. This athletic craze—or what may more properly be termed the football debauch—has reached such a pass as to excite the keenest solicitude and even alarm in the breasts of those who think seriously about educational problems and who are most deeply interested in the spiritual and intellectual welfare—we might add, the physical well-being—of the student body. Professor Shaler, of Harvard, who was surely "no professor of dust and ashes," called it the "disease which is ravaging the educational system of our English people," and lays at its door what he calls the "serious degradation of the capacity for attention in the less studious half of the men" in college at Cambridge. Muscle is glorified, the athlete has his name and face spread before the public gaze, while the scholar, brilliant though he may be, receives scant recognition. Very large sums of money must be raised somehow, frequently by methods that will not bear the light, and expended

by institutions that can ill afford it, to enable, not the student body, but a few men to play, or fight—for the game is now called a combat—what for? Because the players really enjoy it? No. For genuine sport? By no means. For physical culture? Much of the best medical opinion is to the effect that these men are "driving nails into their own coffins," not to speak of the actual killings that result. For what, then? To win. And this has too frequently come to mean—"anything to win!" Accordingly, intercollegiate athletics, with sporadic exceptions, has come to be synonymous with unprofessional conduct; involving the virtual hiring of players, substitution of players and (in the case of football) maiming and slugging in the combat and general gambling on the result of games; all tending to develop a false enthusiasm and a spirit that is inconsistent with the more serious interests of the institution on the part of those who have become thus possessed. Honest attempts are made from time to time to regulate the grossest evils incident to athletics. But thus far, while little scandal comes to the public, all efforts are, and we believe must be, abortive. While human nature remains what it is inter-collegiate athletics, as understood among us, are not in the long run consistent with honesty and fair play. The stakes are too large. Is the game worth the powder and, it might well be asked, worth the shame? As President Roosevelt said in his speech in Memorial Hall at Harvard in June of this past year, "it is a bad thing for any college man to grow to regard sport as the serious business of life"; and this is just what happens at the big universities.

There is in our country a third class of institution, neither university nor university-college, nor collegiate-university; a class that has far too few first-rate representatives, that, we are informed by high authorities, is soon to become extinct, and the very existence of which seems to be threatened on every side. I refer to what might be called the small college. The best illustrations of this type are few in number, and none of them exactly of the ideal type that might, we verily believe, be easily enough realized were a serious attempt made. Enough has been said to show that for purely collegiate education the small college has a place. If it is to be saved it must be improved and made still more distinct than

it is from the other institutions that have been mentioned and which have come to stay—and, perhaps, because they supply a felt need. If rich men want places where their sons may live in luxury, and with a minimum of work may get degrees, the places will be forthcoming. Likewise with other needs, supposed or real, which are supplied by the types that we now have. The college is threatened on the one side by the High School, that, in an attempt to be a sort of "people's college," apes the less desirable but still popular features of the college, and on the other hand by the collegiate-university, which attracts by force of numbers and the ability to offer "attractions," many of them other than scholastic. It is further assailed by the representatives of some of the big college-universities which have professional schools to maintain, and which have raised a demand for the shortening of the college course in favor of those who are not able (which means in many cases not willing) to fairly earn a college education but desire the advantage that comes to those who have college degrees.

What should the small college be and what should it aim to do? In part this question has been inferentially answered by what has been already said. Here is place for only such an outline as will suffice to make somewhat more clear my meaning. In the first place, the Small College must not be a poor college. It must be so richly endowed as to be independent of the whims of a fickle public; it should be made independent of mere fees, and so able to do its appointed work without any impairment of its efficiency. From $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 would be required for endowment if the annual income should not exceed five per cent. At least $800,000 (perhaps something over a million) would be necessary for the plant, including apparatus and libraries. I would have this plant as perfect as possible architecturally and horticulturally, not forgetting that Oxford and Cambridge colleges and gardens have been no small element in the educational influence of those great centers. These estimates may seem large, but a little figuring will show that they are none too ample. Besides, a few small colleges now in our country represent about as much. There are now at least four colleges, no one of which has as many as four hundred students, that have from a million and a half to two millions of

productive endowment. The number of students I would limit to three hundred. Two hundred and fifty might be still better. When I say students I mean men. I would not admit women to this small college. I am not in the least arguing against coeducation per se. But just as there are institutions that should not admit men, there are schools where women have no place, and, of course, there are schools where both sexes should be welcome. As President Eliot once said, "after Wellesley and Vassar decide to admit men there will be time for Harvard to consider the advisability of throwing its doors open to women." For the housing of these students I would have three, possibly four, separate colleges or houses each with its refectory. These houses, without being in any sense luxurious, should be all that modern methods of construction could make them. I would have the choice of these apartments or simple suites determined by some other consideration than a money tariff based upon the supposed desirability of the rooms. As is required now by the best schools, students should only by examination be admitted to such a college as I have in mind, thus ensuring fitness to genuine college work. The supreme chance of students who have ability, thorough preparation for their work, willingness to do their best, should not be ruined by dullards, or persons who have no fitness for the work expected in such a school. As someone has said, "the buoyancy of a university may be great, but it can not float more than a certain amount of dead weight and not sink itself." This would be the more necessary because no provision would be made for unlimited election, which makes it possible, or easy, for persons poorly prepared to work their way through a course carefully chosen with an eye to subjects in themselves easy. In planning its work the college will not for a moment overlook the fact that it is not a university. It will remember that the college is an institution where the student is to learn a little of many things, whereas the university expects him to "learn everything about some one or two things"; that he goes to college to learn how to live, but to the university to learn how to make a living; that the college is concerned not with the making of physicists, or engineers, or philologers, but with the making of men, for, as Amiel says in that wonderful *Journal Intime,* "the test of every religious, political or

educational system is the man which it forms. If a system injures the intelligence it is bad. If it injures the character, it is vicious. If it injures the conscience, it is criminal." Or, as President Woodrow Wilson finely put it in his inaugural address at Princeton, "we must deal in college with the spirits of men, not with their fortunes." One of the best things to be said in favor of a college course is that it is not practical, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The practicality of the college is indirect, or, as Professor Wendell phrases it, "the practical aim of a general education . . . is such as shall enable a man to devote his faculties intently to matters which do not of themselves interest him." What, then, shall the college teach? What subjects shall have a place in college curricula? What shall be the limitation? for limitation there must be. The narrowness of the old curriculum, with its Latin, Greek, mathematics and its smattering of science, is in this age, with modern demands and the enlargement of knowledge, not for a moment to be thought of. We may assume that certain subjects will be regarded as essential to any liberal-culture course. No college course would be complete that did not recognize the claims of history; language (Latin, Greek, French, German, and, of course, English); political science and economics; pure science (chemistry, physics, biology, and geology), including mathematics; "literature studied as literature, and not merely the corpse of it in the shroud of grammar and the coffin of philology," as President Hyde, of Bowdoin, has expressed it. The course of the candidate for a degree should be so regulated that his election—for election in some form has come to stay and may be valuable if guarded—should be between groups, as in the collegiate department of the Johns Hopkins University, or between courses, as in the new plan for undergraduates at Princeton. Certain required subjects would be common to all these groups, but each group would insure special attention to certain characteristic subjects that give a name to the particular group; for example, the Modern Language group, or the Classical group, or the Latin-Scientific group, etc. Within each group, or rather outside of it, there ought to be very little of election allowed, but still a limited amount. Under ordinary circumstances four years' work would lead to a degree, only excep-

tional students being allowed to get their degrees in less than the prescribed time. For purposes of instruction and advice, such an institution as I have in mind needs from seventeen to twenty professors and about forty college tutors and assistants. These professors, who should be paid the same salary, would receive at least $3,000, the tutors and assistants $1,000. The tutors would be expected to live in the quadrangles and dine in Commons; the houses of the professors would be on the college domain, that the personal relation to the students might be as close as possible. The professors would naturally be the responsible heads of the departments of work that they chanced to represent. The lecture work and more advanced teaching would fall to them. But, with a view to having more personal and real teaching than is possible under the conditions found in our existing institutions, less instruction in classes made up of large numbers, especially in certain subjects, would be provided for, and much individual instruction after the Oxford plan of private tutors, who would be expected to stand in very close and friendly relation with the student. And the need for this has come to be seriously felt. Personal teaching might well be classed with the lost arts in some places. There is even now a decided call on the part of the educational public for the teacher *redivivus*; for the teacher who, while a specialist in erudition, is primarily a man. The college should have but little room for the mere drill-master, outside of subjects that have sometimes to be studied in their elements. For the man who can inspire as he teaches—and hearing recitations is not necessarily teaching—there is abundant room. Such a man President Hyde must have had in mind when, speaking before the International Congress of Arts and Science at the Saint Louis Exposition, he took occasion to say, "The college professor is a man who grasps his subject as a whole; deals with each aspect of it in its relation to the whole; is able to make the subject as a whole unfold from day to day and grow in the mind of the student to the same splendid proportions that it has assumed in his own; . . . he must know men and the large movements and interests of the world outside. He must present his subject lit up with the enthusiasm of a great personality, an enthusiasm so contagious that the students can not help catching it from

him and regarding his subject for the time being as the most compelling interest in life. These real college professors, these men who can make truth kindle and glow through the dead cold facts of science, who can reveal the throbbing heart of humanity through either ancient or modern words, who can communicate the shock of clashing wills and the struggle of elemental forces through historic periods and economic schedules, who can make philosophy the revelation of God and ethics the gateway of heaven—these men are hard to find; infinitely harder to find than schoolmasters, on the one hand, and specialists on the other. Yet unless you can get together at least half a dozen men of this type you must not pretend to call your aggregation of professors a college faculty; you cannot give your students the distinctive value of a college course."

It may have been noticed that in the curriculum outlined above no provision is made for religious training, which might appear all the more necessary from the fact that college ethics and those of good people outside of college circles seem to be at variance; that in student practice, if not in theory, there seems to be a marked difference in regard to many matters between the code of morals of the New Testament and that recognized by the college world. Of course we would that the college should be in spirit and practice decidedly Christian, but I doubt whether practical morality is to be taught formally from text-books. The small college should have a college preacher and pastor who should not be allowed to teach in the ordinary way, but whose duty it should be, though preaching publicly at stated times, to mingle among the students, winning their respect as adviser and friend and seeking by tactful leading to maintain high ideals of thought and action in the student body. No man in the teaching force would have a more delicate task than he, but to none could come greater opportunities and privileges.

Of course, literary and scientific and religious organizations would be fostered in such a place. Greek letter fraternities I would under no circumstances admit. Under some conditions they are most valuable and undeniably accomplish much good. For example, in the larger colleges they serve to afford rallying points and nuclei for association that is so hard to bring about because of

the large number of students. But they add greatly to the expense of college life, and their spirit is essentially clannish; and in a very small school, such as I have tried to outline, they have no proper place. Our ideal school will no less provide for physical than for moral and intellectual culture. A resident physician and physical director will see to it that each man gets the particular training that proper examination shall show that he needs to make him a perfect physical man. It goes without saying that the gymnasium in such a place will be all that it should be to serve a purpose so important. Playing fields and courts for all sorts of proper outdoor sports will be found here, and every appropriate inducement to take part in such should be offered. Such a small college as I have attempted to describe is not Utopian. It can be realized whenever we are ready to pay for it and give it a fair chance. Already several secondary schools in America are about as perfect as money can make them; why not do as much for some of our colleges? I believe that a large number of people who realize the failure of the so-called great university to give what may be called a college education, and who want something better than the big colleges are giving, would welcome the type of school outlined here. Such smaller colleges as now stand for honest work and high ideals should be strengthened to the utmost, and every effort made to conserve the kind of training or education that the small college alone can give. Thus shall we help the college to hold aloft an ideal that ought to put to shame what has been well called the mammoniacal possession of our time and to make contemptible the aristocracy of the dollar.

Edwin Post.

## Art. II. SELFISH WOMANHOOD

To discourse, with Selfish Womanhood for theme, sins alike against my wishes and my chivalry. I like it not. But the facts of the soul are not to be dimmed nor demolished by what we may wish. Obscuration, were it possible, is not annihilation. We must face facts bravely. And literature has this for its praise that it has faced the facts, and that in its pages may the face of the world be seen as by clear sunlight. A reading of the imaginative literature of all the ages will show what sort of a world we have had for playfellow and workfellow. Its sins, blameworthiness, frivolities, weaknesses, foibles, playfulness, grossness, perverseness, manliness, womanliness, greatness, littleness, imaginativeness, matter-of-factness, tyranny, love of freedom, democracy, aristocracy, goodness, vileness, devilhood, angelhood—they are all in literature. Not a syllable is missing. The eternal commonplace and the eternal uncommonplace are brought out to the light and left like furniture at house-cleaning time, out of doors for the world passing along that street to look at.

Here is where and this is how books are the informants of life. We who live with women and men ought to know our neighbors. We cannot in ourselves and in themselves because that sort of insight belongs to the few and not to the many; and we belong not to the few but to the many. I cannot read the lines on my neighbor's face, much less the lines on my neighbor's soul; but if Shakespeare will come and be physiognomist and psychognomist, they will become patent to my poor eyes. No teacher nor any preacher ought to be without a rude information in Shakespeare's psychology. To know folks is a larger need in both these vocations than the rudiments of knowledge each can impart. We are dealing with the alive, a thing we are prone to forget. Now, blessed be the man who finds some new corner of the soul to explore and bring into the daylight. That is the all but impossible in letters. All ways have been trod, we think and feel. Who can go where the geniuses have not gone? But men do. Browning found out some things about the soul of man. The explorers are not yet become

invalids. There is room and call for them. And while, answering extemporaneously, we would say that every island, bay and trivial inlet of the soul has been visited and charted; when a large life walks through the continents and takes ship across the seas of soul he convinced us we were no prophets. The genius finds something new, adds new emphasis, squeezes new juice out of the old grapes, finds a new petal on a flower; and we are illumined. Had we been asked if after Chaucer, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Æschylus, Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides and Goethe there were any woman types not exploited, I think an unhesitant "No" had sprung to every lip. But we would have answered untruly, not knowing the truth. Swinburne has found the fact in itself not new, but in its elucidation new as morning. He has created a Mary Stuart. The curious thing is that after a type of personality has behaved itself in our sight we do not understand it. But this is the blindness I made mention of. Cleopatra lived; and I doubt if anybody ever really saw her till Shakespeare met her in Marc Anthony's company and recognized her. That is an amazing portrait he has made, if it be lawful to name that a portrait which is a living thing. And Swinburne came three centuries after Mary Stuart had smiled her last bewitching smile and saw her and knew her at sight.

Selfish Womanhood has not been talked much of by letters. I presume because books are mainly men-written. And a man is disinclined to give women vices which are not heroic. Lady Macbeth is vice but regal vice, and the queen to Cymbeline has a sort of generalship in her crime which marks her of a breed of rulers. Anyway, the depicting of a pure selfishness in woman was, so far as my knowledge goes or my memory recalls, left to our time and to Swinburne. His historical Trilogy embodies the working out of this concept and does it in a way to waken wonder. We have in thought that Swinburne is a lyric poet. Or, if I do not err, this is how the mention of his name impresses us. We think of him as a singing lark, more words and music than penetrative thought. His command of language and rhythm is something to startle and delight. He can swim on in seas of music farther and get less wheres than almost anybody who ever lived. His is peerless in our

day as music maker with words, and even in those days when Tennyson was our Nestor, Swinburne could have often given this aged glory lessons in music.

He opens his throat and the music gushes out birdlike, but only music. As little semblance of thought is there as a body could imagine. It goes but gets nowhere, and is bewitching. A master in the art of poetic expression is what we have thought him to be. Sensuous, classic, the nearest to a Greek since Keats—so have we classified him. "Atalanta in Calydon" is where we thought him at home. Now the Trilogy consisting of Chastelard, Bothwell and Mary Stuart is Swinburne in the unexpected, and contains a wealth of explication of one theme which is quite bewildering. And the theme is a woman beautiful enough to make men avid to die for her and selfish enough to make her avid to see men die for her.

Selfishness I would designate and differentiate as impure and pure. Impure selfishness is selfishness with an objective. Goneril and Regan in Lear and Becky Sharpe in Vanity Fair illustrate this breed. These wanted something for self benefit. They farmed fields for what they could grow on them which would come to their granaries. Goneril and Regan farmed their father for his kingdom, farmed their husbands for what use they could be. They had an eye to the main chance. This is the customary selfishness. Becky Sharpe, become a classic now, was a shrewd bargainer. She was horse jockey with men. She farmed everybody in sight that she might feast, and if she could not feast she would drink tea; but some one must buy the feast or the tea. She would have the nearest buyer do that. She was not choice in agents. She would take the one she could lay her hands on easiest. That was all. She was a human cat, always watching for the biggest mouse but taking what she could catch with a purr of content and a lick of her lips. In her is not a symptom of lust. She is as barren of lewdness as of love. She is simply taking a tool, Rawdon Crawley, then grieved beyond measure finding she could have had Crawley of King's Crawley, dirt and all, then Lord Steyne, and after all else was gone taking silly, vain, inglorious brother to Amelia Sedley after having used Amelia's husband; then she used the church,

not having access to a man. She is utilitarian simply. Not a froth of even temporary passion is to be thought of in her. She wants a foot mat to wipe her feet on. Who comes serves the turn.

The pure selfishness is evidenced in Mary Queen of Scots. I know not her twin anywhere in letters. Cleopatra was licentious, lewd, torrid—all that, but seemed to give herself with her temporary or permanent passion. Mary Stuart is not so. She is simple languor. She has no end to compass. She is not climbing a throne, rather pulling a throne down upon herself. She has no ulterior motives. With her, love is a species of æsthetics. She likes it for herself rather than for itself. Love with her knows not self-sacrifice as such. Love means love. She covets the touch of a Chastelard's hand for the sake of seeing him in his eagerness. She is quite incomprehensible and so quite inexplicable; and to have conceived her as Swinburne has is a work of genius complex, bewildering. With the accredited facts of Mary Stuart's career I have no commerce now. She is known, her beauty, malice, hatreds, vengeances, murders, ruthlessnesses, perfidies, pathos, tragedy and all. I have stood at her tomb in Westminster Abbey, and dreamed of her, attempting to see her face and guess her secret but could not. She rose misty as sea crags in a storm. She was quite beyond my man's wit. Such as she was Swinburne has taken hold on to make her blaze. To think what he has achieved, fills me with wonder. I marvel it lay in any man's power with such persistent consistency to have caught and retained a personality tenuous as air, hot and fitful like fire, compassionless alike to those who loved her as to those she hated most. I cannot tell of it. That were to blur the image as winds do the images in water. All must read and make their life wonder. Through the longest drama in literature, this strange, peerless tigress makes her way, we not understanding her nor she herself; she the play and the torture of her own loves, freaked with by passion's winds, fearless with passion's adulation, tripped with lust's resolves, drowned in lust's seas, skyless, godless, unnatural, feminine of the feminine, unfeminine as granite, all heart, no heart, as lacking in moral sense as if she had been a lioness—some such was Mary Stuart.

With women as with men, but with women in regal wise, love

means sacrifice. No woman counts cost with love. Ariadne fled with Jason, and Dido found a world desolate because Æneas had sailed away. A woman in love is nothing but a heart. All else might be sheared away with shrewd sword blade and she not know it nor ever miss it. She knows not any sacrifice, will not believe the thing she did that made men marvel had aught of marvel in it; indeed, never knew she did it nor will believe the narrative when told her. In her love she is not an integer. If anything will make a woman devout and wonderful it is love. She is transfigured as the mountains are when smitten with the sunset splendor. Love finds a woman for herself and to herself and to the world. Now, none of this is visible in Mary Stuart. She will truly take long, fearful rides across the Scotch hills to sight dear Bothwell but only as a species of gratification. She is on a pleasure party. No sacrifice is in it. It is a tigress passion. She was inhuman truly but unhuman just as truly. No queen's grace of sacrifice or heart is visible in her.

For icy Philip Mary Tudor had heartaches fit to die; but that is not present in Mary Stuart. The present thing is satisfied. Out of sight, was to be forbidden to her thought. She lived in the senses. Her heart had no memory. She could not recollect. Things seen were her sensualism. She was immoral enough; but that is not the horrible thing about Queen Mary to my thought. She was unmoral. I do not find the dregs of ethics in her character. She was let of the blood of right and wrong. If she had conscience, there is not the semblance of it. It must have had such immurement as precludes ever walking out of its leper's cell. She is like a snake. I feel her lissome, glittering fascination but feel her serpent. There was no mercy in her calendar, no devotion to any cause. Religion was like a string of pearls around her lily neck, to be clasped and unclasped to show her fingers or adorn her beauty. She was feminine but not a woman. She would have seen a multitude die to satisfy her spleen or petty vengeance. There never was a choking in her throat or any mist of tears or any horror for any heartache. The world meant to her—herself. Calypso was in love with Ulysses; and Mary was in love with Mary. There was her lust of love. Goethe practiced vivisection on women: Mary Stuart prac-

ticed vivisection on men. She was ruthless but something more. She loved the writhing, seeing it attested her power. Parrhasius slew an aged slave to paint his dying groan; but Mary Stuart did so to enjoy the groan and feel she made it, and that it attested her power.

Chastelard says to Mary Beaton:

"I know her ways of loving, all of them:
A sweet, soft way the first is; afterward
It burns and bites like fire; the end of that
Charred dust and eyelids bitten through with smoke."

Chastelard knew her and her tigress nature but nothing loath, therefore, to beg another kiss and die therefor.

Chastelard's love with all its golden wealth of gorgeous sacrifice for her, her unshamed selfishness with him are yet each against the other. Chastelard is as great as she is incapable of greatness. She loving him briefly in presence because such love is necessary to her life; and she dotes on it, for it shows how she occupies a brave man's life. She likes to make a foot mat of a man. He is saying:

"Since my days were counted for a man's
I have loved you; yea, how past sense and help
Whatever thing was bitter to my love
I have loved you. How when I rode in war
Your face went floating in among men's helms,
Your voice went through the shriek of slipping swords,"

to which the sensuous queen replies in languid phrase,

"I love you best of them;
Clasp me quite round till your lips cleave on mine—
False mine that did you wrong."

He dreams

"When sometime God can no more refrain
To lay death like a kiss across your lips—
Then after all your happy reach of life
For pity you shall touch me with your eyes."

To all of which the queen replies,

"You talk too sadly."

She half shrieks:

"You will be slain and I get shame, God's mercy."

She is never from her own thoughts.

"O I do love you more than all men,
What shall I give you to be gone?
Mind, you must die.
Alas, poor lord, you have no sense of me;
I shall be deadly to you."

Chastelard is condemned to die and all for love of her, and she sends him his pardon, and then fearing his pardon will work her harm goes into his prison to ask of him the pardon back. But in talking aloud to herself she cannot keep herself out:

"Though he be mad indeed
It is the goodliest madness ever smote
Upon man's heart. A kingly knight in faith,
Meseems my face can yet make faith in men
And break their brains with beauty: for a word,
An eyelid's twitch, an eye's turn, tie them fast
And make their souls cleave home. God be thanked
This air has not yet curdled all the blood
That went to make me fair. An hour agone
I thought I had been forgotten of men's love
More than dead women's faces are forgot
Of after lovers. All men are not of earth:
For all the frost of fools and this cold land,
There be some yet catch fever of my face
And burning for mine eyes' sake. I did think
My time was gone when men would dance to death
As to a music, and lie laughing down
In the grave, and take their funerals for their feasts
To get one kiss of me. I have some strength yet."

And this while brave, great Chastelard lies in his prison doomed to die for her and she does meditate to bring him forth; yet her power, her beauty, her witchery, her gloating over men allured to die for her—this fills her thought. Why, I know nothing so horrible. This naked treachery of barren selfishness goes through my flesh as Lady Macbeth's bleeding dagger knows not how to do. She thinks aloud once more, meditating to pardon him who only wants a kiss to make him glad to die. How cheap and tinsel-made is Mary matched with him!

"Let fame go—
I care not much what shall become of fame,
So I save love—and do mine own soul right;
I'll have my mercy help me to revenge
On all the crew of them. How will he look,

> Having my pardon!. I shall meet sweet thanks
> And love of good men for my mercy's love—
> Yea, and be quit of these I hate to death,
> With one good deed."

Her love shades out of sight, her glare of vengeance walks in bloody-eyed and sworded. She fears and feels she must make haste into the prison to cajole the pardon from the hand of him she pardoned. Outside the prison the preacher calls:

> "The mercy of a harlot is a sword,"

and Chastelard within the prison muses,

> "I knew not that a man so sure to die
> Could care so little;
> But I shall not forget
> For any sleep this love bound upon me
> For any sleep or quiet ways of death.
> Ah, in my weary, dusty space of sight
> Her face will float with heavy scents of hair.
> I am not fit to live but for love's sake,
> So I were best dead shortly."

And when Mary Beaton brings the Queen's reprieve which Queen Mary is on her road to take back lest it work her hurt, he, taking the reprieve from Mary Beaton's hands, tears it lest it should work his queen a moment's harm, so great is he, so little is the Queen. And talking on:

> "I wonder will *she* come,
> Sad at her mouth a little,
> To lean her head on mine."

And the queen entering with a

> "What! Is one here? Speak to me for God's sake!"

And his quick answer,

> "Here, Madam, at your hand."

And her

> "Brief, I pray you, give me that again."

Chastelard's

> "What, my reprieve?"

Queen:

> "Even so, deny me not
> For your sake mainly.
> Must I pluck it out?
> You do not love me: no, nor honor. Come
> I know you have it about you, give it me."

And he,

> "I cannot yield you such a thing";

and she,

> "A coward! What shift now?
> Do such men make such cravens?"

Chastelard:

"Chide me not:
Pity me that I cannot help my heart."

The Queen:

"Heaven mend mine eye that took you for a man!
Nay but for shame what have you done with it?"

His answer:

"Why, there it lies torn up."

She:

"God help me, sir! Have you done this?"

You would have thought that such as he would have made a woman of even such as she. But think it not. She is selfishness beyond all help or courage. And after fondling him she means to let be slain, and he half moaning, half singing,

"For I do think
You never will be loved thus in your life,"

she replies with his death staring at her and she could alter and will not:

"It may be a man may never love me more."

O Selfishness! Your name is Mary Stuart!

And when he comes to die last of them all, he craves her pardon, in hearing of them all he craves, "Forgive me, Madam," to shield her against a breath of blame when wild winter winds of blame were hers in just desert, and to his fond "Forgive me, Madam,"

"Yea, I do, fair sir:
With all my heart, in all I pardon you,"

and he shoulders out alone to die and the Queen still saying to Mary Beaton,

"I will be his ransom if I die,"

and then stood by and saw him dying with his smile upon her nor even lifted up her hand, and went to be the paramour of my lord Bothwell.

We cannot weep for her. We must not pray. And selfishness like this is crueller than cruel waves that swallow sinking sailors up; and ten thousand fold more tragic than the grave.

W. A. Quayle.

## Art. III. AN IMPERATIVE DEMAND IN EDUCATION

The time has fully come when thoughtful people in America will demand that the cultural value of religion be recognized. We are becoming wearied with an academic or professional training which appeals almost exclusively to the intellect or the making of money. Human life has an ideal content. That is not an education which ignores this content and the chiefest power in its development—religion. On the lowest plane of the survival of the fittest and the best, Christianity is the greatest and most influential of the world religions. Yet how large a space is given in our scheme of higher education to the history of Christianity, the world value of the specific teachings, or the effect of its transforming spirit? The time will come when the man, ignorant of the nature and influence of the largest factor in modern civilization, will feel that he is not an educated man.

To illustrate: there is an imperial university in the capital of Japan. It is a chief aim of the Japanese government to make this institution do all that is possible in the Orient to acquaint its students with the genius and the civilization of the Western nations. These include those of Europe and those of European descent in America, Australia, Africa or Asia, or, to put it in the briefest and most comprehensive form, those of Christendom. For this purpose Japan encourages the brightest of its youth by thousands to seek in this place their intellectual training. For the same end she attracts thousands of students from China, as she desires to become the mediator through which Western learning and civilization shall be accepted by the Chinese. Suppose for this purpose men trained in the best schools of Europe and America are chosen to instruct these studious thousands in the humanities and in technical science. Suppose that the subjects of a modern university curriculum are thoroughly taught by the teachers of acknowledged eminence; will there then be an understanding of the life, power, ideals and future influence of this Christendom if there is to be no earnest and consistent effort to make understood Christian ethics, Christian institutions or the history of Chris-

tianity? Without these you have the dead body, but the animating spirit of its literature and philosophy, the genius of its peoples and of their civilization has escaped their grasp and comprehension. Until that is recalled neither the past nor the present of Christian peoples can ever be understood, nor can there be any just estimate of their future course or influence. If instead of the university at Tokyo we substitute the universities at our state capitals and in our other cities supported by the taxation of the people of our American commonwealths, the question necessarily arises, Is an education there imparted, however strong and effective in the humanities and science, in civic and professional studies, but in which there is no systematic instruction in the history of Christianity and its institutions or in Christian ethics or sociology, an education which fits for the best citizenship or for the best career and influence in the twentieth century? In any view of Christianity can an education which practically ignores these be adequate to the needs of our time? Among the facts of our life and the factors of our complex civilization can anyone say these do not play a great and often decisive part? From the standpoint of merely secular instruction is it not a grave mistake thus to ignore the Christian religion and the sources of its pervasive spirit and expanding might? If, however, these institutions of higher education are specifically called Christian, that is, if they are under the auspices and control of Christian Churches or of boards of Christian men, can that which they offer be called a Christian education if they give no opportunity to the Christian layman to know the history of the Christian Church, the endeavor and achievements of the Christian spirit? Does that Christian college or university fulfill the promise of its name which teaches concerning the political, social and municipal institutions of our country and of other nations, and has no word of illumination upon the great Christian institutions and reforms which have changed the face of human society and of the world in the last one hundred years? If, as we sorely need, we are to have the support of able and intelligent laymen in our institutional work for the establishment of the kingdom of God, these men must have the firm conviction and accurate knowledge which can only come by systematic

instruction by men whose ability and learning fit them for the greatest themes. For example, why should not great Christian schools give instruction in their regular courses upon Christian missions? This country is spending each year upon Christian missions a sum equal to the revenue of one of the chief states of Europe in the era of the Reformation, or of many a minor European state in the eighteenth century. This is sure to be a progressively increasing amount. No man is fitted for our diplomacy or the larger problems of world politics who does not understand Christian missions and the issues to which they lead. In a very real sense, no man is fitted to lecture upon modern history who does not understand the part taken by Christian missions. In many academic circles Robert E. Speer's volume Missions and Modern History would bring a most helpful enlargement of the intellectual horizon. For many a student Professor Jordan's Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religions would give not only clearer vision but greater hold on the great cardinal verities of our being and our destiny. The philosophy and methods, the failure and cumulative results of Christian missions are well worth the closest study of our laity. The great sources of political and social demoralization as well as the centers of power of our civilization are found in our great cities. What nobler theme for intelligent study than the evangelization of our cities? University settlements, the work of institutional churches and of great centers of Christian work, like the Wesleyan Missions in London and Edinburg, in Birmingham and Belfast, as well as the work of the Salvation Army, are of quite as great value to the student and to the race as the development of the Roman state or the problem of municipal ownership, and both make their demands upon educated men. The work of society in dealing with delinquent classes, in the management of hospitals and of charities, in a most emphatic sense involves religious problems. These make large demands upon the time and money, but more upon the interest and knowledge of our educated laymen. Our universities should help to fit men to deal with the largest and saving factors of our city life. Most careful consideration should be given to the obligation for universal religious instruction now laid upon the evangelical Churches. We

have no religious instruction in our common schools. The extension and increased efficiency of the great Sunday school movement is as important to the American people as any course in pedagogics. In this same line of associated and institutional work come the function and influence of Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and of the widespread Deaconess movement. Such a course of study of Christian institutions would have present interest and value, and be an inspiration for Christian work and character of profound and permanent significance. The larger topics of the relation of Church and State, and of the different Christian Churches to each other, and of the idea and mission of the Church, are themes worthy of the careful study of laymen. Only by such study are we prepared to meet our Roman Catholic friends on their own ground.

Finally, the best illumination and instruction for the work of life cannot be given in a school which ignores Christian ethics, individual and social. No other course of instruction is more needed by the men of our generation. If such instruction should be given in our great schools and universities, one very lamentable effect of our higher education, too often observable, would be largely counteracted. Our devoted young Christian people leave our churches to attend the college or university, and return to us not seldom religiously and spiritually undeveloped, and even stunted, or indifferent. Is it any wonder, when the eager expanding intellectual life is wholly taken up with subjects of almost entirely secular import? Christianity as they have known it has been almost wholly of individual significance. They become trained to understand the great influence of associated endeavor in economics, in politics, and in society, yet their attention is not even called to the greatest institution known among men, an institution with a splendid past, a present power, and a future surpassing both—the Christian Church. Of her history they have no consistent idea, nor of her associated enterprise, demanding the greatest executive ability, and yielding a harvest of beneficial results second to none of those secured by any other agencies in this generation. Give the Christian Church and her work adequate place in the education of our laity and we will have intelligent zeal and enthusi-

asm where we now have indifference. Then will we have accessions to the ranks of our Christian workers, lay and clerical, of those who in devotion, intelligence and efficiency will more nearly meet the demands of the new century.

This imperative demand can only be met by our universities and schools of higher education. The pulpit cannot meet this demand. It may do something by way of influence, or illustration, or allusion; it cannot impart adequate instruction. Even in churches where special classes are formed, and through them great good is wrought for a limited number, those are not reached who most need it or are capable of rendering the best service. Nor can the theological seminaries meet this demand. The demand is that our laity, our educated young men and women, shall have this specific training which they need, and of which they are worthy.

Practically, then, what are the obstacles? They may be stated thus: An overcrowded curriculum, lack of time to take this with other required work, a lack of men of requisite ability and training to make such courses means of inspiration, of illumination, of power. To these should be added lack of money and the force of habit and custom. Taking them in their order, let us see if they are insurmountable:

In regard to the curriculum. These courses should be elective. They should depend upon the teacher and his methods for their attractiveness, but credit for work done in them should be given as in any other studies.

As to the objection that it makes a further draft upon a student's already burdened time: The time has come when in addition to athletics which develop the body, attention must be called to the culture of the spirit and to the work of realizing the kingdom of God. If there is a student given almost exclusively to science or economics, why not redress the balance by a course in Christian ethics, Christian institutions, or some great achievements of the Christian Church? Thus may symmetry come to life, thought and work.

The lack of trained teachers for this work is a more serious obstacle. It ought not to be impossible to find men qualified to teach concerning Christian missions. So in other departments

of the work of the modern church. One man, a man of rare gifts, a theological professor, sent his son to engage for some time in Settlement Work under the present Bishop of London when he made this the work of his life, before succeeding Dr. Creighton as bishop of the largest city of the world. Such men may well be called to teach. It is true that men whose studies and training have been only in secular history are not thereby fitted to teach Church history. It is also true that men who have intimate acquaintance with the Church of the present are best fitted to understand that of the past. Yet it ought not to be long difficult to find men thoroughly trained in both church and secular history, and with both experience and wide knowledge of the church life of their time to teach the great lessons of Christian history. The best and ablest men of their time may well teach Christian ethics in our great institutions of learning. It is significant of this trend in education that the first American professor to lecture in the University of Berlin on the new foundation of international exchange in the highest education was the Professor of Christian Ethics in Harvard University. In all this work the higher and increased demand will call forth the supply.

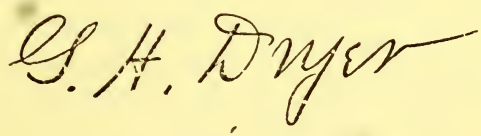
As to the cost and force of custom: For no instruction given in our schools would the American people contribute more quickly or more generously than for this. They would only need to be assured that this instruction would be thorough, wise and effective. Should it prove to be such, no force of custom could long resist its introduction or keep it from its rightful place in education and culture.

A passage from the recent history of education in this country shows what may be done. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was discovered that our schools, while doing much good work in other branches of study, were doing little, or little of worth, in teaching the English language or its literature. Some educators declared that such teaching was not needed, as English was our mother tongue. Those, however, who investigated the subject found that many students were graduated without a creditable knowledge of English. They found also that these students when in school had little opportunity to become better equipped in this most important

part of education. The obstacles were those familiar to us: there were not many teachers of adequate training; it added to the course of study, and to the teachers' work as well as to the cost of instruction. In these twenty years the teaching of English has become a great factor in our system of education. Does anybody regret the cost to student, faculty or treasury? Through it are we not in every sense a more capable and better educated people? The Christian faith, its doctrines and individual morality are taught in the home, the Sunday schools and the pulpit. Yet the great part Christianity has played and is playing now in human history, the significance of the Christian institutions, the inspiration and imperative of Christian ethics in the widest field of thought and social endeavor are a realm unknown to our educated youth, to the men and women who are to rule our future. The men and the schools who will do in this sphere as much, according to the need, as has been done in the teaching of our native speech will deserve well not only of the Christian Church but of America and of the world.

To ignore religion, to ignore religion in its highest form—Christianity—is not to educate, it is to deform. To do this in the curriculum of the institutions of higher learning in a Christian land, and among a Christian people, is a defect which cannot long be endured.

That which is in part must be done away that that which is perfect may come.



## Art. IV. SOME PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

All thoughtful men agree that an earnest, reverent effort to ascertain the authorship of the biblical books, the historical conditions under which they were written, the original writers for whom they were designed, the purpose and character of the individual compositions and their relation to other writings of the group and to the whole, is not only a legitimate study but a valuable one. It must be granted, moreover, that views supported by tradition only cannot be rightly employed to impede scientific scholarship in its investigations into these matters. On the other hand, criticism must remember that it is only a human method of study, that, therefore, for its own rectification, security, true progress, it needs candidly to test itself; again and again to verify its methods, criticize its own principles, and with impartial reason correct its own processes. "Eternal vigilance" is the price of truth as well as of liberty. The history of scientific investigation in the physical realm shows that true scientific principles and methods have grown up, through careful study, out of a mass that were once applied, that the worthless and erroneous have been gradually sifted out and the sound disengaged, so that, today, whatever the results reached, the best students of physical science are pretty well agreed as to the principles and methods to be employed. It does not seem to be exactly so in the realm of Biblical criticism. We believe that just now a thorough discussion of the principles and methods employed in this field is more important than warm debate about supposed results. If Higher Criticism is to be an architect and builder and not simply an iconoclastic destroyer, the fire of the crucible and not a torch in a madman's hand, the knife in the hand of a skillful surgeon to cut harmful excrescences away and not a weapon to stab faith to the heart, it must guard itself well as to both spirit and method, test candidly and rigorously its own canons, and watch well their application. Much confusion has prevailed.

First, then, scientific biblical criticism should not be dog-

matic, but modest in its claims. From all camps the leaven of dogmatism must be scrupulously purged. Certainly, if a Christian thinker believes that the deity of Jesus Christ made him always clearly cognizant of all the facts as to the authorship of the biblical books, and that he intended to make plain affirmation regarding them, that for him settles the question. But, apart from this query as to whether the words of Jesus bar all further investigation into these matters, we are sure that it would be in the interest of sound learning should biblical critics of all schools speak with less dogmatism of "assured results," "indubitable conclusions," "verdict of all the scholars," etc. The fact probably is that many are running over each other to accept so-called "assured results," not because they have examined for themselves the evidence, but because of a vague though strong feeling of awe caused by the stoutly asserted scientific character of biblical criticism. Assuming that it rests upon just as certain foundations as do physics and astronomy, they give to biblical criticism the same credence which they do to discoveries in the realm of nature. It should be remembered, however, that, even in physical science, candid investigation is always modest. Have the contentions of scientists never been overthrown? Do the best investigators of nature hold the same views as to light, atoms, electricity, which they held before the discovery of the X-rays, radium, and wireless telegraphy? Henry Drummond tells us that but yesterday, in the University of Edinburgh, the greatest figure in the faculty was Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform. "The other day, his successor and nephew, Professor Simpson, was asked by the librarian of the University to go to the library and take out the books on this subject that were no longer needed." His reply to the librarian was, "Take every text-book that is more than ten years old and put it down in the cellar." Similarly Hugo Muensterberg says: "To honor science means to respect its limitations." Moreover, it is well known that even in physical investigations allowance has to be made for the bias of the observer. The mind of man is, as Bacon says, an uneven mirror, measurably distorting instead of reflecting the facts of nature. Even when utmost care is taken errors often creep in. The true scientific investi-

gator does not slight nor slur objections to his theories, does not forget that the powers of the human mind are limited compared with the tasks before it; tries sincerely to see all sides of a complicated subject; to weigh correctly all the facts and possibilities. The deep, learned, philosophical mind is not easily convinced, but the shallow, ignorant one is soon ready with a positive decision. As Faraday says, "a philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances; have no favorite hypotheses; be of no school; and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities be added a noble industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature." He is never dogmatic when there is a fair possibility that he may be wrong. Now, if in physical science such care must be taken, and if there is so wide a margin of mere probability, how much more so is it in matters of literature and history! Why, even in jurisprudence, how often, with the same evidence before them, will five learned and impartial judges of the Supreme Court render a decision and the other four deliver an opinion exactly opposite! Shall the majority fling epithets at the minority, talk wisely of "assured results," and question the legal knowledge and reasoning power of the dissentients? Or, look into the realm of philosophy. Is not the late President Porter right in asserting that in speculative philosophy nothing is more obvious "than that the personal faith of each leader of thought has been a potent factor in determining the range of the philosophical relations which he recognized and the relative place which he assigned them in his system?" This being true in philosophy it is certainly so in biblical criticism. The individual bias, the mental and moral attitude of the critic may easily open or close the mental eye to evidence and affect the bearing on the progress of the argument given to acknowledged facts. Moreover, the free personality of God and man in history brings in an element of uncertainty which is not to be reckoned with in matters of physical science.

Thus, taken all in all, biblical criticism is at best too complex a matter for men glibly to dogmatize upon it. The problems are

so complicated, so many factors enter into them, there are so many possibilities of error, that, except within very narrow limits, certainty is not to be claimed or expected. Possibly modern men in this twentieth century of our Lord are able in their study, three thousand years or more after a book is supposed to have been written, to sit down and divide and subdivide it into different pieces all nicely labelled $J^1$, $J^2$, $E^1$, $E^2$, $P^1$, H, $D^1$, $D^2$, $R^1$, $R^2$, etc.; can tell the exact limits of each; can pick out sentences, parts of sentences, yea, even merest fragments of sentences, and tell us what the age of each, what were originally glosses, what interpolations by unknown editors, what the source whence historians so many centuries ago derived their knowledge, what they did not know and what has been omitted from the record; but certainly an unbiased student may be excused for asking that there be no dogmatism in the case and for doubting whether cocksureness is legitimate. Surely he may rightly ask that, as a test of the principles and methods employed, the process be tried upon some modern work notoriously composite in authorship, such as a novel of Besant and Rice, or the Life of Paul by Conybeare and Howson, or upon any work with no quotation marks or confession of indebtedness. With all of contemporary literature at command it would be a task of great difficulty to analyze such a work into its component parts. But the supposed sources of the Hexateuch, for example, have no independent existence. Comparison is therefore impossible. We are not trying to prove anything for or against any particular theory, but simply insisting that we have a right to ask for good evidence and not assertion. A glance, though, at some of the results loudly proclaimed in some quarters to be "assured" reveals how exceedingly complex is the problem. As one example of this complexity take Genesis XXXIV, the story of Dinah, as analyzed by critics. According to Driver, one of the more moderate, verses 1 and 2a belong to P; 2b and 3 to J; 4 to P; 5 to J; 6 to P; 7 to J; 8-10 to P; 11-12 to J; 13-18 to P; 19 to J; 20-24 to P; 25 partly J, partly E, partly P; 26 to J; 27-29 to P; 30-31 to J; though it is not impossible that P here is based on elements derived from E. This is one illustration, not the best, not the worst. Now, it may be that a man in this twentieth century has

vision keen enough and facts sufficient upon which securely to base such an analysis, but we may surely be justified for asking first class evidence before we surrender age-long convictions of the church in its favor, especially when hardly any two of those who divide up such chapters agree as to the lines of cleavage. Some critics seem to be like the person spoken of by Sidney Smith whose forte was science but whose foible was omniscience.

Second, scientific biblical criticism will demand that any new hypothesis which requires a radical change of view and involves an utter reconstruction of the ideas held by the church for centuries shall frankly assume the burden of proof. The abandonment of the results of earlier study and the reversal of the practically unanimous voice for centuries of both Jewish and Christian Churches should not be asked without good and sufficient reasons. Take for example, the Pentateuchal question. When we note that a large part of the Pentateuch, with the exception of Genesis, apparently claims to have been written by Moses; that various passages make it appear that Moses kept some kind of record of his laws and of the most important events of the journey through the wilderness; that much of the book is a record of what it is claimed that God communicated to Moses and commanded him to set before the people; that the Mosaic authorship was the traditional opinion among the Jews from early times to the latest; that it seems to have been the belief of the New Testament writers and even of our Lord himself; that it appears to be corroborated by numerous allusions in other books of the Old Testament; that, living in his time and place, Moses certainly could have written it; that since it was no new thing for rulers to write down their laws, as is seen in the Code of Hammurabi, he probably would do it; that many of the topographical, archæological, linguistic and other features are in apparent harmony with the Mosaic authorship; that the unity of the work favors it, that the Christian ages until modern times have unanimously believed it, shall we not rightly insist that any critic who asks us to abandon this age-long conviction, and to adopt in its stead one that requires an entire revolution in our ideas of the structure of many other books of the Old Testament and of the course of Israel's history, shall frankly take upon himself the

burden of proof and show that the new hypothesis is manifestly better than the old? That is what Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, Newton did. But many of the biblical critics adroitly try to shift the burden. For illustration, in replying to the argument that occasional apparent discrepancies might be better accounted for as interpolations than as evidence of later authorship of the entire Pentateuch, W. R. Smith says: "That might be a fair enough conclusion if any positive proof were forthcoming that Moses wrote the most of the Pentateuch." Similarly, Driver, after being compelled to admit that many of the customs and institutions found in Leviticus and Numbers were no doubt ancient in Israel, tries to escape the force of his concession by saying that this does not imply the authenticity of these books nor prove that these religious customs were observed with the precise formalities here prescribed. Possibly not; but in the face of such concession, the old tradition naturally stands.

Again, scientific biblical criticism will not start out with an a priori assumption against the supernatural or even with a dislike for it. That the supernatural cannot happen can be known by no one until he has perfectly fathomed all the counsels of the Eternal; that is, until he becomes omniscient. That it has never occurred can be known by no man until he is certain that he is perfectly acquainted with all the events, all the facts and forces, that have ever existed at any time and in any world. Science must insist that the question of the supernatural in history is one of evidence and not of a priori assumption. Yet this unproved and unprovable antisupernatural premises lies at the very foundation of much modern criticism of the Bible which loudly boasts of being scientific. Thus Kuenen, regarding his much betrumpeted "Religion of Israel," says: "Our standpoint is sketched in a single stroke. . . . For us the religion of Israel is one of the religions of the world; nothing less, but nothing more." To the unwary that may sound very impartial. But doth not the critic "protest too much?" Does he not by this assumption put himself at once outside of the circle of true scientific investigators? His path is marked out for him before he begins his journey. He cannot be an explorer honestly observing the facts as to the lands he traverses,

but a person who, resolved to find only a certain class of flora and fauna and certain geographical features, destroys all other sorts of plants and animal life and willfully shuts his eyes to all inconvenient facts. All accounts of miracle with which the pages of the Old Testament are ablaze must, of course, be oriental exaggerations or mythical embellishments; all prediction must be a happy guess, a shrewd conjecture, a fortunate coincidence, or words uttered after the event. Ideas in advance of what the unaided powers of man may be supposed to have attained at the time must have come later and the books be dated to correspond. Moreover, is it not plainly impossible to account for the evident facts on such an assumption? Does it not miss the very essence of the matter? Look at the religion of Israel, at its unique quality, position, and acknowledged influence in the world. Look at its relation to the Christian faith. Has it not actually been something more in history than other religions? What has given it its unique place and power in history? How happens it that it, and it alone, has been the mother of all the monotheism in the world? Surely the main question before any scientific student of history is, What is the "something more" which accounts for all the facts in Israel's history and religion? If we ought not to begin with the assumption that the religion of Israel *is* something more than any other, surely we cannot start by assuming that it is *not*. What do the antisupernaturalists do when they are asked to explain the facts we have mentioned? Wellhausen is an example. When he does condescend to ask, for illustration, why the Hebrews and not the Moabites came to such vast historic importance, he shakes off the troublesome query "with the well-known professional phrase, 'das lässt sich schliesslich nicht erklären.' This untranslatable phrase means that, since Willhausen cannot see his way to solve the riddle, no one else possibly can or should try to do so." And this is "wissenschaftlich"! How much more scientific and candid to account for a unique result by a unique cause!

The fact is that, if assumptions are to be made at all, the true Christian critic might better start with the expectation of finding that the self revelation of God to man in history, for the moral and spiritual elevation of the race, would probably

demand action as well as speech, and that miracles of grace and power might well be looked for in any authentic revelation of him. Every earnest Christian theist not only grants the possibility of miracle, but regards God as a free spiritual Being to whom the moral interests of the universe are paramount to the mere monotonous course of physical law. What could be farther from the spirit of ethical theism than the remark of Colenso that "a miracle if really wrought would be like a jar in the midst of a mighty music; not a sign of the master's presence, but a sign that for once he had failed to subdue the religious elements; would, in short, be simply frightful." Mighty music indeed! Is this world, then, with all its catastrophes, miseries, sins, nothing but celestial harmony? Would not a miracle wrought in the interests of righteousness and human salvation be rather like a heavenly note breaking sweetly into a horrible discord? By all means must a Christian thinker leave open the way for God to exercise sacrificial, redemptive action for man. The Christian Church exists because it believes in such action. It is based upon the two stupendous miracles of the incarnation and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and it cannot, therefore, accept the "results" of any criticism, or regard any criticism as scientific, which at the outset denies the power or the willingness of God to reveal himself and his will supernaturally to the children of men. Every true Christian's own experience gives him a scientific presupposition in this matter, not that this or that particular event is supernatural, but that there has actually been the supernatural in history. The religions of antiquity are not so many mummied corpses or cadavers to be laid on the dissecting table so that learned scholars may study them and write treatises upon them. They are living powers that entered into the life of the world. That of Israel, especially, cannot be treated as a carcass to be examined "scientifically" with critical scalpel and microscope that men may write wisely about its tissues. It is too closely related to our own Christianity for that. The Christian man experiencing the saving power of Christ, who came from Israel according to the flesh, is prepared to accept the supernatural if the facts indicate it, and if he have the proper scientific spirit he cannot be indifferent to it. As Professor James Robertson says,

"A handful of jewels are from one point of view just so many minerals, but we should think none the less of a lapidary whose eyes should sparkle when he discovered among them one 'pearl of great price.'" What would be thought of an anatomist who should say that two bodies on the dissecting table are both alike human carcasses, nothing less but also nothing more, equally good subjects for dissection, to be treated by him with precisely the same feelings, though one was the body of his wife or mother and the other that of an unknown criminal? At any rate, the truly scientific investigator will ask, "What is the evidence as to the actual occurrence of the supernatural?" If the evidence warrants belief in it, in any particular case, the speculative difficulties must make what peace they can.

Again, scientific biblical criticism will not, to bolster up an hypothesis, play fast and loose with the text. The critic must not at one time, when it suits his case, regard it as reliable and at another time, for no reason but the exigencies of his theory, treat it as unworthy of confidence. There is one thing that the student of physical science cannot do: he cannot magisterially declare, when it suits his convenience, that nature has been interpolated and variously tampered with. The physical universe is here and he must take her as he finds her. His business is simply to learn and classify the facts as they are and to ascertain the laws of their action. If a physicist or astronomer, whenever he found some fact that did not square with his theory, were at liberty with a lordly wave of the hand to declare the inconvenient fact to be an interpolation, natural science would be impossible. So is true biblical criticism impossible if the critic is allowed to assume ad libitum that the text has been tampered with by numbers of unknown hands, that different texts have been mingled, or that passages that were originally glosses have crept into the text. If the critic is allowed this liberty of assumption, he can, of course, carry through any theory, however preposterous. But we cannot in fairness permit him to rely completely on the text when it suits him, and then, whenever he finds it necessary to his hypothesis, to pronounce it utterly unreliable. He must not thus rule in and rule out at his own sweet will. That would require us to accept the

critic not only as the interpreter of the sacred books but also as their creator, as himself the real source of revelation, without his giving us an iota of reason for believing that he knows any more than anybody else about it. The fact is that textual criticism, carried on for many years, as Principal Cave says, "has had one positive result. It has demonstrated the substantial accuracy of the common Hebrew text for all purposes of doctrinal examination. In many minutenesses of speech textual criticism may have a large influence in the future, but the general tenor of the Old Testament books will not probably remain unaffected. In short, the practical reliability of the text is now demonstrated beyond gainsaying. There is no book of the Old Testament, for instance, the text of which is not in a more satisfactory state than any literary heirloom of ancient Greece or Rome." Whether these words are too strong or not, no scientific critical work can be done if the student is allowed at one time, for his own purposes, to assume that they are true, and then again, when some hypothesis requires it, to assume that they are false. Now, the most cursory examination of the works of many leading biblical critics shows that they glaringly offend at this point. To the redactor, whom nobody knows, is assigned the most contradictory offices. To have always at hand a capricious redactor, a blundering copyist, an unnamed writer of glosses or dislocater of the original text, to torture and twist it until it fits the theory is certainly convenient for the theorist but is certainly not scientific. If the text has been so much tampered with, how can the critic safely build upon it so as to make minute differences of style, and alternation of divine names, verbal distinctions, etc., bear such an enormous weight of inference? Take a few examples of this utterly unscientific procedure followed by some famous critics. When J is found in an E section, as it often is, or E in a J section, invariably the redactor or somebody else has inserted the inconvenient expression of his own notion, or he has erased the divine name that was in the text and substituted another, or he has mixed two texts, or done some other foolish and unaccountable thing. Illustrations from Genesis alone are vii. 9; xiv. 22; xvii. 1; xx. 18; xxi. 1 and 33; xxii. 14; xxxi. 50. Harper says that as to Exod.

i. 1-vii. 7 "the language is a poor guide owing probably to R's interference." Also as to Exod. vii. 8-xii. 51: "In this section the name of Deity is exclusively Jahweh, which must have been substituted by R in all the E passages." That is, whenever the present text to which these critics appeal so confidently when it suits them, runs athwart their hypothesis the easiest way out of the difficulty is to assume, without any other warrant, that R or somebody else has altered the text. Is this science? Dillman asserts that the story of Cain and Abel is in the wrong place. Kent in his recent work on the "Beginning of Hebrew History" puts it after ix. 20-26, and this latter before vi. 9-17, and Gen. xi. 1-9 before ix. 18. Why? Simply because they think the writer ought to have so placed them to satisfy a modern critic's judgment. So Mitchell, in his "World before Abraham," thinks that iii. 20 ought to go after iv. 1. Why? Because he thinks that now it interrupts the connection and introduces discord into the story. What shall we say to the scientific character of such reasoning as this to prove the above necessary readjustment of the text? "Would the author of it have represented the man as replying to his death warrant by jauntily renaming his wife Hawwah, Life? The proper occasion for such a change was after the birth of her first child, when she might appropriately have been described as the mother of everyone living. Hence the verse, if it is to have any significance, must be inserted after iv. 1." And such talk is "scientific" criticism. Change the text whenever the subjective notion of the modern critic requires it! As though the verse is not perfectly appropriate after iii. 15, 16, where God gives the promise of posterity to Eve though coupled with both a curse and a blessing. Should one count up the whole number of times the text is arbitrarily changed in Genesis alone he would be tempted to say, "What quagmire and quicksand much of the criticism of the day is built upon!" Take, as another example, the way in which Stade, Wellhausen and Kuenen treat the earliest writing prophets, Amos and Hosea. According to the view point of these critics we seem to have obtained in the writings of these prophets a sure standard by which to estimate the statements of the historical books and to determine the general course of the historical development. But when we

come to apply this standard we are suddenly told that it must be taken with reservation, for these writers have also had their vicissitudes. Therefore we, the critics, must control and correct their judgments and the record too. Where, then, is the fixed standard? There is none but the critic himself. Accordingly Stade proceeds to strike out, with no reason whatever but his own notion, Amos ii. 4, 5; Hosea i. 7; ii. 1-3; part of iii. 5; iv. 15; viii. 14. So Wellhausen oracularly says: "I consider all references of Amos and Hosea to David and the kingdom of Judah to be interpolations." See the position in which such criticism places us. Such modern historians refuse to accept the evidence of the Pentateuch or that of the historical books and appeal in triumph to contemporary witnesses. But when these, their own witnesses, step into the box, expected to bless their theory, "lo! they curse it altogether . . . and forthwith those who called them proceed to tell us that the evidence is to be taken with reservation." Insertions must be removed and even the prophetic views themselves be corrected. On what authority? By what standard? By the critic's oracular, "strike out," "I consider." Thus you come upon the "critic when he is engaged in one of these delicate processes of criticism and you find him slipping his subjective scale up his sleeve." The passages which disturb the pet theory are simply bracketed as disturbers of the connection. We have in fact, upon the theory, no contemporary reliable documents until the critic has manipulated his sources and the theory is thus appealed to as confirmation of itself.

Once again; scientific biblical criticism will employ with great circumspection and with every possible check against error the argument from language and literary style. Certainly it is possible, in some measure, to reason from the language and style of a document to its probable author. There is always some relation between cause and effect. Should we find a passage in the style of Beowulf, Piers Plowman or Chaucer in The Idyls of the King or Evangeline we should know that it was not from Tennyson or Longfellow unless it were a quotation or imitation. When the great classicist, Bentley, was proving that the so-called epistles of Phaleris were forgeries he rightly pointed out that the speech of Phaleris was Doric—while that of the epistles was not only Attic

but late Attic, which was not in use until centuries after his death. Yet this argument from style, proper as it is within suitable limits, should be employed with extreme caution. We must not assume without adequate reason that any author is a wooden man and can use only one style and one set of words. Who does not know that a person may have several styles; that his tone and manner of writing may change with his changing purpose, his theme, his age, his employment? The critic who reasons from vocabulary and style is in constant danger of reasoning in a circle; of manufacturing his own criteria and then building upon them; of first framing his documents to fit certain assumed criteria and then from these correspondences arguing to authorship; of finding certain features in one document and others in another because they were first put there by the critic himself. Could not the same person write a description, copy a genealogy, or utter an outburst of poetry? The candid critics themselves are sometimes compelled to confess the insecurity of this process. Thus Dillman, in speaking of a passage which has some of the characteristics of J but much that is peculiar and unusual, says that this may be largely accounted for partly by the poetic and rhetorical style, and partly by the new and peculiar objects and ideas, and can hardly suffice to justify the belief in a different writer from whom we have nothing besides.

The critic who argues from style is also in constant danger of tampering with the text to make it fit his criteria, and many of these critics yield to that temptation with no warrant but the exigencies of the theory. The fact is that the argument from language and literary style as applied by a multitude of critics rests upon quicksand. Tried upon modern works it brings out startling and absurd results. Compare, for example, Carlyle's turbulent Sartor Resartus or French Revolution with his calm, smoothly flowing Life of Schiller or of John Stirling; Tennyson's Princess with his Northern Farmer or In Memoriam; Wordsworth's Lines to Tintern Abbey or the Ode to Immortality with Goody Blake and Harry Gill; Browning's Sordello with How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, or the Pied Piper of Hamelin; Schiller's wild and turbulent Robbers with his William

Tell; Burns's Jolly Beggars or The Holy Fair with his Cotter's Saturday Night, or the first half of the Mountain Daisy with the second half. Apply the same method to the Bible itself. In Paul's defense before Agrippa there are thirteen words which are found nowhere else in the New Testament. But where are the critics who will seriously deny it to Paul? Or take Gen. i. to ii. 4. How easy to divide it into two sections! For instance, A uses the word בָּרָא "create;" B, עָשָׂה, "make." A makes God bring new forms into existence by a word; B seems to indicate that he makes them with some other exercise of energy. It is evident, moreover, that B simply repeats what A has already said, for verse 7 repeats 6; 16, 17 repeats 14, 15. In 21 it is evident that R has substituted "create" for "make," since it repeats 20, and "create" does not appear to be the appropriate word. Verse 25 repeats 24. How great the necessity of caution in the employment of this argument from language and style was recently shown by the so-called Cairene Ecclesiasticus document. Scholars placed it in the second century B. C., but it was proved that it was of the eleventh century and compiled from existing translations. Even the most radical critics are not depending so much as once was the custom upon this argument. That coryphæus of the whole band, J. Wellhausen, has declared that in all this byplay of literary criticism the firemen never came near the spot where the conflagration raged, and that the appeal must be made more to the history and institutions.

But criticism, if it is to be truly scientific, must make that appeal with candor and caution. No one should deny that there is something in the argument from history. As to time, place, and circumstances a writing must be in accordance with its supposed historical position. To illustrate again by Bentley's criticism of the alleged epistles of Phaleris, when he proved that they mention Greek cities which were not built until one hundred years after the death of Phaleris and speak of a certain kind of cups that surely were not known until one hundred and twenty years later, he was building on granite. But to be certain that he is not applying the argument from history falsely the critic must be able to identify not only the generic features of an historical

situation but the specific ones as well. He must show that the marks of identification belong to the particular age in question and to no other. For example, some critics deny the Davidic authorship of Psa. li. because verse 18 seems to imply the approaching restoration of the walls of Jerusalem, and this points to the exile. But where is the evidence that such an expression could not be an allusion to the unfinished walls of the city of David in his own day, which were completed in the days of Solomon, according to 1 Kings iii. 1 and ix. 9, 15, and 19? Why must we say that the word "build" means "rebuild"? The passage will apply as well to David's own time as to the exile. Another example: Wellhausen asserts that Hosea i. 7 must refer to a time as late as Hezekiah simply because it will fit that time. But that is not the only time that it will fit equally well. Some critics notoriously manufacture their own history, and then from this argue to the date and authorship of the documents. Maurice Vernes is one of the most striking illustrations. After giving his own sketch of a portion of Israel's history, which turns topsy-turvy the biblical account he says: "The sketch we have given can be extracted from our sources without too much trouble. In order to disengage the encumbrances which the theological point of view of the redactor has introduced into them, all that is needed is a little practice and some decision." A little practice? Yes, in thimblerigging and critical jugglery! Decision? Yes, in shutting one's eyes to inconvenient facts. As another has said, "Some of the critics, in the exercise of this principle that every book bears the stamp of the time and circumstances in which it was produced, set to work after the manner of a schoolboy who, finding that his new knife can cut a stick, employs it in barking fruit trees and hacking furniture."

One of the favorite methods of reconstructing the history is to apply the canon of the evolution of ideas. We, of course, grant that it is perfectly legitimate to frame a hypothesis as to the evolution of ideas in history if it is only tested candidly and rigidly, as all hypothesis should be, by the facts. If in a book opinions are found which certainly were not known until long after the supposed author's death, or terms are used which would

not have been employed so early, or if errors are opposed which notoriously did not spring up until long afterward, it is evidence that the writing was later than alleged. But the critic must be on his guard against snatching up some fashionable hypothesis of the day and deciding beforehand that any evolution of ideas must have followed some particular course. Dominated by the modern ideas of evolution, for instance, the critic may easily be led, as many are, to import into this biblical history a rationalistic element, and then to make the development of a people's thought square with this by such manœuvres of critical skill as to remind one of the sign over a woodworker's shop, "All sorts of twisting and turning done here." That there has been an evolution in religious history as well as in the physical universe no one need deny. But to assume that anyone can know beforehand precisely what course that development must have taken, and then, by that assumption, to determine the age of religious documents, is to plunge into a bog. Is it likely that a modern man can tell beforehand what would probably be the course of development in Oriental thought thousands of years ago, especially if he allows that God may enter the evolution by supernatural deeds and by inspiring great personalities with ideas and feelings far in advance of their time? Who could have foretold the development of Christianity since the death of Jesus? Who could have foretold the career of Paul, of Augustine, Wycklif, Luther, Wesley, William Booth? Who will venture to predict the course of religious development for the next five hundred years? Who could have foretold the rise and spread of Mormonism or "Christian Science"? Lord Bacon has some wise words which many critics would do well to heed: "The empirical philosophers are like pismires—they only lay up and use their store. The rationalists are like spiders—they spin out of their own bowels. But give me a philosopher who, like the bee, hath a middle faculty, gathering from abroad and digesting that which is gathered by its own virtue."

Scientific biblical criticism, again, will use with extreme parsimony and caution the argument from silence. We need not deny that it may, in careful hands, sometimes be employed to give profitable hints. If the silence extends over a variety of

writings of different periods, it may imply such a widespread and continued ignorance as to be presumptive evidence that the matter in question was not in existence. But to assume that because some writer does not mention certain matters of which we think he ought to have spoken, he therefore did not know of them, and therefore they did not exist, is certainly a questionable procedure. Even in physical science negative results of experiment are accepted with greatest reserve. Many instances might be given to show that this is the only safe course. We mention one: Euler rejected the corpuscular theory of light on the ground that particles of matter moving with the velocity of light would possess momentum, of which there is no evidence. But Crookes, by a better method of experiment, discovered that light actually does have momentum. Negative evidence was not reliable. Though Euler was right in rejecting the corpuscular theory his reasons were wrong. By scores of instances the argument from silence can be proved to be utterly misleading in matters of history. For illustration, Whately calls attention to the fact that the chief journal in Paris in 1814, on the very day in which the allied armies entered that city as conquerors, makes no mention of any such event. The battle of Poictiers in 732, which effectually checked the spread of Islam in Europe, is not once referred to in the monastic annals of the time. Schiller and Goethe, though living in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte, do not even know his name. Or, take a notable instance from the Bible itself: some critics triumphantly point to the fact that though the great Day of Atonement occupies such a prominent place in the Levitical law, it is not once referred to in the history before the exile and must therefore have been devised by Ezra or his successors. But, alas for the argument from silence! There is no positive historical account of the observance of this day until about the beginning of the Christian era, the time of John Hyrcanus or Herod the Great, 37 B. C. Yet nobody believes that this ceremony was then for the first time invented and inserted in the Levitical laws. Why did not Matthew give an account of the raising of Lazarus, and John of the transfiguration? John certainly had ample occasion to make mention of that stirring event of which he was an eye-

witness. What better fitted to support his position that Jesus was the eternal Logos in the flesh dwelling among men? The fact is that some of the critics who depend much upon this argument, when it suits them, on other occasions perfectly ignore it. When Wellhausen wants to find proof that a certain kind of religious feast was in existence before the days of Amos and Hosea, not finding it, he says, "Amos and Hosea, presupposing as they do a splendid cultus and great sanctuaries, doubtless also knew of a variety of festivals but they had no occasion to mention any of them." This is a strange somersault for a man to take who is always declaring, as Wellhausen is, that when a prophet does not mention a thing he knew nothing of it because it did not exist.

We might discuss some other principles of scientific biblical criticism, but our space is more than exhausted. It will not declare without reason that similar events are different accounts of the same thing and then declare that differences are discrepancies; it will not unduly insist that ignorance of laws, neglect of them or violation of them necessarily implies their non-existence; must not assume without warrant that either a writer or editor is a fool or a forging knave; must not think itself at liberty to manufacture discrepancies where there are none unless the accounts are torn limb from limb; must not overlook the power of personality in history; must not take possibilities for certainties; must not declare that by calling an argument cumulative it can transform zeros into integers or small probabilities into known facts; will not try to browbeat the opposition by epithets or a parade of great names of "all the scholars" instead of weighing arguments; and, finally, will not assume that because a theory is popular today it is surely true. Let us not forget the lesson of the Tübingen school of New Testament criticism.

Geo. H. Trever

## Art. V. A PROPHET OF GOOD CHEER

The poet has long been recognized as prophet. In our age of transition, scientific awakening, intense living, we sadly need the medicine of calm, relaxation and cheer. The incandescent has robbed us of sleep, the telephone of fresh air, steam heat of the open fireplace, and our crowded smoky cities of fresh air, green fields and open sky. Welcome the man who can make us pause, who, like David with deft fingers on golden harp strings soothing the perturbed spirit of Saul, can bring us in again to cheer and faith and knit up for us once more the raveled sleave of care.

James Whitcomb Riley is this David. He is the poet of good cheer. Like the shepherd lad of old he is a native of the soil. He is poet of fireside and nursery, of green fields and running brooks, laughter and shout; free as the air, unbound as the wave; the poet of democracy, of our common people, our universal humanity. "The whole tatterdemalion company," to quote from Mr. Bliss Carman's appreciative essay on Mr. Riley, "of his Raggedy Men, Bee Fesslers, Tradin' Jos, and their comrades, as rollicking and magnetic as Shakespeare's own wonderful populace, he finds right here at home. Nothing human is alien to him. Indeed, there is something truly Elizabethan, something spacious and robust in his humanity quite exceptional to our fashion plate standard." He pictures people "Jes' as they air—in country and in town." He writes with that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; that stroke of sympathy which is the bond of kindred hearts. He tells us in his own words: "I went among the people: I learned their wants, their sufferings, their joys, and I put them into rhyme." He writes in their own language—the Hoosier dialect. He has done for the Hoosier what Burns did for his mither's tongue. In no small degree we see the justice of the claim to his title—the Burns of America. He has the instinct and love for nature and all animate life of his famous predecessor. Burns turns down a daisy with his plow and stops to immortalize in song the little blow of white and gold. He sees a mouse fleeing in fright and stops to sing to it a lay. Riley turns up a hop-toad with his

spade and pauses to sing a song of cheer—"Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad, How-dee-do!" He wades out "Knee deep in June," spies a primrose in his path and loses his heart to it, for he asks,

> "Could there be a sweeter thing
> Than a primrose blossoming?"

Out of school at fifteen, dropping Blackstone to roam the country with a medicine man, trying his hand at journalism for a while, he at length came to himself as poet and prophet. Like Amos he was unschooled, the prophet of the common people, but like Amos he proved himself worthy of the ranks of the schooled. Yale was keen to perceive his worth and confer upon him her Master of Arts, and the University of Pennsylvania made him a Doctor of Literature. But the people have done more for him than can any dispenser of honors—the people read his work with ever-increasing appreciation and delight. No living American poet has such supremacy in the minds and hearts of the people as James Whitcomb Riley.

Riley's religion is as sweet, simple and unassumed as his art. For this very reason some might not stop to think of him as a religious poet at all, who yet unconsciously drink in the aroma of his humble walking with the Unseen Presence. But "there are some of us," recently said Senator Albert J. Beveridge, "who owe more personally to James Whitcomb Riley for that priceless thing—an unquestioning faith in God and Christ and immortality—than can well be put in words." Meredith Nicholson has also paid loving tribute to the faith of his fellow author in the words, "He has brightened the path of duty and brought the goal of honor near. He is a great teacher in the labor house of the brotherhood of man. He has touched old and neglected virtues with new life and light. Into his songs he has wrought the golden rosary of the beatitudes." Riley's gospel is the good news of cheer in its broad and large significance. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said, "To be happy is the first step to being pious," and the first article of Riley's creed is, Blessed are the glad. It is an ideal sadly needing to be worked. "Joyfulness has never been the ideal of the Christian world," writes Dr. William L. Watkinson, "nor is it now.

The mass of Godly people feel there is something malefic in humor, that laughter partakes of the nature of sin; and a snore in the congregation is more easily condoned than a smile." Riley looks amused at a long-faced piety, assumes the Hoosier tone and answers,

"As it's give' me to perceive,
I most certainly believe
When a man's jest glad plum through
God's pleased with him same as you."

So in "A Christmas Carol" he says:

"Then waste no tear, but pray with cheer,
This gladdest day of all the year.

. . . . . .

O Brother mine, of birth divine,
Upon this natal day of thine
Bear with our stress of happiness;
Nor count our reverence the less
Because with glee and jubilee
Our hearts go singing up to thee."

Joy is the keynote, then, of Riley's gospel: joy for joy's sake is religious. To the note of joy he tunes his lyre and sings:

"Hi and whoop-hooray, boys,
Sing a song of cheer:
Here's a holiday, boys,
Lasting half a year!
Round the world and half is
Shadow we have tried.
Now we're where the laugh is,
On the sunny side!"

This good cheer of laughter and song, of sympathetic heart and worshipful spirit runs the gamut from God's good world of green fields and running brooks to the One who himself broods over all with loving eye and tender care. Swinging lazily in a hammock, under protection of the afternoon shade, the poet muses:

"I swing enwrapped in some hushed glee,
Smiling at all things drowsily."

His delicate sympathy with the smallest things is seen when he says:

"The sun bust forth in glee—
And when that bluebird sung my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!"

Riley carries his sympathy on his sleeve, and nowhere has he better portrayed the joyousness and gladness he sees in nature than in

"Knee Deep in June." Here he strikes his truest key and reaches his highest proficiency as poet:

"But when June comes—clear my throat
With wild honey! Rinch my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud and throw my hat—
June wants me and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere—
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!"

It is this same sympathetic spirit which makes him the poet laureate of childhood. His heart is the heart of a child. He believes "all children good, ef they're only understood." He approaches the child life on the side of faith, love and joy.

Riley's humor is infectious; it is as fresh as the morning dew. Like Holmes he is never acrid nor bitter. How delicious this touch of humor in "A Summer Day"!

"The sweetest tiredness on earth
Is to git home and flatten out—
So tired you can't lay flat enough,
And sort o' wish that you could spread
Out like molasses on the bed
And jest drip off the aidges in
The dreams that never come again."

Could wit be gentler and yet sharper pointed than in these lines to a captious critic—

"The bee sings: I confess it—
Sweet as honey, heaven bless it!
Yet he'd be a sweeter singer
Ef he didn't have no stinger."

Or again—to quote the poet's own explanation of his lines "On the night of the marriage of the foregoin' couple, which shall be nameless, these lines was ca'mly dashed off in the album of the happy bride, whiles the shivver-ree was goin' on outside the residence":

"He was warned against the woman—
She was warned against the man—
And ef that won't make a weddin',
W'y they's nothin' else that can."

This joy of the Hoosier poet is not a passing spell of laughter from some effervescent emotion, but is welled in the soul-deep which reaches the Source of all joy:

"My soul soars up the atmosphere
And sings aloud where God may hear."

To the tired and weary soul encumbered with much serving, anxious about many things, worrying from sheer lack of self-control, Riley comes like a breath from Galilee:

"O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so.
. . . . . .
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
. . . . . .
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears
And through all the coming years
Just be glad."

His "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry" is in reality a "don't worry" parable. How simple to say to the little girl with her broken doll, childish troubles will soon pass by! or to the schoolgirl with her broken slate, life and love will soon come by! And just as truly may we say to the broken hearted,

"Heaven holds all for which you sigh,
There, little girl, don't cry."

Be the skies dark or fair, the midnight black or midday blue, the prophet of joy cheers with his song,

"There's ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There's ever a song somewhere."

To the chronic weather grumbler he says, in homely dialect but in manner gentle like Him who drew his lesson from the lilies:

"It hain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y rain's my choice."

Again he assures us "Some One's running this concern that's got nothing else to learn," and to a "Discouraged Farmer" he says,

"O let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow fur away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide,
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me
and you."

In his "Prayer Perfect" he prays the Father to scatter every care down a wake of angel wings winnowing the air, and shows that, like the great apostle, he has learned whatever state he is in therewith to be content, and a like desire to share this joy with the less fortunate:

> "O divide, I pray,
> This vast treasure of content
> That is mine today."

And it is this spirit which makes him to millions the Prophet of Good Cheer; it is this spirit which enables him to sympathize so deeply and helpfully with suffering and bereavement. Joy is only a sham unless it blossoms forth in sympathy, and he "who knows not pain knows not, alas! what pleasure is." Who has with tenderer pathos touched this chord than Riley, when he pictures the sorrow of one who feels the deprivation of not even knowing the joy of having a little child to mourn?—

> "Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye,
> Let me, who have not any child to die,
> Weep with you for the little one whose love
> I have known nothing of."

To the unfailing Comforter the Hoosier points the way:

> "Make us to feel, when times looks bad
> And tears in pity melts,
> Thou wast the only help we had
> When they was nothin' else."

With unswerving faith and fondest trust he looks into the great beyond:

> "I cannot say, and I will not say,
> That he is dead—he is just away!
> . . . . . .
> Think of him faring on as dear
> In the love of the There as the love of the Here."

Riley is a true prophet. The Source of joy is known to him. He has taken knowledge of a kingdom that is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Zed Windsor Adams

## Art. VI. THE MODERN "FEUDAL STATE"

Kentucky is the most fascinating state in the Union from many points of view. Perhaps no state is so little understood. No state is more varied in formation or population. Old inhabitants say that it is impossible to ride on horseback in any direction, for the daylight hours, without in that period passing from one kind of country into another entirely different. It has mountains and natural bridges and mammoth caves; it has lowlands and alluvial plains; it has foothills and rolling country; it has the richest soil that seems to have no bottom and the poorest soil from which no amount of cultivating can coax a crop. There is as much difference in the inhabitants.

One of the things for which the state is noted is the feud. Many persons do not understand the feud, and yet it is one of the simplest things in the world. Primarily, it is a characteristic of childhood. Some real or imaginary offense is committed; the sense of justice, which is strong at that period, is stirred; indignation, resentment, retaliation follow. It begins mildly:

> "I don't like you any more,
> You won't like it when you see me
> Sliding down our cellar door."

It is fanned into a flame; at last the boy tingles to "get even with" his enemy and is apt to "lay for him." It is wise to study these phases of childhood. A knowledge of child psychology makes easier the psychology of the mature mind. The child stands for the normal state of nature—the savage, if you please—and the civilized adult is little different except in the degree of his self-control:

> "Men are only boys grown tall—
> Not much change of heart, after all."

In every man there are times when the passions of the child, of the savage, sweep across his soul; if he is a true product of the type of civilization known to the world as "Christian," he may be able to keep his hand on the throttle and control the mighty forces within; or, if he permits them to escape, it is in refined channels

of subtle though cutting retaliation. But the nearer to nature a man is—the more sudden, the more open—the more lasting is the expression of his resentment. Thus the feud is explained. It has been exhibiting itself in the human family, in one form or another, since that original feud between the first sons of Adam in the Garden of Eden; it exists today, whether in the mountains of Kentucky, between two great nations, or in the hearts of the high-strung votaries of modern society. In the last-named case the thrusts that follow are heart thrusts, but none the less cruel and lasting though the society feud is seldom written up and turned over to the page of history. In the case of nations they fight it out till one cries "enough," or till some younger brother among the nations of the world compels them to shake hands whether they want to or not. But off in the mountains of Kentucky, isolated from the world, the feud goes on from generation to generation. The boy inherits it from his father as he does his cabin and gun, and he accepts it as solemnly. It is easy for one who dwells at a distance to cry out against this terrible thing. But before passing judgment on the state some things ought to be known. First, this feudal condition is not that of the whole commonwealth any more than the condition of the dives in New York or Chicago is that of the city as a whole. It is an excrescence. Yet some persons seem to think there is but one county in the state—Breathitt—that Jackson is the capital, and that a man who moves into Kentucky takes his life in his hands. It is true that feud people sometimes rise to political prominence and are sent to Frankfort, or to business importance and visit Lexington and Louisville, where chapters of ancient feuds have sometimes been enacted which have given emphasis to the current opinion concerning Kentucky. This brings to the surface another thing that ought to be known by those who do not dwell in the state; namely, that the inhabitants of the commonwealth are not homogeneous though they are all intensely loyal. The state might be separated into five distinct divisions containing as many different kinds of people. These are the mountain region, in the extreme east, the Blue Grass, coming next; then the Bear Grass; the "Pennyrial" district and Jackson's Purchase. In the mountains dwell the

descendants of the early immigrants, who have been as isolated for generations as if they had been on an island of the sea. But the land was poor and from the beginning there has been a struggle for existence. The inhabitants of the Blue Grass, of which Lexington is the social capital, have in their veins the blood of some of the first families of the South with just enough of the blood of some of the best families of the North to give them that peculiar grace and charm known the world over. Moreover, the land in this section is unsurpassed for fertility, and the stock grown thereon is the standard for excellence. The inhabitants of the other sections have characteristics and individuality just as strongly marked and fully as creditable, but it is the people of these first two divisions that impress themselves on the rest of the world as the types of Kentucky. A third thing must be borne in mind by the student of this state, and that is her condition during the war. Kentucky was a border state. She never seceded. She was the tramping ground for two armies, first one and then the other of which would be in control. Communities were broken up, homes were disrupted, churches were riven, as the conscientious youth espoused the one side or the other. It was no uncommon thing for two brothers to shake hands at the crossroads, the one riding North to join the army of the Blue, the other South to join the army of the Gray. Sometimes a father fought on one side knowing that his boys, just as true to the voice within, were somewhere on the other side. This state of affairs had its effect upon the whole commonwealth for years after the war. Kentucky had more difficulty in "finding herself," as Kipling might put it, on this account, than many of the Southern states. This was especially true of the mountain division, and it made another reason for feuds. The war was supposed to have ceased when Lee surrendered to Grant, but up in the mountains they went on fighting it out in slow and easy campaigns for years; and I am told that there are many there yet who do not seem to know that the war is over. Still one other thing must be remembered, and that is the political situation. There is a machine in the state that is heartless. It owns the commonwealth in all its borders. It elevates whom it will elevate, it humiliates whom it will humiliate, and whoever resists

is ground to powder. Good men of all parties are in despair, for the ballot-box is one of the most delicate and nicely adjusted wheels in the whole machine. Laws are enacted to perpetuate the machine and its power; good laws on the statute books are sometimes repealed and sometimes ignored, while justice among certain privileged classes is despaired of; grand juries, in certain cases, are a farce, and petit juries are said to be the dupes of the machine. Many of the best citizens are hopeless because they have struggled in vain so long that they have lost heart; some of them have settled back at ease, having cultivated the virtue of indifference and accepted the *laissez-faire* doctrine of citizenship as their policy. If there is one state cursed above another by politics it is Kentucky. The voice of innocent blood has been crying to God from the "dark and bloody" soil and there will come a day of reckoning, soon or late, as sure as "God is in his heaven"; then the crooked will be made straight, the lofty will be brought low, the mists and clouds will be dissolved by the Sun of righteousness and dissipated by the winds of justice, and sweet peace will reign; "all's right with the world."

With this general survey of the state we come back to the Eastern portion, on the summits of whose rugged mountains storms are hatched and hurled with deadly fury down into the valleys.

For many years this region was innocent of a railroad. Children were born, grew to manhood and womanhood, passed into decrepit old age, and died, who never heard the whistle of a railroad engine, who were never enchanted by the majestic vision of a modern railroad train in swift motion across the horizon. There were multitudes who lived and died among the hills who had never been in a community which could boast of more than a hundred souls. A few years ago, however, a railroad was projected and built from Lexington to Jackson, passing through some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery in the country, sweeping by a natural bridge of rock that is unsurpassed. Thus Lexington became the gateway to the mountains. Another railway touched in the extreme southeast, and one at the extreme northeast. This latter road, which is a great trunk line to the East, has been build-

ing slowly, for several years, a branch that has followed the tortuous windings of the Big Sandy river, which with its Eastern fork forms a part of the boundary between Kentucky and West Virginia. The present terminus of this road is Pikeville. A glance at the map, however, will discover the vast regions that are still untouched by the locomotive.

These mountains of Eastern Kentucky are not lofty but they are wild and rugged. There are some of the sheerest and most majestic cliffs that can be found east of the Rocky Mountains. Those hills are covered with timber to such an extent that one forgets that one has ever heard of a forest famine. The streams are full of the great saw-logs that are waiting the next high water or to be "splashed" down over the dams built for that purpose. Moreover, these hills are full of coal that as yet has scarcely been touched. When all the other sources of supply have given out the mountains of Eastern Kentucky will be found to contain sufficient to heat the whole nation and drive its engines for generations. This coal is the finest bituminous and cannel coal that can be found anywhere. In driving along the mountain roads great veins of it crop out, inviting the traveler to chip it off and making him lament that he cannot in some way take it home with him instead of going back empty-handed to pay the price that the coal trust can command. The land is generally poor, but there are uncounted millions locked up within the rocky hearts of these mountains, not to mention the timber on the surface. The great danger is that the families that have owned the lands for generations, and have struggled to coax from the stony soil the semblance of a living will now part with them for little or nothing while outsiders will come in and reap the golden harvest. In fact, this is going on at the present time. Great syndicates are sending out their agents who are purchasing thousands of acres here for little more than the proverbial song. The roads are well-nigh impossible, frequently impassable. With tons of rock on every hand, practically nothing is done for them. They follow the courses of the mountain streams as far as possible, sometimes paralleling their channels on the bank but usually down into their rocky beds, where, over bowlders and ledges, the wheels of the hapless traveler's

vehicle rise and fall until he rejoices in an opportunity to walk as soon as one presents itself. It naturally follows that, when the streams are up, the roads are literally impassable sometimes for weeks at a time to any but the man on horseback. During the rainy seasons such roads as are not in the beds of the streams are full of great sink holes—holes that let the wheels drop to the hubs —into which the wheels must plunge, for there is no way round! One mountain was named Clay Hole Mountain very suggestively, for at its foot was a clay hole that was almost bottomless. Teamsters waited till several teams congregated; then, hitching them all together, they would pull first one and then another of the wagons through the terrible hole. After that the mountain was to be climbed and crossed by the panting, overwrought horses or mules. "Why don't you throw some of these rocks into the holes? If everybody did it, they would soon be filled up." "Nobody ever does," was the laconic response to the question. If a tree blows down and obstructs the road in its fall, if there is a possible way of driving around, even at the risk of life and property, everyone drives around till the tree rots where it lies. If a man finds a nice vein of coal in the bed of a creek, without saying "by your leave" he begins operations, even though that creek is the county road, while the traveling community drives over the high rocky bank into a field of corn, and thus around it, till the rains of fall and winter and the freshets of spring bring down rock and sand enough to mend the road, then they drive on in the old roadbed as before. The great difficulty is that these counties are in the hands of unscrupulous politicians who sway the people at will. They have no money for road improvement and no time or will for law enforcement. For instance, some officers of a sprightly little village community decided that they would take a long step in advance of their neighbors and prohibit the citizens from permitting their hogs to run at large on the streets and highways. But the politicians of the region were not asleep. They took advantage of the situation, made it a political issue for the next local campaign, and sailed into office at the next election. Now the hogs run at will as before, while the sense of local pride and self-respect has received a blow from which it will not recover for several years.

The people of a community are more or less influenced by the nature of the country in which they live. They may be all unconscious of this fact, but it remains nevertheless. These people of Eastern Kentucky are what they are very largely because of the mountains among which they live, the climate that heaven metes out to them, the soil from which they coax a meager sustenance, the great trees under the shadow of which they have lived all the days of their lives. Not least among these influences is that of the streams which flow from all the mountains into the valleys beneath. There is something interesting about these streams. Their very names are in a sense an index to the character of the people, who have on this account made them famous to literature as well as geography. The uninitiated traveler smiles at every new name, but the native sees nothing more unreasonable in them than others find in the Indian names that survive in many parts of the country. These come up at random: Quicksand, Ball, Auglin, Troublesome—one fork of which was designated Betty's Troublesome—not Troublesome Betty, nor Betty's Fork of Troublesome, but plain, unpoetical, Betty's Troublesome. The name "Auglin" has a peculiar history. The mountain and stream were named for Audubon when he passed that way some years ago, but it was quickly corrupted into Ogden, thence into Auglin, by which the natives now know it, perfectly unconscious of its meaning or history. John Fox made famous the streams of this region—Lonesome, Kingdom Come, and Hell for Sartin. There are readers in the East and North who think he was drawing the long bow of his imagination when he immortalized these names on the deathless page of his romance. But, fertile as is the imagination of the great Kentucky novelist, it is doubtful if it were equal to inventing those names. Those streams exist. They do not always flow in the direction indicated on the interesting pages of the novel, they do not always flow into the stream there named; for the Kentucky author sometimes takes geography in his hands and fashions it to please himself, according to the demands of his situation and plot, regardless of the map. Because of this many of the natives hold him in supreme contempt. They attribute it all to his ignorance. But he made no mistake in the names, for they are realities; and

he has by no means selected the worst, for some of them, as common as these, would not look nearly so well in print. The names of these streams often make ludicrous combinations in the ordinary conversation of the region. For instance, a native was recently asked concerning the whereabouts of his two sons. His reply was that John had gone to Kingdom Come to live and that Jake had recently departed for Hell for Sartin—and there came to him no suggestion of a thought that an unholy joke might be constructed from the words he had uttered, and his interlocutor was equally innocent of thoughts of the ludicrous.

The whole mountain region is a network of streams. To the inhabitants of Eastern Kentucky the streams become the streets. No one thinks of living away from a stream. It may be a tiny branch, but it has its name and it gives him a place in the unprinted directory of those parts. "Where does Mr. Combes live?" "Over on Auglin," may be the reply. "Where did Judge Johnson go when he moved?" "Over at Quicksand and Troublesome." Without this natural arrangement of streets it would be difficult to direct one to one's destination.

The original home of this part of the country is the conventional log cabin, built with two rooms separated from each other by an open hallway, all under the same roof. Until recent years this cabin was totally without windows, but encroaching worldliness is piercing it now, here and there, with openings containing real glass, and often with bright blue frames set in a wall devoid of paint or whitewash inside or out. Besides these cabins two kinds of houses are frequently seen throughout the mountains, "churchhouses" and "storehouses." These are not always in present use, often rather in a state of decay. Some of the stores in these lonesome parts are flourishing, and it is astonishing what an assortment of goods can be bought thirty, forty, fifty miles from a railroad, when it is borne in mind that every article is hauled by horse or mule teams over the mountains, in heavy lumbering wagons, over those awful roads. Here and there a "churchhouse" has a congregation and a peripatetic preacher, but many of them are never used except for funerals. A funeral is a great day here. There are instances where the house was built for that sole purpose,

with no thought of a membership, preacher or stated meetings. The corpse is not a necessity. The funeral can get along very well without its presence. Sometimes death comes at a most inconvenient season of the year: the roads are bad, the streams are up, the snow is deep, or it is logging season. The body is buried straightway without ceremony. But six months or more afterward, when everything is propitious, when couriers have made the announcement weeks in advance, then a first-class funeral is held. The neighbors come from miles around with great baskets of food, for they are to spend the day and do proper honor to the departed in leisurely fashion. In some parts of the mountains they still build these little houses over the graves, with sides made of lattice work, neatly painted—which cannot be said of the homes of the living. This habit was formed in early times when it was necessary to protect the graves from roving wild animals. The custom is kept up because in all these years of isolation there never was found a place or time to break it off. Most of these mountain counties are "dry" by the vote of the people, according to the county option law of the state. But the mountain-still is in operation, regardless of the will of the majority expressed at the polls, as well as regardless of Uncle Sam's internal revenue regulations, and the "mountain dew," as clear and sparkling as that distilled in the early morning on leaf and blade and flower, is sold in many of the storehouses with impunity. As the county officials are the ones upon whom devolves the duty of law enforcement there is as little danger in the sale of liquor as there is in Lexington or Louisville that the mayor will enforce the Sunday-closing laws. But the "mountain dew" alone is not the worst thing. They "doctor" it. The city "rectifier" does not understand his business when compared with these mountain men. They put drugs into it that must speedily destroy the coating of the stomach and that tend to create in the unfortunate victim an insatiable appetite—a craving, a gnawing within—that never ceases. The first day the writer entered one of these isolated mountain towns he found the place in mourning because one of its prominent citizens, a man who bore the name of a family that had been famous in early times, had died the night before. After careful inquiry it came out at

last that he had drunk himself to death with this horrible rectified mixture. Two boys in their teens had been his companions in this spree. They had retired in the same bed, the man in the middle, with arms about the necks of his youthful companions, indicative of the maudlin affection he felt. In the morning the sobered and terrified boys found themselves in the embrace of a corpse. The boys learn to drink whiskey early, and drunkenness is a greater curse in the mountains than the gun.

When it comes to the people themselves, the cardinal virtues of these folk are honesty and hospitality. One never has to lock one's house or fear for one's chickens, or for what one may have left out over night in the wagon before the door. Every man's house is open to every other man. If you knock at a one-roomed cabin at midnight they will turn out and let you in, asking no questions as to your identity or respectability, prepare a meal for you, put you in their own bed while they take the floor, and be honestly offended in the morning when you offer them money. Even at the road-houses—the hotels of the mountains—where strangers are constantly fed and lodged, hospitality is marked. After partaking of a bounteous supper and breakfast and sleeping in a good bed, a traveler asked his host for his score. "Wall, I hadn't orter charge you nothin'; you all is a preacher and you prayed fer me last night." "That's all right," was the reply, "but I earn my living and am able to pay my way like the rest of them." "Wall, I hate to take it mighty bad, but I need the money, and sense you insist, I'll take it—thirty cents, please." The man was shocked to receive fifty cents and believes to this day that he entertained a millionaire unawares. "Weren't you afraid to go?" is the question frequently asked of the traveler when he returns from these regions. A man's life is safe enough as long as he "minds his business," as they put it, and isn't a revenue official. Life is held cheap, however. As one crosses the mountains one is regaled by the tales of blood with which almost every mile of the road is possessed—tales of cold-blooded murder. Nearly every man carries his "gun." There was a murderous-looking weapon in a box under our feet in the jolt-wagon that brought us across the mountains. We were not afraid of our gentlemanly companion and friend as whose guest

we were being escorted back to the railroad, but we were afraid that the jolting of the wagon would explode that pistol and that a bullet in foot or leg would be the souvenir of the mountains carried back to the Blue Grass home. We were not satisfied till a match had been arranged and the last cartridge had been used up. In riding into Jackson that same night a characteristic sight was witnessed. A big youth of some sixteen years was teasing a boy of eleven or twelve in a novel manner. He carried in his hand a pistol—the real thing, no toy—which he aimed at the little fellow's head, trigger cocked and, presumably, loaded, while the boy in abject fear dodged behind trees and telegraph posts in order to protect himself from his merciless pursuer. In some sections of the country the boy in his later teens has not proved himself a man till he learns to chew and smoke tobacco, swear and get drunk. It is said that in this region there is a class of roughs everyone of whom boasts that he has killed his man, and no one is a "man" in their sight and has proved his worthiness to be one of them till he has done likewise.

This whole country is being honeycombed with schools. The public school too often amounts to little or nothing, beginning as it does in July and adjourning in December. In some counties many of the teachers are not fit to teach, their certificates are worthless and their position is one of political favoritism. So the great American free school has done little for these worthy people in whose veins today flows the purest blood on the continent. But the great denominations of the Christian religion are establishing academies everywhere, so that now there is scarcely a town of a hundred or more inhabitants that does not boast of its school. Even in the open country, far from the settlement, one will sometimes run across a little mission with a single teacher. The Women's Christian Temperance Union of the state has established a settlement school[1] in one of these back-country towns, forty-five miles from a railroad and without telegraphic communication with the outside world. The telephone line crept into this "city" a few weeks ago and a daily mail service is furnished by the government by means of horseback over the mountains. The plans in this

[1] Word has just come that this entire plant has been destroyed by fire. (G. V. M.)

institution are practically those followed in the slum settlements in our cities and the results are fully as encouraging. The very best teachers are procured and these live among the people. Manual training is a part of the work for both boys and girls. At first the ladies who were the pioneers of this work were misunderstood. They met with opposition that frequently amounted to persecution. But when it was discovered that they were not seeking the "almighty dollar," when the neighbors finally became convinced of their self-denial and altruism, the tide turned and has been flowing in ever since. The influence of these lives is spreading wider and wider and the good they are doing cannot be reckoned. The girls of the institution graduate, marry early, and go out into all that region as homemakers. Those who know the country best say the results are visible up the most forsaken branches. The increase in the number of windows is one of the many signs. The school received a consignment of window sashes with glass in place which they sold (never gave) at a price more reasonable than it had been possible to obtain them for before; sold them for product, for labor, for money. By so doing they were the means of letting light into many gloomy homes, and the cheap glass became the means of grace. From this it will be seen that the school is working on the broadest lines. Its purpose is to elevate the community symmetrically. The incident of the window glass suggests a line of incidents. Eye trouble has been a curse in the mountains for generations. The darkened rooms, with flickering firelight, together with exposure and unwholesome food and ignorance of the simplest sanitary laws, have superinduced this. Conjunctivitis, granulated lids and kindred ills get a hold and grow until the vision is impaired or gone forever; towels, soap, basins spread the infectious disease. Often all the younger children in a family are blind or suffering from some ophthalmic trouble. It has been the joy of the managers of this school, in passing to and fro across the mountains from time to time, to take these suffering children to the hospitals in Lexington and Louisville, and when they have come back in full possession of their sight the fame of the "miracle" has gone out throughout the whole country, as in the days of former miracles across the sea, until multitudes are on the waiting

list. A year ago last October the two ladies who are the administrative heads of this remarkable institution were driving across the mountains to Jackson, where they were to reënter the world, by means of the railroad that has its terminal in that city, to begin their winter's campaign in the financial interests of the school. As they were driving along they espied, a long distance ahead of them, a man sitting on a log with four children by his side. As they approached the man arose and "held up" the wagon, not at the point of a pistol but by shout and gesture. The wagon halted, and it came out that this man had brought these children many miles that morning. Two of them were his own and two belonged to a brother, their ages ranging from five to fourteen. His demand and expectation was that these women, total strangers, should take the little ones to some one of the hospitals and have them treated for the terrible disease that had attacked their eyes. It was a pitiful spectacle, and dramatic in the extreme. The ladies pleaded that they had no room in their wagon; that the hospitals were crowded and had to be notified in advance; that no money was available for their expenses. But this persistent man would not take "no" for an answer, his faith in them and their ability was sublime. He illustrated the blessedness of the doctrine of importunate prayer, and in spite of his uncouth bashfulness he was eloquent. His faith and persistence were victorious in the end. The little ones were stowed away with the luggage and carried on laps. The children's hospital at Louisville was their destination, where sympathetic nurses made room for the little sufferers. Here they were left in the hands of strangers to be taken care of, they were in the great, awful outside world; for months they were completely out of communication with the loved ones at home. It was the writer's privilege to cross the mountains the following April with these ladies for guides. In the train were the four children on their way home with restored vision. The father of two of them met the train at Jackson and carried his little ones away that night, but the other father, the one who had been so eloquent by the wayside, was too timid or fearful to go to the great city of Jackson. He had never been there in his life, nor to any place that deserved the name of town. Hence he had ridden over to the house of a

friend, a man of the world, to whom he entrusted the sacred commission, while he himself gave several days of toil in the fields in payment for the favor. This gentleman rode a magnificent Blue Grass horse by the side of the wagon that carried the ladies, the little boy of six riding in front with his sister of fourteen behind. After luncheon by the wayside delicious fruit was passed to eat while the journey continued. Everyone selected his favorite kind, the little boy taking a great rosy apple. Presently it was discovered that he still carried it in his hands. When teased about it he would lift it to his lips with a beautiful smile, but nothing could induce him to bite it nor to explain his unboyish behavior. In the middle of the afternoon a woman wearing a red waist was sighted in the distance, one babe in her arms and another trudging at her skirt. It was the mother. She had come to the junction of the creeks to meet her children, but mother love was too impatient to tarry there. These children could not remember when they had seen their mother, but they were coming home with their eyes open. The meeting formed a picture never to be forgotten. Language is not adequate to describe it. Not a word was spoken. The mother threw her arms around her girl's neck, placed her head upon her shoulder, and without sound she was shaken from head to foot with convulsive sobs, while at the same time the little boy, with a smile like that of a seraph, crept around and put his untasted apple in his mother's hand—his offering to her whom he loved from the great outside world where the blessing of physical sight had come to him—and somewhat of a better vision which, please God, may grow throughout the ages of eternity!

When the men of the mountains begin "to find themselves" they will pour down into the valleys, as do their rivers, bringing with them the wealth of the mountains—not of soil, but of pure blood, of energy, of purpose and they will bless the world. The feuds will be a thing of the past and Kentucky will take the place awaiting her as her birthright in the sisterhood of the states.

## Art. VII. THE PRESENT THEOLOGICAL SITUATION REGARDING THE ATONEMENT

I. Some General Characteristics of the Present Theological Situation.

Probably many an observer of present day thought-movements would deny that there is a theological situation regarding anything. Theology, he would say, we have outgrown and discarded. The subtle distinctions of schoolmen no longer concern men under the heavy pressure of the conditions of actual life. Even the preacher who holds his congregation has to become undogmatic. If a man chooses to spin out theological theories by the pale glow of his study lamp, let him do it; but he has no real relation to the thought and activity of the time. Out under the hot rays of the sun the world's workers are busy, and have time for only the thought which is vital and practical. Men care about what Jesus taught in the Sermon on the Mount; that is practical. They do not stop to waste their time and energy in quarreling over who he was; that is irreverent, and useless. Practical Christian ethics has a great future; speculative theology is dead. There is not time even to bury it decently; we are busy with the demands of the present. "Let the dead past bury its dead." But theology, like Banquo's ghost, will not be disposed of so easily. The truth of the matter is that man is a theological being and forsakes theology only to return to it. We really cannot get away from our nature, and it is not of much use to try. The patronizing loftiness with which many men view those who still care about theology is so transitory that we need not be disturbed about it. The human mind must ask theological questions and ultimately will demand some sort of an answer, and when the hazy indefiniteness has been cleared from much of present-day thinking we will begin to realize that more than mental gratification is at stake in the answers to the theological questions. Man's whole practical life roots in the realities with which these questions deal. It makes all the difference in the world whether you have a theology of hope or a theology of despair; and no theology amounts ulti-

mately to the same thing as a theology of despair. If morality and religion are to survive we must believe that the very structure of the Universe takes sides with them. For the sake of righteousness and practical piety the great theological questions must be answered, not by specious evasions, but by resolute affirmations. So we will approach the examination of the present theological situation feeling that those who concern themselves with these things in a positive way have the future on their side. At the very start we will declare ourselves free from the vitiating insistence of the Zeitgeist that one must not affirm anything about God for fear of being dogmatic.

Let us now try to look upon the present situation more closely.

1. The most outstanding fact in all typical present thinking is Modern Science. "The Reign of Law" expresses in a phrase the great discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Law was first discovered, then deified. The great philosophical heresy is the viewing of law as self-active and self-supporting. In every direction, outside the church and within, men are afraid of this mighty uniform machine which they have discovered the Universe to be. They fancy laws have strength of their own. At this point the corrective much modern thought needs is the understanding that laws can do nothing; that in themselves they are nothing. A law is only a name for the way in which God works. A law without a person is as impossible as an idea without a mind. The cosmic history can be summed up in a brief sentence: "God acts." The deification of law is at the root of an enormous amount of the inadequacy of modern thought.

2. A second characteristic of the present situation grows out of the results of modern biblical scholarship. The scientific method has been applied to the study of the Scriptures with results revolutionary, if not destructive. That much which has been confidently asserted consists of brilliant hypotheses, rather than well-fortified conclusions, we may readily admit, but enough has commanded the practically universal consent of scholars to make it possible to speak of results of biblical criticism. In certain respects it will never be possible for thoughtful men to look upon

the Bible in the same way again. More than this: these results have outlawed widely-accepted views as to the inspiration and authority of the Bible. It is no longer possible to regard it as verbally inspired or mechanically authoritative. Is Christianity itself at stake? By no means. But the theories as to God's method in his revelation, which are at stake, are so widely spread, that a confusion of thought which makes them one with the faith itself is all too easy and natural. This helps to account for the great mental unrest within the church and the increase of skepticism without. But Christian thinkers have not been without power to deal with this situation. The way out of the confusion, we are beginning to understand, is to regard God's message as "psychologically mediated," and its authority as the result not of uncertain and external defenses, but of what we may call, its moral and "spiritual cogency." To the man who accepts Christianity because it alone fits his needs, frees him from sin, and completes his life, external and mechanical theories of the Bible are so needless that he loses them without regret. Without a conception of the authority of the Bible as vital, the results of modern criticism are alarming; with it, criticism is interesting and useful when reverent; to be strenuously opposed where guided by poisonously rationalistic presuppositions; but in either case unable to touch the profound certainties of the Christian faith. The way to deal with even the worst phases of criticism, where a destructive conclusion has murderously lurked in premises of the scholar's thinking, is to come to the same problems with Christian experience and Christian intuitions. If Christian experience is kept alive it can be trusted to deal with all the problems of criticism and to adjust itself to all the legitimate results of scholarship. The worst result of criticism is when a man makes it an excuse to turn from unpleasant realities and shut the deeps of his life from just the truth he needs. The remedy is not to curse criticism, but to become passionately honest and earnest men.

3. Another characteristic of our time is the prevalence of Christian experience which is not typical. One of the thought-provoking features of the life of the church is the prevalence of devotion to Christ which has not the New Testament ring. There

are great Christians who are strangers to some of the characteristic moods of apostolic Christianity. And it is their loss. Because of the type of their experience both their theology and their scholarship are vitiated. The fault is that the whole nature has not been listened to in its call for Christ. There has been no thoroughgoing moral struggle which flung the life helpless until the Saviour came. The great need of the church is a Universal Redemptional Consciousness among Christians. And the way to that is to get men into the current of deep moral struggle. Let a man face his whole life under the stress of the demands of his conscience, and in this way receive Christ, and his whole bearing and all his intuitions will become typical and trustworthy.

4. A feature of the present situation for which one can only have praise is the deepened ethical sense of which we are seeing constant evidences. The whole foundation of Christianity must be seen to be clearly moral if men are to be satisfied by it. Presentations of doctrine which are characterized by ethical makeshift can have no profound seizure upon our time. It would be impossible for a theory of "God's cheating the devil by a piece of sharp practice" to take its rise to-day. The whole study of the Bible and of Christianity has a new frankness and candor, and a new honesty. Men feel that it is no longer possible to deal with Christian truths in the temper of the Jesuit. Every Christian doctrine must be judged at the bar of this alert ethical sense.

5. Then there is a new emphasis on psychology. The facts of experience must be taken account of. They must be treated scientifically. The inner life of men is a realm for careful investigation. While it is possible to do exceedingly superficial work in this realm, if a man has not a proper perspective and sense of values, the interest in psychology, and the feeling that it must be taken account of, is very helpful, and full of possibility. For the closer you get to an adequate psychology of the inner life the nearer you come to the place where it is seen that real and essential Christianity is demanded by the nature of man.

6. One more general characteristic of the present situation is its dawning social vision. There is a deepened hunger for brotherhood, and a new feeling of man's responsibility for man.

The most vital thought of the time has this quality of eagerness for social service and for a social goal. It has permeated present-day activities and created vast philanthropies. It is seen in the ardent dreams of the Socialist and the quiet service of the settlement worker. A theology which has a social message will find a vital point of contact here.

The attempt to deal with the whole situation which we have been discussing, which has obtained the greatest influence, has been the Ritschlian theology. The Ritschlian theology is a surrender to the spirit of the times. It does nothing to the false conception of law, but tries to formulate a theory of Christianity which can live with it. It drops every Christian emphasis unpleasant to the modern mind. It is an expression of a devotion to Christ which has never measured the reaches of Christian experience. It does, in its theory of value judgments, move in the right direction for securing a true basis for the authority of Christianity, but in the refusal to allow religious truth to be related to scientific truth it becomes the creator of an emasculated Christianity. It is alert to avoid ethical makeshift but fails to discern the profoundest ethical realities of life. Its psychology is that of the bays and inlets of human life. It has never sounded the great deep. Bring a man profoundly convicted of sin into the presence of the Ritschlian theology and it has not an adequate word to say to him. It does feel the social hunger, however, and in a real way expresses it. The valuable things of the Zeitgeist are expressed here, but its weaknesses also. And so the Ritschlian theology, full of fresh eagerness and fine places of reality as it is, as a total is thoroughly inadequate. The theology which deals adequately with the spirit of the time and the men of the time must not speak like a cringing courtier, but must speak with the voice of a king.

II. The Situation regarding the Atonement.

It was important to say so much in a general way because all the things we have discussed have an important bearing upon the Atonement as a problem for our time. It is in this world that present-day thinking about the Atonement is being done. When we come to the consideration of the Atonement itself the first thing which strikes us is the movement away from the Satisfaction

Theory. Various reasons have contributed to this. Probably the most important are these four:

1. An Ethical Reason. The Satisfaction Theory has often been presented in ways which made it repulsive to a sound ethical sense. It would be difficult to get any adequate conception of the amount of struggle earnest men have had with immoral presentations of the work of our Lord. A revolt from the theory in whose name these presentations were made was inevitable.

2. A Reason in Reality. The Satisfaction Theory has been presented as such an inanimate mechanism that it had not even a throb of life. As men have listened to solutions in which only cold logic and commercial exchange were involved they have been repulsed. A theory of the Atonement needs to be real.

3. A Theological Reason. The distaste for theology has left men with inadequate ideas of God and of sin. With no high doctrine of God, through which the fire of moral lightnings flashed, they have lost the sense that there was an obstacle in God which must be met before sin could be forgiven. With conceptions of sin which have lost the penetrating sense of its heinous tragedy the problem has seemed to become far less grave, and the solution just the revelation of the Father's love.

4. A Personal Reason. Men are proud creatures. They do not like to bend too much, even to God. And the Satisfaction Theory made men bend. They preferred some theory which called for a smaller price from men's pride—which demanded on the part of men less humiliation. Probably this personal reason has had to do with more turning from the deeper interpretation of our Lord's work than men would be ready to admit. The out-and-out reaction from the Satisfaction Theory is, of course, represented by the various forms of the Moral Influence Theory. There is much that is winsome and attractive about this theory, and there is much that is true. In its highest forms it is quite saturated with elevated Christian feeling. As presented by Ritschl it does not commend itself much, but when we have a clear sense of the deity of our Lord, and his passionate desire, even at the price of death, to win men from sin, it becomes a great theory, with power to feed us. Doubtless the most generally attractive theory of our

Lord's work is some form of the Moral Influence Theory. In Christ we see the heart of God, and, seeing, we are won to him. Multitudes will heartily accept this statement of our Lord's work. But this is not enough. Even the highest type of the Moral Influence Theory assumes that all there is to be done is to get a bad man made into a good one. But that is not all. The man who rests in the Moral Influence Theory may be a real Christian, but he has never seen what God actually is. And he has never sounded the depths of his own moral life. If he had, he would know that something had to be done about his past sin. The great holy God must be satisfied, and man's own conscience demands something deeper than revelation, forgiveness, and a new life. Then the New Testament is an awkward book if you have merely the Moral Influence Theory. It calls for something deeper.

Men who have felt that they could not live in the Satisfaction Theory, and were unable, too, to rest in the Moral Influence Theory, have tried to find an abiding place along lines first marked out by Grotius in the Governmental Theory. The thing that is deeper than the Moral Influence Theory, they have said, is that God is a ruler. He must protect the interests of Moral Government. Christ's death served the very end of penalty in regard to Moral Government. Therefore the sinner may be forgiven. The death of Christ is a vindication of God's moral concern. This theory, too, witnesses to a truth. Our Lord's death is certainly a vindication of God as a God of Moral Concern. But unless it is more than that it is a question if it can be as much. If it is only an awful fact, put there to show God's hatred of sin, the question is if it really does it. There must be a deeper root to save it from being erratic. Then it does not penetrate into the depth of the obstacle in God. This is far deeper than the needs of Moral Government. Somehow this theory has not struck vitality with men much in our time. Indeed surprisingly little. With the inadequacies we have already mentioned another may help to account for this: The Governmental Theory is not deeply related to the New Testament. Besides the reaction from the Satisfaction Theory there has been the attempt to state it so as to give it an actual contact with the lives of earnest men. In this

connection of course the name of Dale comes to our minds at once. He made it clear that the Satisfaction Theory could be so stated as to be exceedingly real and vital, even if his statement was not adequate. Our Lord's work was rich and diverse in its bearings, and men have seized upon various aspects of it as the cardinal features of theories. Their works have been statements of various true things about our Lord and his work, but have not had the strength of a final theory. To the degree that they have had a deep sense of sin and of God's righteousness they have had power to feed real Christian life. Lacking this they have contributed to a superficial type of Christian experience.

With a widespread superficiality in the treatment of the Atonement there has been a hunger for something deeper. This has been voiced in a volume of most unusual noteworthiness—Professor Denney's The Death of Christ. The book comes right out of the modern methods of scholarship, and from a mind fully equipped with fine instruments of thought and aware of all the movements of the theological world. This book makes it absolutely clear that to the New Testament consciousness our Lord's death was a substitution for us—that the Atonement is an achievement which he wrought for us, and that all the other great things about our Lord's work flow from this: "He was a sin-bearer." This message not only represents New Testament consciousness, but this is Christianity. Professor Denney does not have a philosophy to offer for this. He does not seem to feel the need of it. He has not given us a rationale of the Atonement, but he has said things so fundamental, and with such fearless freedom from bending to the call of the spirit of the time, that a new hopefulness has been given to the whole theological situation.

All this is the background of a book which appeared in the fall of 1905: The Christian Faith, by Professor Olin A. Curtis. We want to see how this work is related to this whole theological situation and the significance and value of his theory of the Atonement.

A. Some General Remarks about Professor Curtis's Theology.

The first thing Professor Curtis does is to set himself free from false conceptions of Law. Law is not self-sustaining. It

is God at work. Evolution is not a self-sufficient process. Nothing happens in the whole movement of which God is not the final causal power. This opening chapter having lifted the flag of defiance to the Zeitgeist—when the Zeitgeist is wrong—we expect a treatment of the problems of theology which will not be simply a reflection of the spirit of the times, and we are not disappointed. We study man to see what is in him; what the demands of his inner life really are. So we come to the imperative need of religion, then of the Christian religion, if this man's life is to come to completion and peace. Thus we reach Christianity fathoms below the plane where criticism works, and find in Christianity a vital and adequate authority. The book is related to real and typical Christian experience. The New Testament type of experience too. Every reader will feel this quality, and the fact that one man was converted while reading the book seems to emphasize this. The modern demand for an ethical treatment of Christianity is here fully met. There is not an ethical subterfuge in the book. It is unflinchingly frank and honest, and it interprets Christianity without even a particle of Jesuitical evasion. The emphasis on psychology which we found to be a part of modern thought is strategically used to show that, from the standpoint of psychology, we can prove that men need many things from which the modern mind now turns. An element of peculiar strength is this penetrating psychological analysis. One of the fine things about the present situation we found to be its dawning social vision. Now the whole spirit of the social hunger is gathered up and poured forth in this book. We may say, then, that it has the most thorough contact with the real things in the life of to-day, while it is not afraid to repudiate what is felt to be inadequate or false.

B. The Racial Theory of our Lord's Redemptive Work.

First we must look upon Professor Curtis's approach to his theory of our Lord's redemptive work. God's holiness is the totality of all that he is. It is the law of the organic life of the Trinity. It is infinite moral love. The very life of God requires that this law of holiness should be expressed. In a normal situation it freely comes forth in full and harmonious expression. In an abnormal

situation caused by sin a dualism is caused, with a necessary emphasis on moral concern and also on a desire to save the sinner. In an utterly abnormal situation, when the sinner has absolutely rejected God, the law of holiness is expressed by moral concern alone. The basis of the moral law is the law of holiness—the organic law of God's existence—lifted into his consciousness and personalized. Righteousness has its source in the nature of God, but becomes a living thing by his personally filling it with the constant power of his own decision. Moral government is God dealing with creatures according to this fundamental law of his own being personalized. The end of the moral government is that the Universe, through and through, may express and manifest what God is. Creation was a preparation for this goal. History is the movement toward it in spite of sin. Penalty is punishment which so expresses the holiness of God as to secure actual movement toward the final goal of moral government. The Christian view regards physical death in the human race as an abnormal event caused by sin. The body is the basis of racial contact and experience. God wanted the race to forever express moral love; in sin it refuses; in death he breaks the racial connection and thrusts men out alone. It is the awful accentuation in punishment of the very selfishness which refused to conform to the plan of God. Coming more directly to the work of our Lord, Professor Curtis discusses the teaching of St. Paul because he "furnishes the more important data, and no further biblical study would essentially change the outcome." We may summarize the result of this discussion. In his bodily death our Saviour bore the historic penalty for sin, and so satisfied the holiness of God by fully expressing it. Thus he rendered justification ethically possible, on the condition of faith. By his resurrection our Lord came to the position where justification was practically possible, he forming one by one the new community. In his glorified body he is the type to which the saints are to be conformed. Thus in every way he is the center of the new race. A chapter on our Lord's strange hesitation in approaching death shows that the deepest tragedy of the Passion was that expressed in the words, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" This cup he dreaded to empty.

Now we are ready for the construction work of the theory. The purpose of God in redemption was the same as in creation: "to obtain a race of holy persons." Now, however, it was to do it in spite of sin. The old race was doomed to destruction because of sin, and in process of dissolution. Jesus Christ came to be the dynamic center of the new race. By the incarnation he became the race-man. His whole experience had this end in view. His "exhaustive human experience perfects his racial efficiency." Before he can secure the new race Jesus Christ must make an atonement for sin. This is not a relative necessity, it is an absolute necessity. It springs out of the very nature of God. The holiness of God must be satisfied by a full and perfect expression of it. And we may be sure the awful way chosen was the only way, for had there been a method of less terrible and tragic cost God would have chosen it. In the bodily death of men God's nature had been but partly expressed. It did not say, "I love men." It just said, "I hate sin." In establishing a new race the holiness of God must be as fully expressed in moral concern as it was by the destruction of the old race. In his death Christ bore the exact penalty for sin. Personally he was not punished. As *race-man* he was punished. "It was official representative suffering." As race-man he stood right in the place of the sinner and bore the penalty for sin. "He was broken from the Adamic race, like any other sinner." But, deeper than this, he entered into the very spiritual meaning of sin's punishment: he lost the consciousness of his Father's presence. "In the beginning of the isolation of his death, as racial mediator [he] met the whole shock of the wrath of God against sin." "His death had in its experience the extreme ethical content of personal isolation." "There alone our Lord opens his mind, his heart, his personal consciousness to the whole inflow of the horror of sin—the endless history of it; from the first choice of selfishness on, on to the eternity of hell; the boundless ocean of its isolation and desolation he allows, wave on wave, to overwhelm his soul." Thus in his physical death, and his spiritual experience in it, our Lord bore the very penalty of sin. In doing this he completely expressed the holiness of God. "He did it more perfectly than it could have

been done by the annihilation of a whole race of sinners." But Calvary is a creative thing. It makes possible movement toward the very goal of God—the salvation of the race as a race—and this potency completes its power to satisfy completely the eternal God. Thus Calvary, the deed of the race-man bearing the penalty of sin, and so expressing God's hatred of sin as to render the foundation and gradual formation of the new race possible, is the Atonement. When our Saviour rose again the "racial center of organism became a finished fact." His ascension and session are features in the historic realization of his mediatorial work in connection with the new race. Thus there is a great series of redemptive deeds—the Incarnation, which secures the race-man; the Death of Christ, in which the atonement is consummated; the Resurrection, by which our Lord founds the new race; the Ascension, when he is inducted into the office of mediator; and the Session, in which his mediatorial work is carried on. With all this, however, God can only forgive the sinner on condition of the most unflinching ethical procedure on his part. There is no moral let up. But this sinner is not saved by the moral quality of his accepting Christ. This is merely a condition. The salvation is a thing wrought by Jesus, not a thing achieved by the sinner. A drowning sailor must hold to the rope let down to save him, but he does not save himself. The Christian peace is secured in the fact that his whole growth is growth in Christ. Every man in the new race finds completion in the brotherhood and in Christ. The brotherhood is to be a great organism of service alive with moral love and joy. This brotherhood—rendered possible by the death of Christ—will at last victoriously realize God's original design in Creation. And with all this the holy God is satisfied.

Some things about this theory will strike us at once:

1. It grows out of genuine Christian experience and expresses it. It catches the very feelings of the Christian who has found peace with God through Jesus Christ. Its emphasis on the awfulness of sin could scarcely be profounder, and it has the feeling about sin of a man who rejoices in the greatness of the Christion salvation.

2. It is rooted in vitality. Its psychology is so keen, yet so

sensitive to spiritual meanings, its solution of the problem so deeply related to the very demands of earnest life, that there is a practical seizure.

3. It not only expresses the social hunger of our time, it ennobles it. The great things of men's hunger for brotherhood are accepted and transfigured in the glow of a heavenly light.

4. Here, where there has been so much ethical makeshift, we find none. It is all honest and candid.

5. The substitution of God's holiness, as the thing to be satisfied, for the one quality of justice, takes away from this theory the greatest difficulties which beset the Satisfaction Theory.

6. The whole content of theology is focused on the work of our Lord. Its deepest place relates to what God is. Its power would be lost if Christ were not God, if there were not a real Trinity of real persons, if our Lord had not lived a sinless life. The Resurrection is lifted into redemptional significance. The theological truths appear not as fragments, but as part of a great organism. It is saying much of a theory of the Atonement that it relates itself to the other truths of theology in this organic way.

7. The theory speaks in the language of our time. It has listened to the time-spirit but it does not surrender Christianity; it interprets it.

Still under the glow of this piece of creative and constructive work, it would be unwise to attempt to utter a final criticism. Time will answer questions as to its ultimate place among offered solutions of the problem and the question its vitality makes inevitable: "May not we here at last have found a method which strikes the keynote of the final theory?" Of this at least we may be sure: the very life blood of the great old theories throbs here and the joining is not mechanical. The new features and the method of articulation give us a view which is organic.

Lynn Harold Hough.

## Art. VIII.—TOLSTOI: MAN, REFORMER, AUTHOR

How Count Tolstoi Lives and Works was written in 1892, when Tolstoï was sixty-four years old, by Sergyeniko, who lived at the Count's country estate, Yasnaya Polyana, and also at his home in Moscow.

The average person has two sides to his character, which usually play one continuous game of seesaw. Occasionally we find a three-sided soul, whose amount of talent decides what sort of triangle he is, but when we seek a many-sided man—a real "hexagram" like Tolstoï—we go through a whole country before we strike him. A decade ago—perhaps two—we thought we knew this man, but looking at him today, with more mature minds and under the searchlight of modern history, though one side of his character may seem to contradict another, and the man as a whole may seem a problem that none but an expert on his own plane could solve. We know that many a one who once sat on a judgment seat to condemn now would hasten to place a branch of laurel on the wreath which the world is preparing for him.

Whosoever will may visit the Count and Countess, who keep open house, and at the door the servant will ask which of the two you want to see. The Countess is sixteen years younger than her husband; a sensible, intelligent, methodical woman who loves and admires her husband and cares for her household as "Asia"—Emerson's favorite name for his wife—cared for her home; is a financial care-taker, as was Louisa M. Alcott for her transcendental father; not madly in love with her husband, as was Elizabeth Browning, but just as true, and good, and brave. She is a wife—such as was Jane Welsh Carlyle—who shields and guards her husband, making it possible for him to do the mighty task to which he has been called. She is another Mary Wordsworth, with the same wisdom, womanly strength and steadfast energy. Tragically ruinous have been the unions of some men of genius, but the domestic life in the home of Tolstoï is pure, unselfish, uplifting. It is no such home as was Milton's with the fires of hell upon his desecrated hearth. There is no working as Shakespeare worked, in London

with a wife left at Stratford-on-Avon, no such repellent spectacle as Byron paraded to a listening world, no dreariness like that which came to the domestic life of Coleridge, no tragedy like Shelley's. The Countess says that their home represents "heaven and earth;" and as long as Tolstoï sees visions and dreams dreams she believes it is a good thing that he has a wife who cares for him when he comes down to earth. This she does like a valet, a nurse, a sensible wife whose husband is a *Vates* and has a message for humanity. She so helps that, without uncomfortableness or friction, he is able to do the work given into his hands. He wishes to wear the peasant garb; she makes it and keeps it in order with loving care. Tolstoï greatly honors his wife and admires her wifely tact, common sense, good judgment, frank manners and business ability. In regard to his peasant garb, Ernest Crosby says: "The peasant clothes seem as natural for Tolstoï as was the raiment of camels' hair and a leathern girdle for John the Baptist. This man is neat in his appearance; hands and finger-nails scrupulously clean, face bright and interesting. Quiet in manner, talks soberly, has nothing of the crank about him"—and Crosby adds that he is good authority on cranks! He is a man of culture, and has so grown with his country and is so thoroughly a Russian that to understand him one must have a clear knowledge of Russian history and people. Waliszewski, in A History of Russian Literature, says: "He works, like every artist in bookmaking, after a single model—his own self." His power of universal refraction is probably unequalled; reflects as in a mirror the life of his country; equally at home in palace or peasant's cot, as a hunter in the marshes, in giving every detail of horsemanship—when he takes Vronski into "Frou-Frou's" box in prison, in court, in halls of government and in exile in Siberia. In the home of Tolstoï there are fourteen children, but only two in sympathy with their father in his nihilistic views of self-government and reconstruction of society. Countess Tolstoï is wealthy and is glad to bear the expense of the open house, feeling well repaid in the enjoyment she finds in the society of the notable people who come to them and the pleasure given to those who desire to meet her famous husband. She ignores the opinion of the world; is one of those rare souls who

is able to live above it. The children enjoy social life with the mother and, with her, are justly proud of their father. Tolstoï several years ago gave away his property; his wife had her rightful share, each child received an equal amount and the poor about him were not forgotten. He would be glad to have his books published without compensation to author or publisher, but there are certain business transactions that in this age cannot be ignored. Some of his early copyrights he gave to his wife and the profits of other books have been given to charitable associations. One daughter has given her estate away, believing, with her father, that one should hold no unnecessary property and have no luxuries.

The mother of Leo Nicolaievitch Tolstoï died before the boy was three years old. She was a noble character, which her son pictures in War and Peace as Princess Marie. A distant relative took charge of this motherless child and his three elder brothers. Not long after the mother's death the father also died, and his financial affairs were in such a condition that the little family went from its home in Moscow into the country, where this baby came, after a time, under the incompetent instruction of, first, a German tutor then a Russian seminarist. When the lad was thirteen years old he was sent to Kasan, and afterward to the university at Saint Petersburg, where he obtained his degree when about twenty-one. In education and instruction he endeavors to show what a smattering of knowledge a person may have and yet possess a diploma. Soon after graduating he joined the army, being drawn to it by a brother who was an officer. He remained there about eight years, and his knowledge of the life of soldier and officer is pictured in nearly every book he has written since 1855. None can tell what is great or what is small in its influence on the future life. Epictetus says: "A bull that will defend the herd is not made in a moment, nor is man of a noble spirit; but he must have preparation and winter-training." It sometimes seems as though every act of every life is pivotal. When Tolstoï was a young man he was one day passing a street corner. Famine had wrought suffering throughout the country. A beggar at this street corner held out gaunt hands and with blue lips and hungry eyes asked alms. The young man stopped, put his hands in his pockets for his purse but found him-

self without a copper and with nothing he could give. He turned his pockets inside out but there was neither purse, ring nor coin, and taking the poor man's hand, with the tenderness of Sir Launfal when he came back from seeking the Holy Grail, said: "I am sorry, brother, that I have nothing with me." The pale emaciated face lighted up with a smile and the beggar replied: "But you have given me much: you have called me, 'brother' !" Tolstoï returned shortly after, with food and drink and found the beggar dead, but the smile was still on his face.

After Tolstoï went to his country home, in 1861, he became deeply interested in educational reforms and in the public school system of other nations, for some time publishing an educational newspaper. Doubtless the views here expressed would seem narrow and crude to an American educator. At the first, like Hamerton, he claimed that literary excellence could come only to the leisure class. For others it seemed useless to strive for real knowledge. In his efforts to solve the public school problem he went abroad, at different times, and for fifteen years put his life into this work, constantly growing and constantly changing his own views as he looked at the work from new standpoints. In 1862, he married Sophia Andreiovna Bers, the beautiful daughter of a successful physician. Tolstoï was happy in his home life and enjoyed his country place, as he pictured in the character and home of Levine in Anna Karenina, this character in many respects considered autobiographical. In 1870, we began in this country to read his great novel, War and Peace. In 1873, when in other countries besides Russia there was drought and famine, this wide-awake lover of humanity went to the provinces in his own country and, much to the disgust and anger of the government, made known to the world, through Moscow newspapers, the poverty and suffering in those provinces. In the biography by Perris we see the evolution of Tolstoï, the aristocrat turned peasant; the Russian who opposes Muscovite expansion; who mocks at liberalism; the artist who himself paints marvelously beautiful word pictures yet who thinks he disbelieves in beauty; the Christian who puts away creeds and lives the Christ life as he sees the Christ; the author of world-wide fame who gives away his brain children to whoever

will print them for the people. This man, whose face is of the type artists have chosen for the face of the Lord Christ, was a born reformer. He did not enter the ranks for notoriety or self-aggrandizement. The world is never moved by a reformer whose own life does not conform to his words. When a preacher says it is by self-denial that we are to become Christlike, and his hearers know he lives in greater comfort and has more luxuries than the people to whom he preaches, his ecclesiastical indorsement of a spiritual truth is open to suspicion. But when a man of affairs, a man of rank and wealth, talks about love and sacrifice, giving a practical demonstration of his belief by putting away luxury, ease, comfort, we then begin to believe he is sincere in what he preaches, and want to know more of his doctrine.

Count Tolstoï's home in Moscow is a simple two-story flat-roofed house, with halls and wings large enough for his family and guests but not as pretentious as the average home of the well-to-do American. The room where he works is without decoration, ceiling low, windows broad and looking upon a garden, table covered with papers, his book-case only half-filled, and with books mostly for reference, for his library, where his tools are kept, is at their country home. There is a broad couch in the room, for Tolstoï is not as young as he once was. A round table and a few books are always near the couch. A few armchairs complete the furnishing of a workroom as simple as the one where Pascal worked, of whom Tolstoï is a great admirer and something of a follower. When Tolstoï has a book to write he first thinks out his story, then works rapidly until it is finished. The manual labor of writing a book—one like Anna Karenina, of over 300,000 words—is no holiday task; but after the book has been written, with lines crossed and re-written until, if the sample before us is a fair representation, the pages look more like a battlefield where a swarm of insects with feet covered with ink have suffered a defeat and won a victory than like thoughts expressed in intelligible language, he turns this manuscript over to his devoted wife, a daughter, or some courteous friend, to be copied for the printer. His working hours are from 9 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Emerson says the wise man's views change from day to day.

Carlyle says: "How can our thoughts and works, if they are always to be fittest, continue always the same?" When about fifteen Tolstoï became a "Nihilist," in the sense of being without faith. When, some years later traveling in Western Europe, he came somewhat for a time, under the influence of the pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer, he accepted his theory of life as promulgated in World as Well as Will and Idea. At the first Tolstoï did not understand the character of the writer of this book, who was, in his own feelings, an aristocrat; was timid, cautious, selfish, cold-hearted and looked down on the people about him as belonging to the vulgar herd and had no desire to practice the philosophy he taught. Tolstoï, like all great souls, was burdened with a desire to be of use in the world. He began to feel as though, thus far, his own life had been useless and aimless. He thought of himself—with rank, wealth, talent—as only a parasite, living on the toil of others, and yet these toilers, because their lives were useful, were happier than himself. His philosophy did not satisfy him. He sought, then, for the happiness of the peasant in the peasant's work and the peasant's religion, but sought in vain. While this great longing for peace of mind and soul consumed Tolstoï he met a religious enthusiast who had formulated a creed, using the Christian religion as a basis, adding a mixture of Buddhism, Confucianism and German philosophy. Tolstoï accepted this creed and for a time felt constrained to live according to his new faith. Not long after he had accepted this new creed, hoping in it to find the rest for which he sought, some one gave him a New Testament. He says he was profoundly impressed with the Saviour's words concerning the duty of living a life of unselfish work for the benefit of others, and, as he saw that the One who spoke these words lived the unselfish life, he began himself to carry out, in his own acts, the command of the Master to all men to follow him. Twenty years ago What I Believe made a great impression. Tolstoï there speaks of the love, humility, meekness, self-denial, returning good for evil which Christ teaches, and says he did not see these practiced by the Church, but in reading Christ's words he believed Christ meant exactly what he said when he gave these clear commands for his people to follow. He says: "Christ never gave

orders which it is impossible to obey." He says: "When I read these words they seemed to apply to myself and *I* was morally bound to obey them. The Lord Jesus says, 'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light,' and I have made up my mind to profess Christ in deed as well as in word." To do this in the way he felt was the right way, Tolstoï renounced position, wealth, worldly honor, and turned aside to a life of toil and self-renunciation. With his intense soul, whatever he touched must be the extremest height. He entered his new field of thought, of faith, of life with such earnestness that all hope of his taking up again his powerful pen seemed lost, and his friends greatly deplored his shortsighted vision of duty. Tourgeneff on his death-bed sent to him this touching plea: "My friend, another can use the spade or hold the plow. Come back to your work which God has given to you and you alone. Great writer of our Russian world! give heed to my prayer!"

Among the books written by Tolstoï that attempt to show the regeneration of humanity through the spirit and teachings of Christ are My Confession, Christian Teaching, What I Believe, Religion and Morality (1893) and others not written as religious works. The author is contradictory. Is that a prerogative of genius? Tolstoï mourns over the "snares" which are set by religious teachers who do not live as they teach. Above all sins he abhors the sin of intemperance, which to him means not only drinking, but smoking, eating, luxuries, adorning the person, the home, dancing, card-playing, gazing at pictures which stimulate the faculties of body and mind, sinful and impure thoughts, all the indulgences of the pride of life and lusts of the flesh. The animal in man must be put under foot, not rule over him. Tolstoï eats neither meat nor fish, and though he sits at table where luxuries abound, is very abstemious in eating and drinking. A modern Geraldine Jewsbury tells of a time when in the home of Tolstoï she looked through the crack of a door and saw the great reformer taste of meat! Tolstoï like Marcus Aurelius Antoninus propounds harder questions to himself than to the world, and he answers in deed as he answers in word: "Must I give my bed to the beggar and six shillings to the thief?" "Yes, we must go forward pre-

pared to 'die.' Only that is Love which knows no limit to sacrifice even unto death." "Is there another so straight a path to happiness as the path of self-abnegation?" "Did luxury ever bring contentment?" "What is more brutish than to get the advantage of another?" "Does not punishment react on the one who gives the blow and fails to help the criminal?" "Why do we hate work, which is a panacea for all ills?" "Give one reason for hating an enemy when the only result of that hate is the belittling of one's own soul!" "Why will humanity let the animal in his nature, by coarse impurity, destroy the æsthetic and spiritual?" "What is the reason the rich do not share with the poor?" "Is not war hell? "Why are we unwilling to give all for humanity?"

Vernon Lee (Miss Violet Paget) in the North American Review of April, 1906, in writing of "Tolstoï as Prophet," thinks he is a man who yields to spiritual "intoxication," regarding his self-renunciation as unwholesomeness of sentiment. Tolstoï says: "God's will is mine and I can fall nowhere except into Him. What I possess is complete joy and good." This Vernon Lee quotes as proof of his "intoxication." "Renounce the world, eradicate self from your thoughts and feelings, and replace it by your neighbor, by mankind." To this, she says: "If such be saintliness, chivalrousness, sentiment, by all means keep it on a shelf out of the way of ordinary life." Carlyle would say of Tolstoï, as he did of Luther and Knox, that what Tolstoï teaches and what he lives is not new, but only new to this age. "That a prophet must be priest; must be a voice from the unseen heaven; must live as the prophets lived, only in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to man—'the unseen heaven' which so few have an eye for." Whatever our views we know that, in reducing ideals to the living in our work-a-day world, or the work-a-day world of Russia, a great degree of tolerance is needful. Not only this, but one must learn that it is impossible to measure another's physical, mental or spiritual life unless on the same altitude as well as in the same latitude. And also, whether we are or are not able to comprehend the greatness of a hero, martyr, prophet or priest, if we have only touched the outer rim of the "unseen heavens," we can but honor him who sacrifices.

In our own country we have in the center state of our Union a man who, for years, has shown this same Christ spirit which Tolstoï teaches. He does not directly give his own bed to the beggar and the six shillings to the thief, but he helps the beggar to earn his own bed and the thief to desire only what he honestly obtains. The two men, Tolstoï in Russia and Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author and philanthropist, in Kansas, read the teachings of Christ and transmute them into deeds according to their own rendering of the life and words of their Master. Did ever a writer since the days of Saint Paul have greater power to stir the souls of men than Count Tolstoï? A greater power to put human spirit and human passion into human language? This man's philosophy, religion, life, is put into his books and they are "fruitful olives, vines of Engedi, fig-trees knowing no sterility, burning lamps" to show us the sorrows and evils of this world. In his religious and socialistic writing he moves in the same direction he believes Jesus Christ to have moved. He does not follow traditional lines of speculation as to what the Bible teaches, but takes the exact words of the great Teacher as principles of life and shapes his own life by these principles as he understands them. Tolstoï's life in its simplicity, its consecration to high ideals and unselfish purposes, his willingness daily to bear the cross, to deny self, his unswerving devotion to rightness—all served by his genius—places him on a level with his art. It is a law, unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians, that great truths are told only by those who live them. That at the bottom of every heroic story is the biography of the writer. It is the inner life of the author that forms the magic of the moving pictures on the printed page.

The book, What is Art? has a misleading title for the unthinking. It is a story of a moujik who is made a judge in matters of art, and brings to view the supposed flower of our civilization—the governing classes—for which, this judge declares, we are paying too much when we give honor to and support for men who do nothing but play tricks of sleight of hand. The story brings out the fact that men, who, either by life, word, brush, or pen, juggle, are not true artists. The cry is for real feeling, real life back of the expression. The sham philanthropist, artist, architect, author,

workman, have only a name to live, and by their work degrade humanity. His little book, Master and Workman, read half a generation ago, shows the utter uselessness of riches when money cannot purchase Death's victims. A rich merchant, with his servant, is lost in a forest in a snowstorm. The merchant takes the horse, leaving the servant to perish, and seeks a way home. The horse, bewildered in the storm, brings the merchant back to the servant who is nearly dead with cold. A revulsion of feeling shows the merchant his thorough selfishness, the cowardly attempt to save his own life at the expense of another's, the uselessness of the riches he has spent a life-time to accumulate and his utter disregard of the command to love his neighbor as himself. Now he tries to save the life of the servant, wraps him in his own fur coat, rubs him, covers him with his own body; where he is found, frozen stiff, with the living slave beneath.

Waliszewski, in his story of Russian Literature, says the Kreutzer Sonata is a plea against marriage. In the Memoir of Lord Alfred Tennyson by his son, the author says there is a disposition to read into his father's poems much which his father never dreamed of placing there. The same may be said of every book worth reading, from the Bible to the latest publication of the year. The remembrance of Kreutzer Sonata is of a realistic picture of life among the Russian nobility. One who reads this book and is well informed in Russian history—knows the private life of her rulers of the past—might not think of blushing at the pictures of political, social, domestic life drawn in this book, but, certainly, no one ought to desire to pause long enough to tuck into the book any useless dogmas or doctrines! In all the books written by Tolstoï there is a vast deal of reading into them matters probably never intended to be there. In Anna Karenina, there is much which appeals to one today, which might not twenty years ago. There is a power behind literature which the reader can only realize when on the plane of the author. Few of the books of Tolstoï should be read by any but mature thinkers. Tolstoï himself says: "Those who cannot think deeply judge superficially." Waliszewski says that Anna Karenina, the heroine of the story, did not and could not realize her position as an outcast from society as the mis-

tress of Vronski. It must be that Waliszewski did not read the book with care, for it could not be that he is wedded to an opinion. The scene where Anna goes back to her husband's house on the birthday morning of her only son is heartbreaking. No mother can read it without realizing the torture of soul this woman daily suffered in silence. Anna's wretchedness also, when her sister-in-law visits them at the country home where Vronski and she buried themselves from the fashionable world, is of such a nature that one understands no ordinary woman could long endure it and keep her reason. The exquisite beauty and richness of this home, the new seventy-five thousand dollar hospital they were erecting on the estate; the constant pleasure of guests in the home with no worry for the house-mother; the perfection of the serving at the table, struck poor Dolly—the sister-in-law—as the very things for which all women envy the woman who has them. The first day at this home Dolly, whose own homelife was hard, envied Anna her surroundings, and even the tender devotions of Vronski, who himself seemed supremely happy. But before the first day was over Vronski took Dolly aside and revealed to her how all this is Dead Sea fruit because Anna cannot get a divorce from Karenina. In the evening, after Dolly is ready for bed—a little pitiful figure in her patched dressing jacket and nightcap—Anna Karenina comes in, dressed in her beautiful white dressing gown, bends over her sister-in-law, and begs Dolly not to despise her, for, she cries out, "I am unhappy! Oh, I am unhappy!" Anna, after a time, leaves the room. Dolly says her prayers and goes to bed but she cannot go to sleep. The memories of her home, of her children, rise up in her imagination with a charm quite new to her, with a sort of rare brilliance. Her own life, hard as it is, seems just now wonderfully sweet and precious, and though her visit was planned for days ahead she wants to go right home; wants to get away. Anna Karenina goes back to her boudoir, bathes her eyes, takes a glass of wine and her regular dose of morphine, then tries to go to sleep. There is another picture of Anna Karenina when, scorned by society, she finds life unbearable in her elegant home in Moscow. She feels that she is a burden to this man, for whom she left husband and respectability, and that he would like his freedom—

which she realizes he can take whenever he so wills—and in a fit of agonizing despair she falls under the wheels of a moving train.

The trend of the story shows the inside life of political and fashionable Russia; shows the domestic and social conditions among all classes, makes vice hideous and righteousness desired.

Resurrection was first printed in this country with the title, The Awakening. The book was so blue-penciled by the censorship of Russia that there were whole chapters left with hardly one sentence. The book was hurriedly finished, to raise funds to help the Emigration of the Doukhobortsy, "the spiritual strugglers," who, like the Quakers, will not fight. Howells in speaking of Tolstoï's work says: "It is the flower of this man's love for men and his desire to be true to them. His art is matchless, his fiction makes all other appear feeble and false." This story, Resurrection, is the story of a ruined and redeemed soul. The central figure is Katusha Maslova, half maid, half ward, of the aunt of the young man, Nekhludoff, who at first has high ideals, is full of joyous life, innocent, pure. They love each other but the young man yields to the wishes of his family and "sees life;" goes into the army, becomes a spendthrift, a careless idler and sensualist. Tolstoï with tragic realism tells how Katusha is sacrificed at the next meeting of these young people. The change in the girl is a pitiful study. When she realizes the awful wreck of her own life she deliberately goes down into a degradation she hates, feeling that to some extent in this way she is avenging herself on society, on man, on God. From this on it is a heartbreaking story and many have laid the book down unfinished. The descent of Avernus is easy; night and day the gate of Pluto stands open; but to retrace one's steps—that is the toil, that is the difficulty. Nekhludoff meets this girl after nine years of absence and the awfulness of his sin comes over him with mighty power. For this girl's lost soul and the evil she has wrought he feels responsible. In prison there comes to Katusha a hideous loathing of her former life as a meschanka, and the horror of it all is like hell. The prison scenes, the bestiality of a march of convicts to Siberia are matters of history. The individualized politicians, soldiers, policemen, the life of princes and peasants, rich and poor, officers and criminals, all are held up to

view with a glaring searchlight thrown upon their naked soul-deformity. It is a story that brings an inexpressible acuteness of pain; a book for mature minds; and even then an intelligent reader asks, "Why should I read this book?" "What has Tolstoï done for the world with these stories?" We need not read Tolstoï's book. We can close our eyes to art and artists. We can close our ears to sorrow, suffering, sin. Perhaps, if we did not come into the kingdom to be a help to or sympathizer with Russia, we might learn about some other land we could help. Count Tolstoï said in the London Times, March, 1905: "In America, France, Germany, Japan, and England those who belong to these nations point to Russia and naïvely imagine what is done is only done in Russia, while they enjoy freedom from these evils, and need no improvement of their conditions." The religious views of Tolstoï are woven into his stories and discussed by his characters. The character of Nekhludoff, as seen in the last chapter of Resurrection, is strengthened by the reading of the Sermon on the Mount. It is read as the lovers of Socrates would read his lectures; as the followers of Confucius have studied him and accepted his ethics as the right way of living. He read, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and a new life began because everything he did had a new and different significance.

He makes prominent in all his later stories a few points which direct toward a Christ life. "Be reconciled with your enemies," is one. "Abjure oaths," "Resist not evil, and consider every man your brother." These he takes from the teachings of Christ. In several of his stories he shows through some one character the wholesomeness of one point taken from the Old Testament, "Get your bread by the sweat of your brow."

We need not accept the religious views or endorse the political theories of this man, but we can bow before his genius, honor his honest efforts to uplift the world, and do reverence to one whose life is full to the brim of toil, sacrifice, patriotic devotion for the country he loves and hopes to see redeemed.

Charlotte F. Wilder

## Art. IX. ENGLAND'S HOLY HILL OF SONG

The ideas which a not-much-traveled American has of the places which he should attempt to "do" on his first visit to the British Isles are largely gathered from the regulation description of the itineraries the tourist companies have prepared, which with marvelous precision and mathematical accuracy predict where you will be every hour during your absence and the sums of money you will expend for every meal, lodging, bath, coach-ride, and excursion. Now none will deny that there is a field for such parties, and certain advantages in them to nerve-exhausted ministers, timid women and half-grown school girls, but to the "free-lance" they do not make a strong appeal. To him such parties seem pathetic, under the conduct of the infallible tourist agent, whose geyser of information and anecdotes never knows exhaustion, traveling from place to place with the do-or-die spirit to keep up with the schedule—which will permit them to say to their fellow-passengers on the homeward voyage, "I, too, have finished the prescribed course." The "free-lance" can go where he pleases, when he pleases, stay as long as he pleases, eat where he pleases, pay what he pleases, and rest when and where he desires. This fact made possible one of the most memorable pleasures of a certain vacation. The trip to this place was not included in any consulted itinerary, nor had any one of the several score of regulation tourists on the homeward-bound vessel visited this particular one of England's sacred shrines.

The explanation lay in the literature class in old Dickinson. It is a far cry from the classroom of 1894 to that glorious August Sabbath in 1905, but thus are dreams sometimes realized. When the unique and charming story of Cædmon was told the class by the professor one of the forty students determined, if opportunity ever permitted, to visit that holy hill of song, and one Saturday inquiries in Edinburgh concerning the route to famous old Whitby resulted in a six-hour ride down the romantic northeastern coast of England. The scenery was bold and grand, arousing the admiration of one who viewed it with eyes familiar with the

grandeur of our own western country. For many miles the coast-line is a succession of immense white cliffs and prominent and imposing headlands. The views are most attractive. One of the most picturesque spots of this rugged coast is where the river Esk has formed a deep glen in seeking its outlet to the sea. In this beautiful location nestles quaint old Whitby. Hitherward the traveler who proposes to know thoroughly the land of his fathers must sooner or later turn his steps or his pilgrimage will be lamentably incomplete.

The town itself is sufficient reward for the visitor; for England possesses no more characteristic combination of ancient and modern life. Down along the river's edge the houses are small and ancient, with bright red tiles, gabled roofs and narrow windows. The streets are so narrow that pedestrians with outstretched arms can almost touch the buildings on either side, and many of them would not permit vehicles to pass. Above the fishing village the cliffs climb up into the blue air, carrying the traveler to the modern and pretentious residences, the large and dignified hotels, and the bathing beach, one of the finest and most popular in England. Whitby is visited by an increasing number of summer visitors. James Russell Lowell, when American minister to the Court of St. James, passed his summers at this resort, and is said to have declared upon one occasion that the journey across the Atlantic was a small price to pay for a six weeks' sojourn at Whitby. Toiling up the steep incline of the town the Crown hostelry is reached, lodgings secured, and a few minutes later, from the open window of the room of rest, a first view is obtained of England's holy hill of song. Across the deep chasm through which the river has found its way to the sea, in the gorgeous moonlight, the ruins of famous Whitby Abbey are clearly outlined against the sky. Moments passed as hungry eyes drank in that view and memory recalled all that had been read concerning Lady Hilda and Cædmon. The next morning ushered in a perfect Sabbath day and a steadfast calm rested over the little city.

A walk through the narrow winding streets of the ancient town to the foot of the hill on which the ruined Abbey stands, and a climb up 199 stone steps, and one stands on the holy hill.

Cædmon wandered over these hills, stood on these cliffs overlooking the sea, rested himself upon the warm grass, and was inspired by one of the sublimest views upon which the human eye can gaze. What wonder that the first song that burst through his lips should have been one of gratitude to Heaven for the gift of earth and the gift of life? One who passes some hours in that environment is convinced that the poet could have sounded no other note, and on that Sabbath morning it seemed that no spot could have been more appropriate for the cradle of English song than this place, where the gates of English poesy were first opened, and room was made for Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and all the glorious company of English bards. Cædmon, like many other bards whose songs have stirred the soul, had little learning, but he had three principal sources of poetic inspiration: external nature, a human heart, and admiration for a good woman. The highest source of the true poet is God. Every poet who would exert an abiding influence must be religious. He must not be dogmatic, but show forth the fruits of an intellectual humility and a tender toleration in all his teaching.

The Dean of this historic parish, who preaches every Sabbath morning in the ancient St. Mary's Church which stands on this holy hill, has frequently looked out from his pulpit over the seas when the storm-king was uttering his hoarse diapason and driving the sails before his angry gusts. Truly, old St. Mary's is a lantern-tower set upon the hill, which cannot be hid, and in the olden days a luminous lantern was fastened to her tower to guide the sailors of Whitby home. Such was the Nature which inspired Cædmon to sing. This music of the billows, this thundering cry of the storm-king, passed into his soul, and produced his song. That day, as our feet stamped the soil of the holy hill, we felt we trod holy ground. God never seemed nearer. The sweet music of the chimes on the church, which stands immediately in front of St. Hilda's famous abbey, summoned the visitors from God's acre to the church service. It chanced to be the first Sabbath after extensive improvements, and the Dean preached an historical sermon in which he gave a most interesting statement of the religious life of that hill from the days of the founding of the Abbey, in 650, by

Hilda, until the present time. The church edifice, which was built by William de Percy, Abbot of Whitby, in 1110, still shows several indications of its original Norman architecture. A congregation of two thousand was present. Again we were reminded of the story of Cædmon, the first Anglo-Saxon poet, who learned poetry by divine inspiration. He is said to have been an uneducated peasant until he was advanced in years. Whenever a festival was held at the village to which he belonged he retired when the harp came near him, everyone present being expected to take his turn to sing to it. On one of these occasions he retired to the stall of the oxen, which it was his duty to care for during the night, and having fallen asleep a vision appeared to him, in a dream, requesting him to sing. He replied that he could not, and that was the reason of his leaving the feast. The vision insisted, and Cædmon asked what he must sing. He was told to sing the beginning of the creatures. He made the attempt, and sang some verses he had never heard. When he awoke he recollected all he had sung in his dream. He was immediately introduced to Hilda and several learned men, and having proved his gift to their satisfaction they persuaded him to become a monk. He was taught the Scripture history, which, to the great delight of his instructors, he turned into Saxon verses. He wrote several religious poems, acquired a high character for piety and usefulness, and died in 680. One of his poems which has been preserved is the earliest poetical production in the Saxon language.

On the brow of the hill, in the position of distinction, where it can be seen for a great distance, an imposing monument has been erected to him who can be correctly called "the morning star of English poetry." It is in the form of an Anglian cross, twenty feet in height, carved from hard sandstone. On the face are these words: "To the Glory of God and In Memory of Cædmon, The Father of English Sacred Song, Who Fell Asleep Hard By—680." Beneath this inscription are the four names, Christus, David, Hilda, and Cædmon. On the same face of the shaft is chiseled the first stanza of his immortal Song of Creation:

"Now we must praise
The Guardian of heaven's Realm,
The Creator's might
And His mind's thought,
The glorious works of the Father.
How of every wonder
He, the Lord Eternal,
Laid the foundation.
He shaped erst
For the sons of men,
Heaven as their roof,
Holy Creator.
The middle world, He,
Mankind's Guardian, Eternal Lord,
Afterwards prepared
The earth for men.
Lord Almighty."

The funds which erected this handsome memorial were gathered by popular subscription, and a large company, including the most notable literary lights of the kingdom, were present at its unveiling and dedication, September 21, 1898. The oration of the occasion was delivered by Alfred Austen, the Poet Laureate of England, who paid a warm tribute to Cædmon. Among other statements were these:

There is something in the story of Cædmon that would warrant the erection of this visible record to his memory, while, of all men, poets least require statue, tablet, or commemorative bust, seeing that, if their works attain to a certain standard of excellence, these themselves are their monument. But Cædmon occupied a peculiar and exceptional position. Chaucer has been called the morning star of English poetry, but to me it seems this more aptly applies to Cædmon, since before the publishing of the Prologue of the Canterbury Tales the glorious sunlight of English Song had already illuminated the horizon. He is the half-articulate Father of English poetry to be, and therefore not alone to the lisping ancestor, but to all the full-voiced descendants, this cross is erected. . . . By his rustic acquaintance and familiarity with the language and face of nature, the limitations of his knowledge, willing submission to woman, and finally lips touched with sacrificial fire, Cædmon serves as the enduring type of English poets. . . . What more can I say? On the southeastern coast of our island is another cross which has been erected to the memory of Tennyson. But in this island, Heaven favored, loved of the muses, I still hear the ten thousand blended notes of the voices of those who maintain the traditions of English song—brother singers; to whom from this cross I extend my hands in fraternal sympathy and admiration.

Sixpence gained us admittance to the grounds of the ancient Abbey. This ruin is a sad spectacle, one which fills the mind with indignation against those who have allowed the sacred place to crumble and decay. It is picturesque and impressive enough now in its ruins, with its stately aisles and fallen columns, and must have been an architectural gem when in all its grandeur it lifted its walls to the heavens.

Anyone who is so fortunate as to be able to pass the morning hours of such a day upon the holiest hill in England comes away with the feeling that God chose for the cradle of English song a joyful and thankful place. Every effort to make it an ordinary place of holiday fails, in the good providence of God, and the present Dean of this venerable and important parish is determined, by constant vigilance and earnest exhortations, to keep the hill holy, and as sacred as the mount should be from which music first fell from English lips and addressed itself to Heaven.

Frank MacDaniel.

## ART X.—THE DOUBLE. ISAIAH 40. 2

A MAN of evangelical thinking revolts at the literal interpretation of this passage and its parallels. There must be some better exposition than to lay upon captive and burdened Israel double the punishment for her transgressions. There probably is some commentator who has found the better way, but a cursory examination of dozens of books, critical, homiletical and practical, in the hope of finding a consistent explanation does not disclose it. The great expositors of Isaiah—Cheyne, Davidson, Rawlinson, and even George Adam Smith, usually so sane and possessed of much spiritual insight—take it at its face assertion and allow it to stand as an act of divine sovereignty, concealing or displaying in some unexplainable way God's wrath and justice. The Revised Version and Tuck's Biblical Difficulties leave it untouched.

If it were predicated of mercy and restoration we could accept it. The Scriptures lead us readily to believe such generosity. We are almost thankful, though it aids to rivet the misunderstanding, that our common reference Bibles call attention to the double wealth and felicity that was awarded Job after his trials. The presumption of this parallel seems to be that double joy is the other extremity of the arc, which balancing omniscience awards twice merited punishment.

The consistent and appropriate historical meaning is found if we associate the original idea underlying it with the code of observances relating to the Year of Jubilee. The Levitical law required the return of every man to his own patrimony in that year, and it moreover explicitly ordered the return at that time, of all land which had been sold, to the family which had originally owned it. This was the prime intent of the establishment of the year. The "double," if our impression is correct, may be understood to be the written receipt or letters patent giving the title of the land, specifying the name of the family from whom it had been purchased, and under the general code thus becoming the guarantee of its return. Against this there is one passage in Exod.

(22. 9) where it is almost certainly a multiple of the original damage to be collected in case of condemnation for trespass. The ceremony of piercing the ear through with the awl, to witness the perpetual slavery of the servant who declined his liberty in the year of release, would seem to prove the lack of written receipts, contracts and indentures, but nothing else, so far as I find, militates against the theory that this "double" was a receipt or acknowledgment of the alienation of a certain piece of land, or an inheritance, under the Levitical code, and the treasuring up of the precious proof until the coming of the fiftieth year made it an important and valuable document. Such "doubles" or receipts were common in the first Isaiah's time, and suggestions of their existence much earlier occur. Neighboring peoples used them long before, and signets, seals and documentary conveyances are certainly as old as Abraham. The section of the Prophecy commonly referred to as the second Isaiah begins with the fortieth chapter, and it is significant, if not conclusive, of a later authorship than the first section that in the very first lines of the second section (40. 2) we find mention of the "double." As the date of the section is believed to be as late as the Captivity all difficulty as to the practice of giving written acknowledgments of the transfer of the property and the accompanying agreement to restore it at the Jubilee would have passed. Let us assume then, for purposes of testing this explanation, that such receipts or "doubles" were occasionally, if not commonly, given. How will it do to regard the old theory of two-fold punishments an error of translation and exposition, and see what unity with the context, and what light on its meaning, will be imported into the passages where the "double" appears, by regarding it as the voucher, receipt, or quittance so indicated? The Hebrew will permit this meaning. I do not mean to say that it is entirely clear, but this assumption will be a "way," if not a "high-way," to convey the truth intended by it. As far as the four or five passages in Isaiah are concerned it becomes illuminating and suggestive. It makes them each for the first time intelligible, and appropriate to the general theme of the prophet and the particular place of its use. The whole section refers unchallengeably to the suffering servant, to

the redemption which he accomplished, and to the progress, wide application and reception of this redemption. The common English reader must feel a digression in the thought of the magnificent passage beginning, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," when he reads "for ye have received from the Lord double for all your sins." The earnest reader feels it, is bewildered by it, and in some sense the effect of the comforting purpose is marred by an irritation because Israel has already suffered twice the amount of sorrow and punishment deserved. But, on the other hand, how exact and pertinent the reference becomes to the yearned-for and quick-approaching Messiah when you read, "We have received from Jehovah quittance from our sins." The substitution would be equally illuminating in Isa. 61. 7. The redeeming purpose and errand of the Messiah is not obscure without it, but with it the Messianic hope becomes doubly clear and precious. We all know that the gospel, by type and foreshadowing, is in Leviticus. Isaiah by this reference to the "release" embellishes the old hard law with new and spiritual significance, and adds another to the multiplied details of its application.

Additional force is added to this as a suggestion if the passage in Zech. 9. 12 is considered. The verse has been the theme for countless sermons. "Turn to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope," is highly poetical and appeals to us as an exhortation. Yet it has as the basis of its argument, if literally explained, that the people have already been twice punished. It is an unworthy and incredible assumption. Moreover, where is the strong hold? and why is it in such desultory fashion mentioned at all? and why, having already been so sorely dealt with, should the people turn where an unjust measure of wrath is likely again to be meted out? Imagine it, if you can, as the picture of an old heir seeking for proof that a certain inheritance was once in the family. Poverty has overtaken him, hunger weakens his body and hopelessness weighs down his spirit. There is a vague tradition that some beautiful little country seat, with its cottage, vines and adjacent acres, once belonged to his own family—to his grandfather. Aliens have in his lifetime always held it, and every appeal to have it restored is met with refusal, and even with violence. His

neighbors call him a man with a grievance, and he himself feels that he is suffering from a gross injustice. The law gave all such property back in the Jubilee Year; that year passed two decades before. The land certainly was once in his family. How can he prove it, and thus once more get possession of his patrimony? The prophet tells him. Go, says Zechariah, to the strong box, to the old but forgotten receptacle where the old papers and documents, faded and musty with the passing years, are kept. There you will find the proof that is needed; the receipt, the "double," which was given your grandfather is still preserved there; turn to the strong box, or hold, ye prisoners of hope; there you will find quittance for your poverty and distress. In some such way sorrowing hearts, burdened with sin and the ills of life, will in the Redeemer's life and love find hope, forgiveness and release. Certain New Testament references bear out this interpretation. The passages where Christ's name is said to be written on our foreheads, where our names are written on his hands, and which assert that our names are written in the Lamb's book of life, all lend a reflection of the same truth. They seem to assure us that, though in the former times the receipts and "doubles" were often lost, and inheritances forever alienated, under the new dispensation such a loss can never occur.

There *are* stern passages in the sacred word; stern parables and hard sayings. Where they are plain, and beyond relief of gentler meaning, they ought to stand. They reprove, and warn, and even terrify. Some men, most men, need them. But when, amidst the elevated promises of a loving God to burdened sinners, by the lips of a Prophet of love, some traditional interpretation diverts our progress and jars us from affection, if susceptible of gracious interpretation we should adopt it. These passages quoted can be so construed, and by the proposed interpretation a suggestion out of harmony with all we are elsewhere taught of God's love, and nowhere else found in the Bible, disappears altogether from the sacred pages.

Edwin A. Schell

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

For a few years recently the Methodist Episcopal Church was troubled over its small increase in membership. Slow progress is not Methodistic, and small gains were a reproach to our immense resources. The conviction arose that we must bestir ourselves and do something more than ordinary to remedy our slowness. The appointment of the Commission on Aggressive Evangelism was partly due to that conviction. Last year our net increase in numbers was 78,000, which was a small enough percentage on over 3,000,000. In order to make that net gain we had to gather in 118,000; because it takes 40,000 converts each year simply to make good our losses by death and prevent a net loss. There was never a better time than now for a forward movement all along the line, mobilizing the church into aggressive action. The unparalleled prosperity of this country, so far from being a reason why the church should languish and lag, is a reason why it should flourish along with other interests. We have little or no sympathy with the notion that religion may be expected to flourish chiefly in adverse times and grievous conditions. The American people must learn how to be pious though prosperous, to rejoice reverently in prosperity and consecrate it to God. Consecrated wealth is one of the church's needs for the pushing of its great enterprises for the saving of the world.

## FRATERNAL ADDRESS TO THE CANADIAN METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE*

Mr. General Superintendent and Brethren: It is fortunate for me that you have brought this General Conference so near. Your representative, Dr. Dobson, had to travel 1,000 miles to find us at Los Angeles two years ago, and I had only to come, as the Indians would say, "one little sleep" in order to reach you at Montreal. Indeed, so short a distance is it from my own home, that I have not been able to realize that I am away from home. You will forgive me if I have had no sense of being a foreigner. I do

* Part of the Address delivered to the General Conference in Saint James Church, Montreal, September 18, 1905, by the Fraternal Delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church.

not know when I crossed the line; I believe there is a line, but I have not seen it. I found myself here with nothing apparently changed. Customs and costumes are not different; my Methodist brethren here are like those at home; you speak my mother tongue; your Conference proceedings are intelligible to me. By my surroundings and by your gracious courtesies I am made to feel very much at home. How much at home, you may infer from a simple incident. On my arrival in this city on Saturday, the pastor, Dr. Young, lost no time in telephoning me to know if I were here, and to notify me that the English delegate, Dr. Collier, was quartered at the same hotel as myself, suggesting that we make each other's acquaintance without delay. At once I considered what it was proper for me to do. I said to myself, "Which of us is more at home here, and whose place or privilege is it to make the first advance toward an acquaintance?" And actually, I innocently concluded that I was more at home here, and it was therefore my place to go and find him and make the first advance. My thought was, "He is farther from home and more of a stranger here than I. Between Canada and England are two thousand miles of 'unplumbed, salt, estranging sea'; between Canada and my Country is only an imaginary line, concerning which disputes as to just where it is might some day pass into a question as to whether it is." I did not imagine that any visitor could be more at home here than I. My first doubt arose last night when the English delegate was speaking, and when I felt in your response to him the mighty throb of the imperial pulse as it surged through your national consciousness here. Then I said to myself, "In a sense, this is England. This audience is *en rapport* with the speaker of the hour partly because he is an Englishman, and he is even more at home here than I." But I also caught the spirit of the occasion so much that when you rose to sing your national hymn, "God save the King," I got up too, and sang it as lustily as if I had been an Englishman. And now whether I am at home or abroad I scarcely know.

We were glad to receive two years ago the warm fraternal message brought to us, with a ring of thorough heartiness by your chosen messenger Dr. Dobson, as we have been to receive all the messages you sent us by his predecessors. I cannot stand here, Mr. Chairman and Brethren, without remembering the saintly men of my own Church who have preceded me in this embassy. It is a good habit to respect one's predecessors, to admire their achievements, to find inspiration and stimulus in what they have done and to endeavor to show one's

self if possible not entirely unworthy to walk in their footsteps. It is sad to have to say to you that since our last message to you four of my predecessors in this embassy have died. There was our Dr. Upham, for twenty years professor of practical theology in Drew Theological Seminary, an eloquent and much desired preacher, who had the fervor of old-time Methodism with the culture of our modern age. All up and down our Eastern seaboard he attracted people of all sorts and conditions to hear him preach. In Drew Seminary he was called by some the Professor of Common Sense—a most excellent thing to have in a theological school. Others called him the Fool Killer. If they had among the students a booby or a ninny, a megalocephalic or lop-sided man carried away with a single idea and getting everything else out of focus, and needing to be tamed, reduced and rectified he could be turned over to Dr. Upham, who did the business with neatness and despatch, with tact and efficiency. He has gone from us. Another of my predecessors here was our beautiful Dr. Andrew Longacre, who in the high-bred manly fineness of his face and in the purity, sweetness and loveliness of his character seemed to us a kind of living replica of John Fletcher—he at a ripe age has passed into the skies. Then there was Bishop Joyce, who came to you once with our messages—a fervent preacher of the old gospel, whose moving sermons produced mighty results; who, presiding at a Conference, would preach on Sunday morning in a way that would set a whole town on fire and bring many then and there to declare themselves on the Lord's side. And there was Dr. J. A. M. Chapman, who was sent to you some years ago, the most finished and perfect preacher that we had in our pulpits. No pastor was more widely invited than he. He never was anything else but a pastor and preacher, and no man among us concentrated himself more intensely upon his pulpit work. His sermons, seldom over a half-hour in length, were jewels of perfection. He was always somewhat delicate in physical health, and this seemed to contribute a certain delicately spirituelle and almost angelic quality to his preaching and his personality. What a benediction Dr. Chapman was to the churches he served, and to us preachers in the high example he set, there are no words to say. Only a little while ago he finished his potent and unblemished life and went up to the Master of the Harvest with his sheaves. All these who once brought our messages to you, have entered upon the inheritance of the saints in light. The last messenger we sent you was Dr. Luther B. Wilson, then presiding elder

in the Baltimore Conference. Two years after that our General Conference made him a bishop, in which office he is now justifying his election.

Brethren of Canadian Methodism, you and we have many things in common. The things upon which we are agreed, mind, heart and soul, are multitudinous and immense; the things on which it is possible for us in any way to differ are few and infinitesimal. Your country and ours, your Church and ours, have pretty much everything in common in the way of interest and hope and purpose. We are one in spirit and in ideals, foreordained, I verily believe from the foundations of the world, for affectionate coöperation. I am that much of a Calvinist. Here we have this great North American Continent, your country and ours. It is entrusted to your Dominion and to our Republic and to no other powers. France was here for a while, but France took her departure a long time ago. Russia had a small foothold in Alaska, but we bought her out. For centuries Spain had a large grasp on this continent and its adjacent islands, but Spain lifted her anchor from North American waters and sailed away home to stay in 1898—on the urgent suggestion of the United States. And here we are, you and we, Canada and the United States charged by Divine Providence with this enormous continent, which we have only begun to develop. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said that in North America the development of Canada is to signalize the Twentieth Century as the development of the United States has marked the Nineteenth Century. I hope the prophecy with reference to yourselves may be true, but the United States gives notice that it did not do all its developing in the Nineteenth Century. So far from finishing we have not yet half developed our resources or occupied our territory. Ask Dr. Dobson what he thinks of the vacant spaces between his home and Los Angeles, and whether he did not see an enormous amount of occupying and developing still to do. But we Methodists, you and we and our Southern Church, working side by side, are to do our best to fill this vast North American Continent, which God in his Providence has committed to us, with the worthy wealth, the moral power, and the spiritual splendor of a Christian civilization. And I venture to hail you Canadians as fellow Americans. Whether you feel yourselves to be more English or more American, I leave for you to decide. If you find yourselves a little perplexed to know, why, I can sympathize with you in that predicament, because that is my mental plight, being also an Englishman and an American. Though

I have been in America for a little matter of two hundred and seventy years, I came over from England, and am quite sure I must have been longer than that in England before I came. But in me, Americanism, being the more recent and extending through some eight or nine generations, long since became distinctly predominant. Whether Americanism will become as predominant in you, who shall say? But Canada, greatening fast toward imperial proportions, cannot help being increasingly conscious of herself; and seen from our side of the line, the Dominion's natural spirit of independence and self-sufficiency sometimes seems to us to overtop your consciousness of colonial dependence.

Besides our coöccupancy of this North American Continent and our co-responsibility for its thorough Christianization, we have other great and noble things in common. As your General Superintendent has already said, your early history and ours are closely interwoven. The names of Coke, Asbury, Hedding and George belong to your annals as well as to ours. Early in your history our Nathan Bangs gave years of heroic pioneer service and of life-long sympathetic interest to taming and developing your Canadian wilderness; his luminous and fragrant footprints are deep and indelible upon your territory. Your early preachers were appointed from the New York and Genesee Conferences. We even loaned you our Lorenzo Dow, that erratic star, whom you could not regulate any more than we. In many ways and by many links your early history and ours are bound together. The dust of our Paul and Barbara Heck resting in your soil is a memorial of your historic unity with us. You tried to steal Nathan Bangs away from us to make him your bishop; you did the same with Wilbur Fisk, first President of Wesleyan University, and later with Dr. J. M. Reid. When in 1823 you parted from us, it was done amicably on conviction of what was best for you. And we bade you Godspeed, respecting your judgment about yourselves. And so far as I know there has never been an hour from the days of Coke and Asbury until now when Canadian Methodism and the Methodism of the States have been anything but respectful and kindly toward one another.

Probably you will agree that the greatest thing you and we have in common is the Apostolic Succession, the manifest and empowering presence with us of the great Head of the Church as truly as He was with the Twelve. Your chairman interjects that someone will say, "Prove it," and there be some who say that we

Methodists broke touch with the succession at the outset of our history. It is interesting to note that the Pope tells them they have not the historic succession. Well, what has history to say on this matter? In case of an exodus where do you look for the true succession? Does it always stay behind? Does it sometimes come out? When Moses went out of Egypt with the Israelites, did the Divine presence stay behind with Pharaoh who oppressed them, or did it go out with Moses and his people to the freedom of the wilderness, and on to the Land of Promise? When the Jews rejected Christ and Christianity, did the Succession stay behind with Caiaphas who condemned Jesus or did it go out into the ages to come on its career of victory with the Nazarene and his disciples? When Luther went out from the Papal Church what happened to the succession? Did it stay behind with the Deputy Deity on the Tiber or did it go out into Protestantism to make genuine proof of itself the wide world over and the ages through? And when the Anglican Church, with a folly which its best ministers have deplored, openly confessing their regret, drove out Wesley and his Methodists, what about the succession? Did the tokens of it all stay behind or did a large share go out? In the long years since where has the Divine Presence been most manifest and powerful—among the Anglicans or among the Methodists? In any case, how are we to know where the real succession is? Well, our doctrine is that the only proof of apostolic succession is apostolic success won by apostolic methods used in the apostolic spirit. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a searching and a just principle for testing men and institutions and organizations. That genial humorist, that charming genius, Dr. W. L. Watkinson, was present at a platform meeting, in behalf of the Bible Society in England years ago, and an injudicious rector, with surprisingly bad taste in a meeting where he occupied the platform on an equal footing with representatives from other churches, referred to the Church of England as the one which had the apostolic succession. Dr. Watkinson was to follow. And when he rose he said, with his droll inimitable drawl, "When I was in Rome many years ago they showed me a hen which was said to be descended from the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Lord. I was not much impressed with the hen's lineage, but being of a practical turn of mind, I enquired whether the hen laid any eggs." Now, I think, sirs, that the prolific fruitfulness of Methodism, the result of genuine spiritual power and zeal, has been apostolic. Southey looked upon Wesley and his early

ministers and wrote down his conviction that never had been seen on earth a more apostolic ministry than theirs. We need not hesitate to go into court and offer in evidence the success which God has vouchsafed to Methodism, presenting with humble gratitude its huge sum-totals, the muster-roll of the vast army of twenty-five millions it has mustered under the banner of the Cross, and all the rest of the colossal results of its activity. We may fearlessly challenge anyone to furnish more solid, positive and extensive proof of their vital derivation from the Apostles and immediate connection with their Lord. Our common Master demands of you and of us that we furnish ever fuller and firmer proof that we are part of the wide Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ, through which the Divine Life throbs and thrills.

Mr. General Superintendent and Brethren, The letter from our Board of Bishops accrediting me as the Fraternal Delegate from our Church, promises that I will make to you some report of the progress of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have a proper sense of responsibility in attempting to speak for my Church; and standing here as her representative before the General Conference of Canada in session in St. James Church, I feel that this is as near as I shall ever get to being the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James. I scarcely know where to begin.

Our progress may be found reflected partly in our statistics. Mr. Balfour is quoted as saying that "there are many different kinds of lies; there are little ordinary lies and there are thundering big lies; and then there are statistics." But that is a senseless disparagement, for if definite information is wanted, nothing can take the place of carefully collected and clearly tabulated statistics. And those which I present to you are accurate and trustworthy. In no other organization are the provisions more complete for securing full, correct and up-to-date statistics than in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and Professor Stephen Van Rensselaer Ford who furnishes me these tested figures is an almost peerless statistician in the thoroughness with which he collects and the painstaking patience with which he verifies. Permit me to give you a few of his figures. The Methodist Episcopal Church has all told over 18,000 ministers. It has 3,195,000 members. It has in its Sunday schools 3,250,000 officers, teachers and scholars. It has 28,874 churches. Our church and parsonage property is valued above indebtedness at $157,000,000. We raised for ministerial support last year $13,750,000.

Our greatest joy at present is in our missionary work. It is intensified and focused by the fact that we are celebrating in India this year with a great jubilee our fifty years in that pitiably needy country. We have gathered there a membership of over 100,000, and it is an unspeakable delight to see the mighty work that God has done for India through us. We should have had a great many more if we had had missionaries enough to take care of them. We have been distressingly hindered by lack of money to send workers to gather in the eager multitudes. We cannot fail to note that the wonderful progress of Christianity in India under Methodist and other Christian auspices is largely due to the fact that the gigantic and enlightened empire of Great Britain is there. An aged and pessimistic ex-Professor of Oxford and Cornell who resides at Toronto, has recently told us that of necessity England will be forced to come out of India because Europeans cannot rear their children in that hot country. We hope Goldwin Smith is as completely wrong in that prediction as he is in numerous other misconceptions and prognostications. For India's sake and for the world's sake, God forbid that England shall ever come out of India. Let her carry the White Man's Burden through the centuries, if need be even at loss of money and of life. Let her fulfil her great commission from Almighty God among the nations of the world as a messenger and agent of Christian civilization for the uplifting of the degraded, the enlightenment of the ignorant and the moral and social salvation of the vast population of India. A man who knows India, being asked what would be the condition of that country now if England had not taken charge of it, answered, "Like a nest of snakes squirming and hissing and stinging each other." If an archangel could speak from heaven I believe he would adjure England never to come out from India so long as there is a British Empire on the earth. It is a blessing to the world, and a joy to the Lord Christ to have England in India. Furthermore, it is good for the world that England is in Egypt. We hope she will stay there. It is good for the world that England is in South Africa. We hope she will stay there. It is best for the native blacks, best even for the Boers themselves in the long run, best for the future of Africa in every way, and best for the world at large that England should dominate Africa. We long to see the Cape-To-Cairo railway finished and we hope England will lay her powerful hand upon that great artery of travel and of trade so as to control Africa from top to bottom. There is to be a greater and freer Africa than ever the Boers could have made. What England

has done for Egypt alone the real Laureate of your empire—whether you will have it so or not he is the empire's laureate—has hinted in his verses about "Pharaoh and the Sergeant" and in his poem "Kitchener's School." Wonderful poems they are, magical with insight and splendid with imperial patriotism. Where England goes, the rule is that her flag stands finally for stability and steadiness, for justice, for equality before the law, for all men's rights, for order, for a high civilization, for education and religion, for Christian missions, and for the welfare of mankind. The mightiest colonizing nation in all history has also, in the long run, proved herself the best.

Our church gave for missions last year $2,599,000, while our total benevolences, that is regular conference collections, as we call them, footed up almost $3,250,000. This is over and above all contributions for hospitals, educational institutions, orphanages, deaconess homes or any other objects. A few years ago our Bishops called upon our church to raise over and above regular collections a fund of $20,000,000, as a twentieth century thank-offering. Many inside and outside our communion thought we could not do it. But when we got through and footed up our receipts we had over-shot the mark by raising as a thank-offering $21,500,000, independent of our regular benevolences; and it is no exaggeration to say that we hardly touched the great resources which God has committed to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

Much might be said about our schools, colleges and universities, including those for the education of the colored race in the South; but there is only time to say that the best thing we can report about our schools in general is that an unprecedented enthusiasm for Missions is spreading among our students. The Students' Volunteer Movement is doing much for our colleges and schools. In the first place it is quickening the religious life of our institutions, lifting it to the level of personal self-consecration; and in the next place it is giving us for our missionary fields the finest class of young men and young women that have ever gone forth. In this you also share and the great conventions at Toronto and at Nashville are Pentecostal tokens for the speedy evangelization of the world for Christ. God has given us such matchless leaders as John R. Mott, Earl Taylor, C. V. Vickrey, F. P. Turner, and others like them, who are going like a flaming evangel through our institutions, stirring up a crusade for the salvation of the world. Our choice young people are falling into line, and a host of them will soon be going abroad to the fields of foreign missions.

Were there time, much might be said about our pulpits. The Methodist Episcopal pulpit was never better than it is today, never more loyal to the doctrines of the Christian faith, certainly never so thorough in scholastic training and intellectual discipline; never so intelligent and well acquainted with the situation of the world and the attitude and trend of the times. While twenty years ago hardly any of our ministers published a volume of sermons, now very many do so. These valuable volumes come by the dozen and the score to the book table in our Review Office and are being scattered broadcast over the country. As a whole they are highly creditable, while many are rich, eloquent, and powerful. Their number and their quality prove a more highly trained pulpit than we have ever had before. The sermons must be excellent that will stand the test of printing. Many popular preachers have been men whose sermons are dull and commonplace when put into cold type. While our preaching is more brightly illumined by illustrations, it is also more meaty with the stuff that nourishes men for action and for service. Methodist preaching has been practical and pointed from the beginning, and is made more so now by the impatient and intense temper of the age. The men of today want the point at once; they will not endure long meandering exordiums or wait a half hour for the preacher to get under way. They expect him to finish in half an hour. Neither does this age encourage metaphysical preaching, of which a friend of mine gives a graphic description. Speaking of a certain metaphysical preacher he says, "He makes me think of a big fish in a shallow pool. He gives three flops of his tail and muddies the water so that he can't see out and you can't see in." Years ago I spent a night at Kingston on the Hudson, on my way into the Catskills. In the morning I went out on the porch. A dense fog made a dismal, dripping, and depressing day. The hotel clerk came out and stood beside me, sniffed the air with manifest relish, threw back his shoulders, expanded his lungs, and drew it in by the bucketful. In a moment he said with a little snort, making me look around at him with surprise, "I think there is nothing so exhilarating as a fog." I said, "My friend, may I ask where you come from?" "I am from Scotland, sir," he replied. The thick fog seemed like his native air, and made him feel as if life were worth living once more. But few people find fog exhilarating, and to the average congregation metaphysics is fog. Metaphysics like biblical criticism has its place, but that place is not in the pulpit. It is just and fair to say that our pulpit grows more practical and

pointed, more powerfully ethical, and we hope it may become more fervently evangelistic.

The various activities of the Methodist Episcopal Church are reflected somewhat by the special commissions recently created for particular purposes. At our last General Conference a commission was appointed on Aggressive Evangelism. More and more that seems to us our most momentous enterprise, our holiest and most imperative vocation. It has been moved, seconded, and almost unanimously carried among us that this business be declared urgent. And surely it is the supreme duty of the ministers of Jesus Christ. We all agree that education is a necessity. I am told by your Education Secretary that your educational standard for admission to your Conferences is higher than that in any other branch of the Methodist family; that you require Greek of all your candidates for admission, and other things in proportion. Now, that is excellent. The minister should be able to read his New Testament in the original. But while he should know Greek and other things which he needs to equip him intellectually for his work, that is not, when he is actually at work, his most imperative business. Having got his Greek, his duty is to use it so that it shall make him a successful fisher for souls, and he must be willing at any moment to leave a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, in order to right up a fallen man.

Other commissions also indicate that our church is not stagnant. We joined a while ago with our sister church to the south of us—that aggressive and progressive church—in making a common hymnal for the use of both. We had also a commission for making a joint new catechism and order of worship for our two bodies and that work has been finished. A commission has been at work on a consolidation of our benevolences, aiming to secure larger results. We have a commission for unification of the business of our Book Concern, to promote economy in our publishing business. We are proud of our great Publishing Houses. For more than a century they have been disseminating wholesome, saving, and edifying literature over the continent; and they have given not less than two and a quarter millions of dollars for the relief of aged and needy ministers and their families. We have a Commission on Federation, appointed to keep its doors open for overtures from any evangelical Christian body, for closer federation and more active coöperation in Christian work. We have also, a Commission on the Unification of Methodism. Why should not that commission include you in its scheme of unification? These

commissions intimate some of the special activities by which we seek to provide for a larger and better future.

Today the spirit of unification is abroad in the earth. Centripetal tendencies are overpowering the centrifugal. Consolidation for the sake of economy, efficiency and impressiveness is in the air. The tendency toward it is pervading the religious bodies more and more. The mammoth convention on Church Federation held last November in New York city, participated in by thirty denominations, was proof of a rising conviction that friendly coöperation is better than jealous competition. Beyond question, this is evidence of the moving of the Holy Spirit among the churches, a sign of returning sanity, a tardy wisdom purchased at the expense of long continued and multifarious folly, a perceiving that God cannot be glorified or gratified by endlessly dividing and subdividing the Body of Christ. No one can give a respectable reason why there should be in the United States twenty-two kinds of Lutherans, seventeen kinds of Methodists, thirteen kinds of Baptists, and twelve kinds of Presbyterians. The only man I know who openly defends this condition of affairs is a Congregational clergyman who declares that it is entirely natural and in accordance with the divine plan; and he tells me in support of his surprising contention that the Creator has made more than three hundred different kinds of humming birds. Inasmuch as Methodists are more numerous than humming birds in the region where my Congregational friend resides, the natural inference from his reasoning would be that he would think it entirely proper for us to have more than three hundred kinds of Methodists there. But my church hopes for a gradual unification of Methodism. In the States the Congregationalists are reaching out to merge with the Methodist Protestants and the United Brethren, both essentially Methodist bodies; just as in your Dominion the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist churches are planning for union.

If your proposed union shall come to pass, we feel sure of several things. You will be not less Methodist for any combination that may be made. You will not give up the Methodist spirit, for you can find nothing better, it is the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind. You will not discard your Methodist doctrines, for they are sweeping all before them in the progressive and clarifying thought of the wide Christian world. You will not give up your Methodist methods. If you are any way disposed to do so, read an article by M. D'Alviella in a recent issue of the *Revue Belgique* in which this

Frenchman who has been over here in the States and perhaps in Canada too, studying the religious bodies, gives the palm to the Methodists over all other Christian communions for the excellence of their methods of propaganda and for the superior efficiency of their educational methods. You will take with you into any union you may make, the things that cannot be improved upon. And we Methodists of the States will discover and recognize you by instinct wherever you may be.

Many other things might suitably be said on this occasion, but time is wanting. This fraternal address cannot close, however, without referring to what may well be considered the most important thing in world-affairs for the welfare of mankind and for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and that is the solidarity over all the earth of the English-speaking race. You heard perhaps of the little war we had with Spain in 1898. Possibly you know what happened in the Bay of Manila on the first day of May, that Dewey morning when the first of May was moving day for the fleet of Spain. It was recalled to mind last night when my eye caught this headline in your Evening Star, "The Man Who 'Stood By' at Manila is Dead." Instantly and vividly the whole history flashed through memory. The man who "stood by" at Manila was Sir Edward Chichester of the British navy. He had command of the British squadron in the Bay of Manila during that troubled and eventful summer, and showed himself the friend of the United States in several critical situations, when not all the vessels of war in Manila Bay were friendly. Harper's Weekly gives us this story about Chichester who was then a captain. "On one occasion Admiral Diedrich, the German, sent out the Irene on an unrevealed errand and without the customary notification to the commander of the blockading fleet. Admiral Dewey had suffered, he thought, sufficiently from that sort of thing, and so he sent a vessel across the Irene's bows and notified her captain that she would not be permitted to depart without a statement as to her destination. It was not Admiral Diedrich's mission to quarrel with both the American and the English fleets, so, on critical occasions, he sought to find out Captain Chichester's purpose in case of a collision. Going on board Chichester's ship, he angrily exclaimed: 'Did you see what Dewey did to my ship?' 'Yes,' replied Chichester. 'What would you have done if it had been an English ship?' 'Well,' said Chichester, conveniently assuming that the Irene's captain had sailed without orders from Diedrich, 'I'd have put my captain in arrest, and then I'd have gone on board the Olympia and apologized to Admiral Dewey for having such a fool in com-

mand of one of my ships." It was good for Dewey to have such a friend as Chichester. A London paper of the time told us that one day the German fleet and that of the United States were drawn up in parallel lines, with decks cleared for action and guns grinning grimly at each other, the situation tense with excitement. Seeing the dangerous state of affairs, Chichester, with calmness, tact and sailor-like good-humor, slowly moved his ships down between the two unfriendly lines, thus creating a diversion which relieved the tension, broke the spell, and averted evil possibilities. One other public token of his friendship the British commander gave. It was on the first of May that the Spanish fleet was destroyed, but it was not until August 13, that our troops occupied the city of Manila. Then United States soldiers landed under cover of the guns of our ships, marched along the shore, drove the Spanish forces out of the city, raised the American flag over the town, and took permanent possession. That was on Saturday. The next day being the Lord's day, all the fleets in the harbor lay at anchor, and nothing happened. But on Monday morning, about ten o'clock, the commander of the British squadron lifted anchor on his flagship, moved up abreast of the Olympia, the American flagship, ran the Stars and Stripes to his own masthead, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the flag we love. Like the fluttering wings of a dove, the smoke of British guns went up from the long throbbing tubes to kiss with friendly lips the Stars and Stripes rippling out along the quivering air from the English masthead. America can never forget Rear Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, "the man who 'stood by' at Manila." Her rejoicing in what his action meant will last so long as the two great Anglo-Saxon nations clasp hands in a common purpose to pacify and keep in order, to civilize and Christianize this turbulent, tumultuous and passionate world—which, God grant, may be until the end of time. Nothing is more important to mankind than an abiding friendship between Great Britain and the United States. To promote this, let your church and ours and all churches regard as their religious duty. And cursed be the man, on our side of the Atlantic or the other, or anywhere among the five nations England rules upon the seven seas, who shall seek to promote misunderstanding, distrust, jealousy, or strife between these two mighty nations, yours and ours, to whom God has committed this huge North American Continent, and in large measure also the control of the destinies of the whole human race, for John Hay brought the two great English-speaking nations together on such terms as to make them the arbiters of the world's fate.

## THE ARENA

### WHAT IS A SPIRIT?

WHAT is a Spirit? What is the Supreme Being like? These are questions whose answers lie beyond the pale of inductive science. This is true, because inductive science is based upon observation and experiment; and God has never been observed by the senses.

The Bible announces a scientific fact when it says, "No man hath seen God at any time." It is also scientific in its statement which says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." The problem of Spirit is wholly outside the province of inductive science, for Spirit cannot be observed by the sense of sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, or feeling. However, Spirit is known to us through deductive science. Reasoning from certain known powers, causes, and laws, we logically conclude a Supreme Being exists. We also form certain judgments and opinions as to the nature and powers of that Being. While the Supreme Being is not known directly through the physical senses, he is recognized by the moral consciousness. The Supreme Being is discerned by the conscience, spiritually, but not physically. But the conscience is not a second mind which knows and thinks. It might be called, more properly, the moral instinct. It responds to the moral authority of the Supreme Being as he impels us to do right, or restrains us from the wrong. Conscience acts very much as the magnetic needle. The magnet attracts one point, but repels the other. Its operation is automatic and involuntary. Conscience is the point of contact between the finite and the Infinite.

What can we know about the Supreme Spirit? The Bible announces that God is eternal. This is also a truth of deductive science. The effort of the mind to retrace the existence of a being, which had no beginning, simply bewilders the mind. We can think of our own existence as continuing on without end, but the past forever overwhelms us. Our thoughts easily go back to the days of childhood. Imagination carries us back to the Christian era. We can look back to the beginning of earthly life. We peer backward beyond the planet-period and into the star-period of the world. The imagination sees the solar system but a cloud of glowing gases spread out in space. It was in the long ago. But we go backward still. Then Arcturus was an ancient sun, and Halcyone a patriarch of space. But in those far off ages of the past the Supreme Spirit was in the zenith of his power. Though the present order of the universe had a beginning; though ten score thousand cycles of ten score million years have passed away, yet that Spirit was before all beginnings, eternal. The eternity of God bewilders the mind, just as does the boundlessness of space. Journey outward to the moon. Leap to shining Jupiter. Swing outward to distant Neptune, which glows 18 thousand million miles away. But the pilgrimage has hardly begun. Many stars twinkle seemingly just

as far off. We span the mighty void to 61 Cygni—65 trillion, 700 billion miles away. Its light reaches us in fifty-two months. We touch at the Pleiades—18 quadrillion, 96 trillion miles distant. Its light comes down to us after a voyage of 700 years. But away on the bosom of black immensity glows a film of light. It is the nebula of Andromeda, whose gentle beams fall upon the earth after seventy thousand years. But other stars twinkle in the far depths beyond, and, though we reach the very frontier of the material universe, still, emptiness in its immensity stretches away in a black-forever. Space is without boundary, just as God is without beginning—and both are incomprehensible to us.

The Bible says "God is a Spirit." How shall we form any conception of what a spirit is like? God might inform us. Christ said, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones." We therefore think of a specter or body composed of substance, not material, but immaterial, as light and electricity. What is the form of the Supreme Spirit? When we think of God as being without form, it is confusing. But we think of electricity, formless, but powerful. We think of gravitation, formless, but tireless. God, then, may be thought of as being without form, and still possessing power and wisdom. We sometimes think of God as a huge man, but then we are unable to see how he can be omnipresent in the universe. But we easily conceive that shapeless electricity and gravitation fill the universe, and are everywhere powerful. Likewise the shapeless Spirit fills the universe. We may also conceive that light, electricity, and gravitation are simply modes of his power by which he rules the material kingdom. When we think of God as being like a huge man, we cannot see how he could fashion the microscopic creatures of the world. They are too minute for our fingers to handle, or our unaided eyes to see. But let us think of God the Spirit, not with hands or feet, eyes or brain, but with every portion of his omnipresent, shapeless substance endowed with every energy of the eye, ear, and touch, together with all power, wisdom, and skill in their perfection. Thus it becomes possible for us to understand how God might work and rule, even in the microscopic kingdom of the world. God is invisible to our eyes. This however is no bar to the reality of his existence. Force, which moves the locomotive; electricity, which pulsates around the world; and gravitation, which holds the worlds in its grasp, all are invisible to us, yet they are real.

Mendota, Ill. GEORGE H. BENNETT.

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## MASTER, NOT SERVANT, OF WORDS

THE effective use of good English must forever occupy a foremost place in the equipment of the gospel ministry. When the prescribed studies of the seminary curriculum have faded out of consciousness the masterful marshaling of words will be found to hold an increasingly important place. Always difficult, composition is often made needlessly irksome by the lack of proper method. It is with the hope of being helpful to the young minister just starting in his work that I would relate my own experience in overcoming what seems to be a common

obstacle in the ready use of the English language. At the outset of my ministry I wrote out my sermons, endeavoring, of course, to be at my best each week. Having selected theme and text, and having fixed upon the general plan of the discourse, it was always more like play than work to dash down a mass of more or less pertinent material—truths, sentiments and illustrations. The next step was to give adequate form and expression to the loosely held thought; the gold must be separated from the dross and cast into beautiful shapes. Here came the tug of war. I had a prodigious respect for words—well-ordered, sonorous words. I felt that if only I could stand before the audience clad in a complete armor of resistless words victory was assured. The itch of having something down on paper, of making a beginning as quickly as possible, was upon me, and with what a thrill of joy I hailed a happy phrase or strong sentence. Sometimes three or four or even a dozen sentences would favor me by their timely advent—so far so good; now for the next, and the next, but—alack-a-day! The next sentence would not always choose to come; no amount of coaxing, pleading, commanding would induce it to reveal its identity; and the goal of the finished sermon was so distant! Then, to gain momentum, like a boy backing away from a streamlet across which he wishes to jump, I would read over what I had read, and, this not doing the business, I would sit down quite disheartened over the cruel tyranny of words that would not do my bidding. At such a moment the temptation would arise to make free with and profit by the sweat of some other man's brow—always with proper quotation marks or an introductory phrase—and this would serve to bring the goal a little nearer to my longing heart. The trouble was that I got the cart before the horse, sought for words before the idea was clear; was overawed, bewitched, by words; the result being a clash and jumble in my work, an attempt to do two things at once: formulate my ideas and at the same time express them in the best form possible to me. It was like trying to set the table with appetizing dishes before the food was half cooked. Mine was the very dregs and drag of literary drudgery.

The first "eye-opener" came to me while listening to an extemporaneous address by a warm-hearted, eloquent brother-minister, who was evidently full of his subject. How stiff and cold and angular appeared my written words compared to his winged message that seemed to go straight to every heart. I began to lose faith in the magical charm of the Phrase as a work of art, dimly seeing that what is said is more important than the "how." The next eye-opener came while observing an artist friend engaged upon a new oil painting. He busied himself first of all with the *motif* and composition of the picture, posed his model, arranged the drapery, and last of all stretched the fresh canvas, placed it on an easel and took up palette and brush, working rapidly and easily. Like a flash it came to me, Why not follow the same order in your work? First complete your mental preparation, then reach for pen and paper. At once I put the new plan into practice and with the happiest results. The mind was left free to follow its own bent, in meditation fancy free, unhurried and unhampered, and then having fully exploited the theme in hand,

being still master, it turned to words and said, "Servants, do my bidding and clothe these thoughts in fitting garb."

To be sure the old tyranny of the Phrase still occasionally persists in posing as a substitute for ideas, but the inevitable jumble is too painful to be long endured. The more complete the mental picture the easier the work of composition; the greater the inner glow and fullness of vision the more delightful the task of finding the fitting word. Sentences come thick and fast at the command of an over-charged mind. Theme and language are separate and distinct things: the theme belongs to the realm of mental and spiritual values, language, including style and vocabulary, is a medium of expression, and it is evident that the most effective and beautiful result is gained when both theme and language have received adequate attention. It is evident that composition must become easy and delightful when these two things have been acquired—skill in gathering material and great knowledge of language. If we have somewhat to say and make words vividly conscious thereof, then what freshness, spontaneity, raciness, vigor, naturalness, urgency and glow of life are the result! Fluency of utterance is best attained not by the clever outpouring of remembered words but by the irrepressible impact of a heart all on fire with conviction. And so with that precious nectar of elect genius, heaven-winged eloquence. This is never attained by imbedding in otherwise tame sentences such distinguished and brilliant words as "majestic," "sublimity," "celestial," "golden sheen," etc., but by cultivating the higher moods of an awakened spirit. If every sermon should be a mental picture gallery, how desirable that those pictures should first be thought out before being clothed in fitting language.

Harvey, Ill. J. F. Flint.

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## "WHEN JESUS COMES"

Dr. Wallace's article on this subject—published in the September-October number of the Review is so luminous, scholarly and candid, and so clearly gives to the subject its proper place and proportional value, that one is at once disarmed of all spirit of captious criticism and controversy. But there is one point that has always perplexed us, and upon which we would like more light. Dr. Wallace says: "The expectation of the New Testament is that of a personal, and, moreover, of a speedy coming of Christ." Now, if all that is said by the Christ and by his apostles in reference to his speedy coming again must be interpreted in harmony with its postponement for about two millenniums—and this is the simple truth—why cannot we expect that other millenniums, yea, many of them, may intervene before his second advent? And does not this thought, in connection with the advancement of science, the interest taken in social improvement, and the general betterment of human conditions, tend to take from this doctrine any special pressure of motive for renewed consecration and more earnest service? Must not we look for these motives elsewhere, and are they not many and powerful? When pastor in Biddeford, Me., in the seventies, a carefully written pamphlet

was thrown into our door, in which the author proved to his own satisfaction and, we think, to that of many others, that the second advent of the Christ was to occur in 1873.

He maintains that Mr. Miller who placed it in 1843, was substantially correct, but made a little mistake of thirty years. We kept the pamphlet until 1874, and on the first Sunday of that year preached from the words, "Occupy till I come." In those days, when this doctrine was emphasized beyond all proper proportion, the correlated ideas advanced were simply abhorrent. The destruction of God's enemies root and branch, the hastening of the good time of his saints, and other similar ideas that savored too much of selfishness and revenge. Such contributions as that of Dr. Wallace's are a distinct gain to the literature of this subject of perennial interest. May more be forthcoming in the staunch old REVIEW! A. S. LADD.

Ogunquit, Me.

## RIGID RELIGIOUS TESTS

At first thought one would imagine that any system of religion which should offer salvation to mankind on their own terms, without exacting humbleness, self-denial, the taking up of a cross, would speedily win the world to its banner; but such is not the fact. Indeed, the opposite is true. That system of religion which, appealing to thoughtful people, holds them to the most rigid rule of right, which requires as its test of discipleship the most unqualified self-denial, outstrips every get-saved-easy system in its growth and progress in the world. There are churches which one can join without subscribing to any creed, without professing to have experienced any change of heart, without consenting to any abridgment of his license to live without moral restraint—in a word, churches whose only test of membership is the payment of pew-rent. Then there are systems of religion, so-called, which do not even go so far as to crystalize into organizations, but whose adherents labor day and night to propagate their isms and win mankind over to their acceptance. To this class belongs that sum of all delusions, spiritualism. A few embrace it, the multitude do not. Christianity—that system of religion of which Christ was the founder—with its tests of repentance and faith, of self-denials, crosses, sacrifices, outstrips every one of these easy systems of religion and is steadily marching on to the conquest of the world by its divine Founder. For whatever else mankind may or may not be deceived in, they will not consent to be humbugged and fatally deceived in the matter of their eternal interests. The destiny of the immortal soul is too serious to be trifled with. Men may live "without God in the world," may be apparently indifferent to their eternal welfare—but once they resolve to lead a religious life they want the best there is in the overtures presented. Hence there is not only no reason for presenting an emasculated gospel to "the world lying in wickedness," but on the contrary the burden of the preacher's message should be Jesus' solemn note of warning, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

New York. STEPHEN V. R. FORD.

## VIKING AND LORELEI

Sometimes it's one, sometimes the other. When it's the Viking, I see him; when it's the Lorelei, I'm it.

Spiritual conditions aside, there are two states of supreme ecstasy in my life, the Viking state, and the Lorelei. When I am walking the deck of a vessel, when the waves roll high and white, when the ship tumbles and pitches, and when the glory that sets heart and brain athrob is the glory of the blue above and the blue below with the wonderful ship between, I see the Viking. The men and women of the colorless twentieth century fade away; ubiquitous porter and steward, harassed man of business and weary woman of fashion, all are gone, and I see on the deck only my brave old ancestor, the Viking. Life itself is no more real than he. In all the art galleries, is there no face as wonderful as his. Strength is there, and dignity, and beauty. His eyes shine with a blue-gray light of gentleness and firmness. His curling golden hair is such as poets see, and artists, but never mortal wears. He is my Apollo Belvidere. And how real he is! I watch him pace the deck with manner calm, yet eager. I feel the energy glowing, pulsating in his being. I hear him call his men above. I see them head the ship toward the foe, I hear the clang of swords and thud of wooden clubs as ship grips ship; I hear, not shrieks of pain, but exultant cries to Odin and Thor: I see the crimson on the decks, and then, in the midnight, I hear the dull swash of waves closing over a sinking vessel, while, like a god of the sea, my Viking strides exultingly up and down his deck, waves aloft his spear and club and sings in deep tones:

> "Glory, glory be to Thor,
> And glory be to Me
> The son of Thor!"

I admire my Viking; he is more to me than many whom I see with my common eyes of flesh. Yet I am never one with him. I see him; I am not he. But, when I sit on a great brown rock on the coast of Sheepscot Bay, with the glory of the blue above, and the glory of the blue below, and me on the brown rock between the above and below, with the glory of immensity about me, I am a Lorelei. I am no human being. I know no human life. I pulsate with the rhythm of the sea; it is of me, I am of it, I am it. I sing, though man there is none to hear my song, which is well, for my song is death to man, but life to me. So I sing, and I sing, and I sing; the waves sing the wild, grand anthem of eternity, the sky answers to the sea, and the rock and the rich brown seaweed and I, we are all part of the harmony which musician has never felt or heard and lived to give to his kind.

You cannot tell me, my psychologist friend, whether this which I have told is a case of prenatal memory or of subliminal consciousness. Nor would I have you tell. It is glory. And it is real. Only at rare moments of exaltation, when sea and sky and self are tuned aright, is the marvel true. Then, sometimes, I see the Viking; and then sometimes I am the Lorelei. And always it is glory and ecstasy.

Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio. GRACE LOUISE ROBINSON.

## CONCERNING NICODEMUS

Nicodemus was born again before he came to Jesus. This will appear upon close examination of the record.

The content and purpose of the gospel by Saint John are set forth in the last two verses of the twentieth chapter: "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." The story of a certain number of selected signs—this is the content; that people who read of them may believe and believing have life—this is the purpose. The idea plainly is that they who saw and believed had life by believing, and are set before readers as examples of saving faith. In the last verse of the account of the miracle at Cana we read that "his disciples believed on him." This is certainly intended by John as an example of faith, incipient it is true, but genuine. If it is not saving faith what kind is it? And what does John mean by giving this and other instances of faith in the hope, avowedly, of inducing his readers to believe unto eternal life if the faith referred to is not of the proper kind? And if in some instances the faith spoken of in the gospel is valid, and in other instances valueless, and there is no means given us of distinguishing between them, of what value is the gospel? The fact seems to be that John has given us the record of a number of signs which resulted in onlookers believing or disbelieving. When he says they believed he means us to understand that they believed unto eternal life, and were born again. If they did not believe so much the worse for them. His object in telling the story is to induce his readers to believe also, and thus enter into life—"these are written that ye might believe, and believing have life." In verse twenty-three of the second chapter John tells of many who believed when they saw his miracles. This faith was short-lived, or, it may be, was held by men not sturdy enough to bear the strain of publicity which would have been put upon them had Jesus committed himself unto them. He knew what was in them, and did not publicly acknowledge them either because they were so soon to surrender their faith, or were safer in the shadow of secret discipleship.

The faith of Nicodemus, by which he, too, had been born into a new relationship, is clearly expressed: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him." It is faith unto eternal life. It is the next instance in the gospel, and is deliberately chosen by John.

A few explanatory remarks may be added:

1. The question of Nicodemus's personal relationship to the necessity of a new birth is not considered in the conversation with Jesus. The subject is discussed in its universal aspect. The pronoun is "ye," not "thou," and the alternative expression is "a man." Jesus is saying to him that the kingdom of God is spiritual, not national; universal, not Israelitish; a thing into which one enters by virtue of spiritual birth, and not as a son of Abraham after the flesh. "That which is born of the flesh is

flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The kingdom of God is spiritual, and a man, any man, must be born spiritually as a condition and as a means of entrance into it. Nicodemus's case is not specifically considered.

2. How was it that Nicodemus was puzzled, if born? It was a new doctrine only, not a new truth. It was truth newly revealed. All men who were ever in a right relationship to God were so because they had been spiritually born, although, as they had not been instructed in the matter, they were unaware of the fact. It was not understood till Jesus taught it that when men enter into true relations with God it is birth they undergo and life they enjoy. Abraham, Jacob, and David were true sons of God, born of God. None of them had ever heard of spiritual birth, and they would have been as much puzzled as was Nicodemus when first confronted with that conception. To Nicodemus was assigned the honor of being the first to receive the new idea. It was, perhaps, as good as could be reasonably expected when Nicodemus did not deny, but only wondered.

Again, birth physical is something which no man remembers. So when the already-created personality is ushered by the Spirit of God into a new world of truth, it is not necessary that he should recollect the moment of his advance. It may be doubted whether any man ever yet was quite conscious of the exact time when he made his very first entrance into the realm of the spiritual. Generally speaking men are led by the Spirit of God into fellowship with new truth at a point of time anterior to that to which they themselves assign the transition. The first glimmer of the new light will be found to antedate the consciousness of that light. "Thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh."

3. Nicodemus did not yet believe in Jesus as the Christ or as the Son of God, but only as a teacher sent from God. That was sufficient as a beginning. It was, perhaps, as far as the disciples themselves could go at this time. The true thought, in this connection, is, the more belief the more life; they who have most insight into Jesus's character, and truest submission to his claims, have most abundant life. Eternal life is a very common thing, though the higher grades of it are rare. And men should be approached, not as spiritually destitute, but as possessing already a measure of life, small, perhaps, but exceeding precious, and as capable of adding thereto. The direct witness of the Holy Spirit is not an essential condition of spiritual birth, even as birth is not necessarily a coming into fellowship with the one who bears us, but rather the being ushered into a new world of relations by that one. Many a child has never known its own mother.

JOHN J. FERGUSON.

Toronto, Canada.

## THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

### A WEEKLY OUTLOOK

FOR A METHODIST OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

[It is the purpose of this paper to suggest to pastors the importance of an increased sense of church obligation on the part of our people. It aims to give in a condensed form the grounds of denominational responsibility, to present a comprehensive view of the field our church covers and to show, especially to our young people, how large, how rich, how attractive the Christian horizon is when intelligently and conscientiously studied. The survey rightly directed becomes an educating process. It reveals large possibilities. Ritualistic loyalty is commonplace, barren and puerile when contrasted with the enthusiasm of intelligent Methodist devotion to the Church and its development.]

One may easily picture to himself an earnest and educated pastor who, believing in his Church as apostolic and divine, devotes himself to the work of training his young people to know, to love and to be enthusiastic over the Church; and whose constant aim is to make these young people as zealous in church study as they could ever be in any of the aims of academic, artistic or social life.

The pastor supplements the ideal which he has faithfully presented in conversations, sermons and addresses by a paper or circular as follows:

AN ADDRESS ON OUR CHURCH LIFE

You belong to a Church. Your Church is a part of the "one Church" of the Lord Jesus Christ—"the one family in heaven and on earth."

> "Part of the host have crossed the flood
> And part are crossing now."

We who read these lines are still here on earth. And we are here for service and for growth—to bless humanity and to honor God.

We rejoice in truth and seek it. We love all who love God. We approve the plan of separate states in our one Union of states—the United States. We approve the plan of separate homes with their respective family names throughout our country. But we are not any the less loyal to the one government of the United States because we are known as New Yorkers, Texans, or Indianians. Nor are we less loyal to the city we live in because we have (each family of us) our own house and are known to our neighbors by our respective family names—"Thompsons," "Smiths" or "Roosevelts." Nor are we at all lacking in reverence and affection for the *one Church of God* because we are called by denominational names—Baptists, Congregationalists, Christians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. The increase of separate houses for homes does not diminish the size or unity of the city, nor do denominational family names and meeting places affect the name, the theories, the ideals,

the spirit of the one great "Assembly of the Firstborn," the universal "Church of God" which has Jesus Christ for its foundation, its light and its life.

Here, then, is one thing we all ought to do: Cultivate in our hearts goodwill, generosity, charity toward all classes, races, nationalities, parties and denominations. Love all as Christ does.

Here is another thing we ought to do: Be enthusiastic students, supporters, defenders and promoters of our own state, party, family and denominational organizations.

For example: We are Methodists. As such we are also members, representatives of and believers in the "Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints." It is not at all necessary that loyalty to your own denomination should lessen your loyalty to this larger outreach of the Church.

I here and now propose to present to each one of you as a representative Methodist a *churchman's program* for the ordering of your daily life as a loyal and intelligent member of your own denomination. It implies that you are or are resolved to become an everyday enthusiast in church life; taking delight in your Church; thinking about it, putting your will into it, giving time to it, praying for it and rendering some service to it and through it to others—every day—EVERY DAY!

I may, first of all, remind you that unless you do become such an enthusiast you can be of no value to society through the branch of the Church you nominally represent. Nor can you be of any real value to the Church itself. Apathetic church members are a burden and a stumbling block to society.

Here, then, are certain THOUGHTS for you to review and to ponder weekly. They hold a secret of personal power:

*First* THOUGHT: God the Eternal is my *Father*, revealed in *Jesus Christ* by the *Holy Spirit*, and revealed by inward energies to me as a believer. One God: Father, Son and Holy Spirit; Love, Wisdom, Power—One God. In him I live and move and have my being. He is here: not "up there," nor "off there." He is indeed "there," and "there," and everywhere! But he is *here*. By faith his "there" is my "here." God could not be nearer to me than he is—he is *like* unto, as he is the source of life, light, atmosphere, ether, electricity. Where are they? Here! Where is he? Here! Let me love him.

*Second* THOUGHT: Love for God is the noblest, best, most powerful force in the universe. The only thing for me to hate is my own sin. I cannot loathe it too intensely. I do loathe it. I will turn from Sin to Love!

*Third* THOUGHT: I have only one thing to do with Sin—and that is to leave it with Jesus Christ who is always near me and who always loves me. He and the Father and the Holy Spirit—the One God—will take care that the sin I repent of and repudiate shall not have dominion

over me and shall not be laid up against me. There is a marvelous mystery of redemption in the realm of spirit that turns law into love, that destroys sin and puts the believing soul under the rule of the Holy Spirit of God. I will therefore, and I now do let God—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—like energies of Love, Wisdom and Power—have his way with me; I will surrender to him. I will rest in him like a child in mother's arms. I *will!* I DO!

*Fourth* THOUGHT: I will put myself into the school of Christ by daily getting something out of God's Word, and by daily having a frank talk with God—a touch of confidential communion with him—if no more than thinking with desire or breathing as if I tried to receive him as Spirit into the depth of my own spirit. In this little personal school of Christ I will daily try to do some good to somebody, and thinking about the Church—the whole Church and my part of it—ask how the Church may do more good to society. And I will especially use the Holy Sabbath not for my own gratification but for the good of others and for personal gain of faith and reverence and sympathy.

*Fifth* THOUGHT: Every day I will name over (to help my memory and stir up my interest) the various departments of the Church and the varied forms of work it has undertaken. And as I think over these multiple activities I will ask the Spirit to awaken in me a new interest and to show me how I may do some good through the Church to the world at large. Foreign missionary work by the parent Missionary Society and by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Woman's Home Missionary Society, the Freedmen's Aid Society, the Sunday School Union, the Church Extension Society, the Tract Society, the Board of Education, the Epworth League, the Society for Aggressive Evangelism. In carrying on this vast and varied work we find bishops, missionary bishops, editors, secretaries, members of boards, committees, book agents, presiding elders, preachers in charge, college presidents, members of college faculties, Sunday school superintendents, Sunday school officers and teachers, pastors, local preachers, class leaders, trustees of property, stewards and sextons. What an army of workers in our one Church! Do I belong to that army? May I belong to it? How may I serve or aid one or more of these responsible representatives of the Church?

*Sixth* THOUGHT: Every day I may give a thought to the important question: Am I contributing of my means to the furtherance of the various causes to which the Church I belong to is committed? What do I give to any one of them? Are there any to which I give nothing? And how much do I spend annually for tobacco, chewing gum, candy, ice cream and the more harmful indulgences of appetite—to say nothing of shows that do no good and often much harm? Am I a *real* Christian and Methodist, after all? Am I living to serve God or for self?

*Seventh* THOUGHT: What am I doing for the Republic? Do I pray

*for* its officers, President, Governors, Congressmen and Legislators? Do I cast my ballot (if I have a ballot) with patriotic or partisan motive? Am I interested in the army? In the navy? In the secular or in the religious press? Am I thinking much about the public school and its teachers? Do I pray for them? Am I diligent in the study of the great reforms—temperance, and all the rest? Do I live as one who belongs to the kingdom of God and whose business it is to talk and vote and live in the interest of a really religious civilization? Do I concern myself about this swelling current of foreign immigration and do I try to welcome and instruct and win to our American Christian ideas these newcomers?

Suppose that a pastor were to enlist his young people (and the old as well) in a weekly or a monthly reading of this series of propositions; suppose he were to appeal to official members and parents, to Sunday school officers and teachers, and to the officers of the Epworth League; suppose he were by sermons and prayer meeting lectures to seek an awakening on the *one point of personal religious and church obligation*, might we not hope for a new order of things in the Church?

A religion without an intelligent grasp of the field it embraces, without an enlightened and sensitive conscience, without a sense of personal responsibility for action and for conviction, for faith and prayer is a religion that this age does not need. Temporary emotional enthusiasm is not the demand of the hour. It is an intelligent, sensitive conscience, a broad view of the field of obligation and a pastorate earnest, industrious, persistent in its work in behalf of individuals three hundred and sixty-five days every year.

Indianapolis, Ind., September, 1906. JOHN H. VINCENT.

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

### THE TEMPLE OF ONIAS

Those acquainted with post-exilic Hebrew history will recall the fact that large numbers of Jews during the persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes fled from Palestine to Egypt. Among these, and, indeed, one of the leaders, was Onias, the son of a high priest of the same name. This distinguished fugitive, known to history as Onias IV, naturally hostile to Antiochus, succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of Ptolemy Philometor and his queen Cleopatra. Owing to his influence over the Jewish exiles, and for sundry services rendered the Egyptian ruler, Onias became the recipient of many favors. Not the least of these was the gracious permission to erect a temple for the worship of Jehovah, the God of Israel. The site of the sacred edifice was, according to the Jewish historians, at Leontropolis in the nome of Heliopolis, some one hundred and eighty furlongs from Memphis. We are further told that Onias erected his temple upon, or in close proximity to, an abandoned shrine of Bubastis, "a place full of materials of various sorts," that is, building materials, such as brick and stone. There remains even to this day "an extensive stone-built ditch about one mile in length, extending round the ancient Egyptian town, and which would have furnished Onias with ample constructional material for his temple."

There are two references to the temple of Onias in the works of Josephus; unfortunately the two statements are contradictory. This is probably due to a corrupted text or the carelessness of a copyist. He says in Antiquities, XIII, 3. 2, that Onias requested and received permission to build a temple "after the pattern of that in Jerusalem and of the same dimensions." But in Wars, VII, 10. 3, we read that Onias "built a fortress and a temple, not like that at Jerusalem, but such as resembled a tower." This edifice was constructed of massive stones to a height of sixty cubits. The altar of sacrifice was an exact imitation of the one at Jerusalem, but the candlestick bore no resemblance whatever, for it consisted of one, not of seven, lamps. This was hammered out of solid gold and suspended by a golden chain.

A very ancient tradition located the temple of Onias at the ancient ruins popularly known as Tel-el-yehudiyeh (the mound of the Jews). The exact site has, nevertheless, been a question of dispute. If, however, the recent discoveries of Professor Flinders Petrie be true, the question is at last settled. This veteran archæologist, working during the past winter under the auspices of the British School of Archæology is convinced that he has discovered the site of the Temple of Onias among the ruins of Tel-el-yehudiyeh, and that ere long he will be able to give the exact dimensions and bring to light many important data connected with this ancient sanctuary, which in some sense was a rival of that at Jeru-

salem. A writer in the Scientific American, speaking of Petrie's discovery says: "In this work he has found the closest corroboration, even to the minutest particulars of the statements set forth by Josephus." As stated above, the Jewish historian says that the temple of Onias was sixty cubits high. Now according to Petrie's measurements the mound identified as forming the ruins of the temple is just a trifle over fifty-nine Greek cubits in height. The pottery discovered on the spot is of that class commonly assigned to the second century before our era, and the coins brought to light from these ruins suggest beyond controversy the reign of Ptolemy Philometor. On a broken piece of pottery, evidently a fragment from one of the building lists, is the name "Abram." This little piece of evidence, taken in connection with other facts, seems to point to the employment of Jewish artisans in the construction of the temple.

The extent of the ruins of this old Jewish town and temple authorizes the belief that the area covered by them was between three and four acres. The shape must have been almost an exact rectangular triangle. The east side shows the remnants of a wall which extends for about eight hundred feet, and in places attains a height of twenty feet. The limits of this wall are easily distinguished by bastines at either end.

According to Professor Petrie's measurements, the temple of Onias was exactly one half the size of that erected by Solomon at Jerusalem. He gives the following figures: "The inner court of the temple was sixty-four feet in length by twenty-four in width, while the outer court was forty-five feet long by thirty-two feet wide, inside measurements."

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## THE VATICAN AND THE PENTATEUCH

As in the Protestant communions, so also in the Roman Catholic Church, there has been during the past twenty-five years considerable unrest and controversy regarding the origin of several books of the Bible. This is especially true of the Pentateuch. We have already discussed in these pages the position of Father Loisy and his school on matters pertaining to biblical criticism. Though Rome has suffered much less than the Protestant churches from the inroads made by the destructive critics, yet the disturbance occasioned by some of the more liberal Catholic scholars has been such as to cause no little solicitude to those in authority. Though other countries have participated more or less in the recent discussions, France has been the storm center. This is explained, at least partially, by the attitude of Dr. Loisy, probably the best informed man in the entire Catholic church on questions of hermeneutics and biblical criticism. He was for many years professor in *L'Institut Catholique*, one of the greatest schools in France. His liberal views cost him his chair in this great institution, and explain his transfer from one of the most important professorships in a Catholic school to the chaplaincy of an insignificant nunnery. His friends, however, saw to it that soon afterward he was selected by the French government to a professorship in *L'Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes*, in Paris. Loisy is not only a popular teacher and lecturer, but has been for a long time an untiring

writer. Many of his articles have appeared anonymously in the French periodicals. Some of his works have been condemned by the Inquisition and placed upon the Index. It is needless to say that such procedure has simply served to secure a wider dissemination of his liberal views. Forbidden fruit is, after all, so desirable! Professor Loisy does not call himself an advanced critic. His friends believe that he is a chosen instrument to counteract the erroneous teachings of Harnack, and the pronounced rationalism of the destructive biblical critics of Germany and Great Britain. Some of the views expressed in his *Religion d'Israel*, and his *Etudes Bibliques* are: The Pentateuch in its present form is not of Mosaic origin; the first eleven chapters of Genesis are not historical; the story of creation, the fall of man and the flood are legendary and of Assyrian origin; the books of Daniel and Ezra were not products of the age when those two persons lived, but are of much later origin and apocryphal; we must not look for equal inspiration in all the books of the Bible, either in the Old or in the New Testament; the fourth Gospel cannot be from the pen of John, the beloved disciple, nor, indeed, was it written during his lifetime, much less by an eyewitness of the events therein narrated. This accounts for the non-historical character of much that is in the Gospel of John, for example, the resurrection of Lazarus.

Though such views found ready acceptance among many students and the younger clergy, it is needless to say that they were bitterly fought by some of the most learned and influential ecclesiastics. No one was more bitter in his opposition to the theories of Loisy and his school than Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris. This scholarly prelate had great influence in Rome, whither he carried the fight, and succeeded in placing the matter before Pope Leo XIII who, however, was too diplomatic to interfere directly and thus precipitate a conflict, which might prove disastrous to the entire Catholic Church. Leo did, nevertheless, accede so far to the wishes of the Cardinal as to appoint a commission with power to investigate the entire subject in a scholarly and dispassionate way. To the credit of the Pope, it must be admitted that the commission was selected with great care and fairness—the principal qualification being sound judgment and thorough scholarship. Several of the commissioners were specialists in biblical criticism, and, indeed, some of them had been reproved for holding views contrary to the teachings of the Church. The commission has been correctly named, "The International Pontifical Commission," for of the fifteen persons of whom it is composed, six are Italians, two Germans and the other seven represent as many different countries: Belgium, England, France, Holland, Ireland, Spain and the United States. The greatest freedom was allowed this learned group. No stated time was designated for holding conferences or within which the result of their findings had to be made known. It was their duty to study the question submitted to them in an unbiased, scholarly, scientific manner, and after due deliberation submit their report to the Vatican. This was done on June 27, 1906.

An exact translation of this document was printed in the Arena department of the Methodist Review for September, 1906.

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**Erich Schaeder.** He is an example of the many German theologians who, while not slavishly adhering to the older theology, still maintain all its essentials. Recently he has attempted to state and defend the true doctrine of the Person of Christ. He is quite severe in his characterization of what he calls the adherents of the new Christian faith, a new religion, a new Christianity, which does not deserve to be called by the name of Christianity. To these men he says Christ is no longer the object of faith, but only the first one who held the Christian religion. This touches the vital point—the theology of the Church. If we give up subjection to him and trust in him, we give up the vital fact in Christianity. Schaeder maintains that our New Testament documents, including the synoptic Gospels, reveal the doctrine of the deity of Christ, and that not alone as the faith of the first Christian, but as an element in the conviction and self-consciousness of Jesus himself. No historical criticism of our first three Gospels can banish from the world the fact that Jesus knew himself as the Lord of the world and that he was looked upon as such by his immediate disciples; and this in two directions: as Lord of personal spirits, and as Lord of nature. That he regarded himself as Lord over personal spirits appears in the facts that he claimed and exercised the right to forgive sin, that he laid upon men a moral law, as though his authority was unquestionable in this realm, and that he regarded himself as the Judge of the human race. As to his rulership over nature, it is betokened by his power over the course of nature. Here is a personality who deals with the course of nature as he will. Schaeder regards the passage Matt. 11. 27 as comprehensively and in principle giving expression to the deity of Christ as the self-consciousness of Jesus. This passage, he says, teaches that this power of his over nature and history is given, lent to him by the Father. But he says that this fact does not detract from the full deity of Christ. In maintaining this point he appeals to the divine Sonship of Jesus. The Gospels know the deity of Jesus only in the form of his divine Sonship. The Son of God is he to whom God gives participation in all that he is and has. Nevertheless, the divine Sonship is something that belongs to his very nature. So much for his argument. On the whole it is sound and irrefragable. That part of it that refers to his lordship over men is without question impregnable. It is doubtful, however, whether his miracles prove that he has absolute power over nature. They strongly suggest, but they probably do not demonstrate it. And he is undoubtedly correct in appealing to the divine Sonship in support of the assertion that nothing in Matt. 11. 27 interferes with the doctrine of his full deity. The usual attack is made along the line of denial that those passages which make Jesus the Son of God mean any-

thing but Messiahship. But while it is a fact that in the language of the Gospels the Son of God is the Messiah, and vice versa, yet it does not follow that the term "Son of God" is to be reduced in its meaning to that of a human Messiah. The term "Father" and "Son" are used so frequently in the sense of a personal relation that we are compelled by a fair exegesis to hold that the Father is no more absolutely Father to the Son than the Son is absolutely Son to the Father. In other words, to deny the deity of the Son in this set of correlations would be to deny also the deity of the Father. Rightly does Schaeder say that while the Father gives the Son what he himself is and has, yet it is the nature of the Son of God to be deity. This is true in human relationships, and we cannot attach any meaning to the term "Son" in those cases where Jesus speaks of the Father and the Son in the same connection unless we attach to it the meaning that he is as truly divine as the Father is. The argument halts only at the point where he makes the miracles prove his lordship over the course of nature. His miracles no more prove that in the case of Jesus than the miracles of the disciples prove them to be lords over nature. But his miracles taken in connection with his self-consciousness strongly suggest that the lordship, though not proved, was actual.

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**Julius Wellhausen.** To the majority his name is associated with the Old Testament, and in the Old Testament with a particularly extreme form of the documentary hypothesis of the Pentateuch. In this field he has succeeded in attracting attention, much of it favorable, much unfavorable. But for some time past he has been turning to the New Testament and to New Testament subjects. Within a very few years he has written commentaries on Matthew, Mark and Luke; and a little later an introduction to the First Three Gospels (Einleitung in die drei ersten Evangelien, Berlin, Druck und Verlog von Georg Reimer, 1905). Wellhausen thinks we have by no means gotten back to the original form of the documents of the New Testament as they left the hands of the writers. Nor does he trace the variations between the manuscripts down to errors of copyists. On the contrary, he thinks many of the variations were due to intentional changes in the earliest copies made for the purpose of harmonizing one Gospel with another, or to make certain passages teach doctrines which the copyist had, but which were not clearly, if at all, taught in the passages in question. However, he admits that there are few passages in which changes or variations affect the sense at all seriously. He is a firm believer in the theory of a primitive Aramaic gospel, and thinks unmistakable evidences of this are found in the gospel Greek. He holds the usual theory of the priority of Mark among the synoptics, and of the relation of Matthew and Luke to Mark. But he thinks there was another source for the writers of the Gospels, which source he calls Z (the initial letter of the word Zuelle, German for source). This source he regards as older than Mark and he thinks it was used in the composition of Mark. Nevertheless, he would not deny to Mark enough originality to give him a high standing as a source for us.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Wellhausen's views is that he regards the passage beginning with Mark 8. 27 and ending with the close of chapter 10, as the real gospel of Jesus Christ, spoken by himself concerning himself. He thinks that prior to this time Peter had neither confessed nor recognized Jesus as the Messiah. But Jesus did not preach this gospel openly to all the people but secretly to his disciples only. In order to reveal himself to them he took the confession of Peter as the occasion, but went much farther than Peter's words would have carried him. Peter was still thinking of Jesus as the Messiah in the Jewish sense who would triumph in Jerusalem. He did not call himself Messiah but Son of man. And by this expression he meant to indicate a glorified and heavenly Messiah instead of the earthly Messiah of the Jews. He used this strange term only and always instead of the first personal pronoun whenever reference was made to his suffering, death and resurrection. He placed his own person in the center, but it was his future, true person—the crucified—who, according to him, was the true Christ. Only those who believe in him can hope to be saved. The fulfilling of the Jewish law is not sufficient. For the sake of the gospel and for his sake who is the gospel they must forsake the world and suffer persecution and death. Jesus died as a martyr, not as their representative and redeemer; but so only did he and can they enter into life, glory and the kingdom of God. Besides suffering they must also serve one another; and they must not seek peace or power.

Such is a fair sample of the New Testament work of Wellhausen. It betrays none of the constructive ability of his work in the field of the Old Testament, and it leaves the impression that he desired to do something in the New that would give him the leadership he has gained in the Old Testament, but that unlike his Old Testament work he here strained after effects and consequently wholly failed.

## RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Grundriss der Geographie und Geschichte des Alten Orients. Erste Healfte: Ethnologie des Alten Orients. Babylonia und Chaldaa.** (Outline of the Geography and History of the Ancient Orient. First Half: The Ethnology of the Ancient Orient. Babylonia and Chaldea.) By Fritz Hammel. Munich, C. H. Beck, 1904. This is a part of a great work on the general subject of the geography and history of the ancient East, under the editorship of Swan von Müller. Hammel was chosen for this particular part of the work because of his intimate knowledge of Assyriology and Egyptology. Unfortunately his work suffers as the work of every specialist suffers. The close acquaintance with his chosen field makes it impossible for him to see the subject in its larger relations. The book is a mine of learning. It is Hammel's opinion that the oldest genealogies of Babylonian and Egyptian gods are identical, and only when this is recognized will we have a true beginning of a valid science of comparative religions. This he thinks he has finally and forever established. But other investigators decidedly oppose his view.

For example, Jeremias holds that not the identity of the genealogies of the Babylonian and Egyptian gods but the recognition of the cosmological system with its corresponding astral system in the ancient Orient is the key to a true science of religion. In fact, Hammel seems to have accepted this doctrine of the astral system in some measure, and although he is a strong opponent of the modern critical school of Old Testament students, speaks of astral scheme of the twelve tribes and affirms that there is no longer any doubt that the primitive biblical history is to some extent clothed in the form of astral myths. Still, he holds back when it comes to a full acceptance of the astral system as the basis of the ancient Oriental religions. The astral character of the religions of the ancient East makes them calendar religions; but every calendar which has to do with annually recurring events must of necessity take into account both sun and moon. Hammel distinguishes between religions that have to do with the sun and those that have to do with the moon. And there may be here an emphasis on the sun and there an emphasis on the moon in given religions, arising from nomadic or agricultural causes; but it is impossible that there can be any religion which notes the recurrence of certain periods or events which does not at the same time include reference both to sun and moon. Hammel offers in this book a special, and to him peculiar, solution of the locality of the Paradise of the Bible. He finds the four rivers of Paradise in Arabia. The difficulty with this theory is, not that Arabia had no idea of a Paradise within its bounds, but that every land had a Paradise as the antitype of the heavenly seat of the highest god. Damascus and Tyre had their sacred rivers, and in ancient Canaan the region of Sodom and Gomorrah was regarded as Paradise. Hammel's well-known antagonism and the results of the Wellhausen school are briefly summed up in this book on its later pages. And in fact in many respects he treats biblical themes with considerable illumination. The error that those make who claim him for the strongly conservative side is that they take his opposition to Wellhausen for opposition to all the results of the so-called higher criticism. To do this is at once to misunderstand and to misrepresent him. While he opposes the dates assigned by Wellhausen to the documents entering into the composition of the Pentateuch, and in some degree the grounds upon which the argumentation of Wellhausen proceeds, he is quite as radical in other respects. If there is anything the strict conservative hates it is the doctrine that there is any mythical element in any part of the Bible. But Hammel admits the mythical element. It is high time that we cease to be anxious about such questions, and to contend that the truth in the Bible is truth whether clothed in mythical garb or in the sober garb of actual history. His is not a plea for any form of Biblical criticism, but for Christian faith regardless of Biblical criticism.

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**Die Profeten Israels in sozialer Beizielung.** (The Prophets of Israel in Relation to Social Problems.) By Paul Kleinert, Leipzig, F. C. Hinrichs'shu Buchhandlung, 1905. This book, as its title suggests,

deals with the social teachings and ideals of the Israelitish prophets. The excuse for such a book is given in the fact that the people of each period find their chief interest in that phase of the life of preceding periods which most resembles the prominent problems with which they are struggling; and as our time is especially devoted to the study of social problems it is natural to find interest in the thoughts of the Old Testament prophets on these problems. They lived, indeed, in a totally different kind of economic order from ours, and they were not teachers of political or social economy, but they grasped the root ideas of all social order, and proclaimed the highest orderer of all social life so clearly that what they have to say is valuable even today. And each individual prophet gave us his special contribution according to his personality and surroundings. For example, it is the ideal of Amos that a stream of righteousness should flow over the land and that the individual man should be recognized in his own right. Hosea's desire was that love should bind all men together—an ideal that, owing to the character of the times, remained unproductive during all the centuries until the primitive Christian Church first made it fruitful. Isaiah the Glorious, who had such a powerful vision of the glory of God, rejoiced in the thought of order, the future government, well-pleasing to God, which would preserve order over the face of the earth. Micah, the countryman, who so much detested the wicked cities suffered and labored for the solution of the problem of the city which he looked upon as the dwelling place of sin and the ground of poverty and want. Zephaniah was so discouraged with the wretchedness of the present that he gave up the people, as a whole, as lost and was disposed to go into retirement with a small, select congregation of the poor. Then came the Deuteronomic law. It was probably written in the time of Hosea, with whose ideas it is closely related. By some means it was brought to the temple in Jerusalem, and there found by some one who had never known of its existence before. It is comparable to the Code of Hammurabi, though socially considered it is very different. In the Code we have the arbitrary will of the king; in Deuteronomy the brotherhood of all the members of the nation and the will of God as seen in the will of the people. Deuteronomy was not a law behind which stood a power that would enforce it. Rather was it a prophetic exhortation clothed in the form of law, and hence without powerful effect on the people. Jeremiah lived in a time when ruin was overtaking the nation; hence there was no place for social inspirations or efforts. But Jeremiah gave us the highest solution of the social problem and the highest ideal of life in his doctrine of religious individualism, the inner and intimate communion of the soul with God, by which all men were placed on the same level and bound together. The book of Job (Chap. 31) and Leviticus 25, with its year of liberty, show that that period was at work on social problems. The catechism of Ezekiel (Chap. 18. 5-9) contains the great social requirement. Man's future state is bounded on the thought of an equal division of the land and the inalienability of the family possessions. The preserver and defender of this order is God. Malachi is to be ranked in the company of social

personalities on account of his valuation of marriage and the family. Whatever one may think of the individual characterizations of the prophets he here names, there can be no doubt that the book shows that the great problems of associated morals which touch our day were present to the thought and conscience of the times of the prophets, and thus the Bible is shown once more to be so practically human as to forever silence the sneer that it deals chiefly with a future life.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

**Germany's Public School Problem.** Not alone in England is the question of sectarian influence in the public schools a burning one. In Germany, however, it is not disputed under quite the same conditions. There it is a question of method and extent, or else one of the complete abolition of religious instruction in the public schools. And in many localities the only agitators are the teachers. In Bremen the teachers' association proposed the complete abandonment of religious instruction at public expense and the reference of all religious instruction in the schools to the various denominations. In place of religious instruction they would have ethical instruction based upon fairy tales and myths, upon the best literature, and upon history, according to the age and capacity of the pupil. This proposition has met with the severest condemnation on the part even of liberal thinkers. The whole proposition may spring from sources known to be inimical to religion. Otherwise it is difficult for an American to see the ground of opposition.

**The Reform of the Prussian Girls' Schools.** Long has the need of this been felt. Many have been the efforts and high the hopes for its achievement. But until about a year ago nothing was really accomplished. Then the empress herself took hold of the matter, and it now looks as though something might be accomplished. It is proposed to enlarge the scope and change the purpose of the schools for girls in such a way as to prepare young women not only for domestic life, which has hitherto been the ruling idea, but also to prepare them for earning a living in the realm of intellectual toil, and also to recognize that a woman not only can attain, but ought to be granted the privilege of attaining a liberal education for her own sake, regardless of any use to which she may or may not put it. Hence it is proposed to give girls at least some kind of a gymnasium training, in the sense which it is given to boys, in order that they may be prepared to enter the universities as students. Truly the world moves, when Germany deliberately plans to prepare women for admission to universities on equal terms with men.

## GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

ALFRED AUSTIN'S poem, "The Door of Humility," is compared with Tennyson's "In Memoriam" not to the advantage of the latter by W. H. Mallock in the August number of the National Review (London) in an article entitled "Two Poet Laureates on Life." This comparison expands into a discussion of the merits of the great laureate and the little one. Mr. Mallock makes a bold defense of Alfred Austin. He says the present laureate's latest volume brings us face to face with the history of modern thought, and that the task attempted in "The Door of Humility" is the same as that in "In Memoriam." Having virtually the same theme Mr. Austin's treatment of it is sufficiently like Lord Tennyson's to suggest and to demand comparison. Lord Tennyson based his poem on a well-known biographical incident. Mr. Austin has recourse to a story which, though typical, is itself imaginary. His hero, representing a mind affected by modern thought in such a way as to render the old faith untenable, is engaged to the orthodox daughter of an orthodox English clergyman. The affection which she gives is as deep as that which she has inspired; but she gradually finds out that her lover, though he shrinks from betraying the fact to her, has entirely lost the beliefs on which her own life is founded. He waits for her at the churchyard gate, and the two, by a low door, enter together and kneel in her father's church; or he brings her flowers for the altar, and reverently watches her as she arranges them; but he cannot in the long run hide from her the fatal secret that, instead of joining in her worship, he is thinking only of the worshiper. One day, accordingly, he is surprised by receiving a letter in which she gives him to understand that, despite her undiminished attachment, what she takes to be his intellectual pride has placed a barrier between them, unsurmountable so long as it exists, and enjoins him to leave her until this pride has been conquered, and his dormant faith has been left free to recover itself. "When this happens," she says, "you will find me at the low door waiting for you; and through it—through 'the door of humility'—you and I will once more enter the church together." The lover, thus dismissed, departs into a voluntary exile, and endeavors to bring himself back, in the course of his lonely travels, to an attitude of mind which shall satisfy the requirements of the believing Monica. He visits successively Switzerland, Florence, Rome, Constantinople, Athens, and Delphi. At Delphi a letter reaches him, in which Monica begs him to return to her. She is ill, she says—perhaps dying. She ought not to have sent him away, and she recognizes that the fatal pride has been rather hers than his. The lover returns, but only to find her dead; but she has left a letter containing her final advice to him, which is, that whether he can share her faith or no, he should struggle to make the best of his own God-given genius, thereby doing God's work, even if faith in God is denied to him.

The various places which Mr. Austin's pilgrim visits represent the

phases of thought through which he passes in his search for faith. "In Switzerland his aim is to discover whether the desired spirit of belief cannot be awakened in him by the majesty of nature pure and simple. The result of the experiment is definite and soon reached. 'The mountains, though they soar so high,' and blend in their meadows blue gentian with edelweiss, are after all no nearer to God than he is. He accordingly turns to Italy, where nature, beautiful as she shows herself, is merely a background to humanity past and present; and here he sees the typical passions of life assuming their fairest forms in association with the most ancient faiths. In things such as these he remembers that he had found peace formerly; but he had found it in them then only because he had brought it with him. They can give him no peace now. He leaves Florence dissatisfied, and passes on to Rome. At Rome he is confronted with memorials of one religion after another—pagan, early Christian, and papal—all appealing to him as symbols of what is immortal in human nature, but each at war with the others. Could they only sink their differences and unite in their points of agreement, he would enter the door of humility, join in their common worship, and go back to Monica in a frame of mind that would satisfy her. But this is a mere dream. It belongs to the world of the impracticable. In the religion of Mohammed, however, something of the kind is realized. That at all events is simple. It is made up of essentials. It is monotheism in its clearest and most operative form. At Constantinople he examines it as a working force. And what sort of religion does he find it? The simplicity is the simplicity of barbarism—of the male uncivilized by any reverence for the female, and offering the male a paradise in which the female is the mere minister to his pleasures. The religion of Mohammed will not do for our pilgrim; so he turns once more to antiquity. He turns to it as it survives in Greece. Here he learns once more one of the lessons which he learnt at Rome. The principles represented by Zeus, Pallas, and Aphrodite are not dead. They survive in the human breast; but the Greek theology provided no efficient control of the sensual or sensuous principles by the higher and more intellectual—in this respect comparing unfavorably with Christianity and its 'Creator Spiritus.' The pilgrim, nevertheless, contrives to receive at Delphi a more serviceable inspiration than any that has come to him elsewhere during his travels. The gods of other ages still survive as symbols for those who are capable of understanding them; and it is natural for us to regret that they now live as symbols only; but this regret is unmanly. As the pilgrim is lingering about the Castalian water an 'unseen oracle' bids him return home, and devote himself to the practical activities which the old symbolism symbolized. This advice is actually echoing in his ears when Monica's letter reaches him, which summons him back to England, and her second letter—a posthumous one—which he receives on his belated arrival, repeats the wisdom of the oracle in the language of a devout Christian, who has by this time learnt charity towards those who do not agree with her, and dies perceiving that men must be led to spiritual truth by different ways according to their different natures."

Mr. Mallock says the present laureate fails to secure the hearing he

deserves for the reason that he writes in a way which is like pelting his audience with stones as soon as he has induced them to listen to him. Nevertheless the critic declares that "'while Alfred Austin is constantly inaccurate, insufficient, and self-obscuring in the execution of his poetry—presenting in these respects a marked contrast to his predecessor—he, in himself, equals, and probably excels Lord Tennyson in his general conception of what great poetry is. He realizes, indeed, more clearly than any other modern English poet, that the value of poetry depends primarily on the comprehensiveness of the view of life, and the experience of life, embodied in it. He realizes, as Goethe realized consciously, as Shakespeare realized unconsciously, and as Rossetti did not realize at all, that the great poet must be a philosopher and a man of the world, besides being a man of song; that the gift of singing is subsidiary to what the song conveys; and that what it conveys must be the soul of the world, not the soul of the artist's studio; and his superiority even to Lord Tennyson in this respect is illustrated, as I have already hinted, by his strong historical sense—a sense in which Lord Tennyson was singularly deficient." The appointment of Alfred Austin as Tennyson's successor was generally regarded as the triumph of mediocrity. One explanation given of his selection is that the good Queen Victoria had to make her choice between on the one hand, this man, who was stainless, unblamable, sane, and a Christian, beside being a scholar and a linguist, and on the other hand, one who was a pagan, or one who was reported to keep doubtful company, or one who had been touched with insanity. We are not ready to accept the whole of this offered explanation, but it helps to make a little more intelligible the appointment of the present Poet Laureate, and should protect him from the ribaldry which calls him "Poet Lariat."

Tennyson's conclusion is that intellectual perplexities and doubts may best be disposed of by listening to the voice of the heart which is more trustworthy than the head. The lesson of Austin's poem is that by practical fidelity to duty in virile and strenuous action the faith which had come to seem like a fading dream may become once more a vivid and indubitable reality. This lesson is an idealized elaboration of the final moral of "Candide"—"it is necessary to cultivate our garden." A nobly active life is the best disperser and dispeller of philosophic doubt. Mr. Mallock, criticizing some defects of Mr. Austin's style, wishes he would always write as faultlessly as in the two following quatrains, referring to his wanderings through Florence, when revisiting it after a long absence:

"Where Buonarotti's plastic hand
Made marble block from Massa's steep
Dawn into day at his command
Then plunged it into Night and Sleep.

"No later wanderings can dispel
The glamour of the bygone years:
And through the streets I know so well,
I can scarce see my way for tears."

Or as in these two verses:

"They [the peasants] kneel as they were taught to kneel
In childhood, and demand not why,
But, as they chant or answer, feel
A vague communion with the sky.

"The fluttering of the fallen leaves
Dimples the leaden pool awhile;
So Age impassively receives
Youth's tale of troubles with a smile."

Or as in the following from another person:

"Goodnight! The hawk is in its nest,
And the last rook hath dropped to rest.
There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat,
No rustle in the meadow-sweet.

"The woodbine, somewhere out of sight,
Sweetens the loneliness of night.
The sister stars that once were seven,
Mourn for their missing mate in heaven."

In all these passages the thought is clear, complete and chastened. The language is limpid and musical. The poet's meaning sings itself, without being open to a doubt. There is no straining after effect, and yet there are no lapses into bald slovenly prose."

In the same number of the National Review, Mr. Maurice Low writes from an English standpoint on "American Affairs." He says that if this were in 1908 instead of 1906, and if conditions then were what they are now, the two presidential candidates would be Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan. He recalls that before the National Republican Convention of 1900, Theodore Roosevelt declared that he did not want and would not accept the Vice-Presidential nomination; and he meant it with all his might; he was absolutely sincere. But when the time came he was powerless in the grasp of events, and the nomination was forced upon him in spite of himself. (This brings to mind the exceedingly able argument by Dr. D. D. Thompson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, in a recent number of Collier's Weekly, in which Dr. Thompson shows that Mr. Roosevelt is now serving his *first* Presidential term and *not* his second, having only filled out McKinley's term as *Acting* President, and *not* as President.) Mr. Low expresses great admiration for the intellectual capacity and high character of Secretary Taft and Secretary Root, both statesmen in the truest and best sense of the word, either of whom would make an admirable President and maintain the high traditions of that great office. Yet he says, "It is no reflection on them to say that neither of them has gripped the popular imagination as Mr. Roosevelt has; neither commands more than a small fraction of his personal following. Root and Taft may be more profound and logical, and yet to the country at large both are little more than names, while Roosevelt is a strong and fascinating personality, the most vivid, scintillating and prismatic personality in the history of American politics." He says: "Roosevelt, like Loyola or Wesley, and other men of that stamp, from the days of Peter

the Hermit, is a propagandist, who loves to exhort, and necessarily must preach against existing evils." The agitation against the criminal rich, who are the worst promoters of anarchy—against law breaking trusts and monopolies; the prosecution of corporation officials, the control of railways, the proper inspection of Chicago packing houses; all these movements for the protection of the many from the criminal greed of the few, are spoken of as evidence of a moral awakening, a new ethical spirit in the American people. Mr. Low says: "Senator Beveridge, who has already had a brilliant career, and of whom even more brilliant things are predicted, recently said: 'What you are seeing is a national movement for the moral regeneration of business,' and the view he takes is this: After the Civil War the nation plunged into money-getting. Its whole energy was wrapped up in that pursuit. Broadly speaking, the question of how the money was got was a minor matter; the important thing was for the nation to grow rich. The nation did grow rich; it succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of the past. Now the time has come when the nation can set itself to the consideration of *how* money should be made, and it is vastly to the country's credit that it is grappling with that problem in a stern and remorseless manner."

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A GLIMPSE of the rapid progress of world-affairs in many nations is given in the editorial comments of The Westminster Review (London) for September. Referring to the Czar of Russia's autocratic dissolution of the Duma, the legislature which he had created, the Westminster says: "Strangely enough, at the very time that the Duma is dissolved, the Shah of Persia, troubled by internal dissensions, and largely influenced by the example of Russia, has at length conceded the popular demand by establishing a National Council, comprising representatives of all classes from princes to tradesmen. Should this new departure prove successful, as we hope it may, Persia in her turn will afford her great neighbor an object lesson that may well have the happiest influence upon Russia's future destiny. It would appear that not only Persia but—wonder of wonders!—China also is to have a Parliament. A Reuter's telegram, dated Peking, August 21, tells us that 'The Commissioners who recently returned from their tour abroad recommend a gradual change to Constitutional Government, taking ten or fifteen years to educate the people to adapt themselves to the new régime." In an article on "The Proper Sphere for Sport." is the following: "The history of civilization shows that a great access of wealth and ease leads to an abnormal growth of amusements, which become a serious object in life, instead of being a recreation to fit men for their work. Let us see to it that we do not come down from our high estate as Rome did in days gone by!" An article on "The Beauty of Life" sets forth the views of William Morris, who was not only an artist and a poet, but a prophet with a message for his times. His gospel related to the joy and beauty of life, and the dignity and happiness of labor when properly surrounded. He was especially troubled at the sordid ugliness of modern towns, and their lack of trees and open spaces. Of this he wrote: "Until our streets are decent and orderly and our town gardens break the bricks and mortar

every here and there, and are open to all people; until our meadows, even near our towns, become fair and sweet, and are unspoiled by patches of hideousness; until we have clear sky over our heads and green grass beneath our feet; until the great drama of the seasons can touch our workmen with other feelings than the misery of winter and the weariness of summer; till all this happens our museums and art schools will be but amusements of the rich; and they will soon cease to be of any use to them also, unless they make up their minds that they will do their best to give us back the fairness of the earth. When art comes to its own, it will make our streets as beautiful as the woods, as elevating as the mountain sides; it will be a pleasure and a rest, and not a weight upon the spirits to come from the open country into a town; every man's house will be fair and decent, soothing to his mind and helpful to his work; all the works of man that we live amongst and handle will be in harmony with nature, will be reasonable and beautiful; yet all will be simple and inspiriting, not childish nor enervating; for as nothing of beauty and splendor that man's mind and hand may compass shall be wanted from our public buildings, so in no private dwelling will there be any signs of waste, pomp, or insolence, and every man will have his share of the *best.*" The author of the article says: "When the refinement of art, music, and culture generally are lacking in a community, and thought is concentrated on what are regarded as the 'practical' affairs of life, the tastes of the lower classes will inevitably run towards low sports and vulgar pleasures. Even the few who keep themselves from such live incomplete and colorless lives. In the 'hurrying blindness of civilization,' the higher graces and pleasures of life are regarded as of no account, or as luxuries that may be sought after when the bodily needs and appetites have been satisfied; but it is just these things that raise mankind above the level of the animal. When we have food, clothing, and shelter we have only got the animals' share of life, and our working population are thought to have all they have a right to ask for when these are secured to them; but the higher needs of the soul are of even a more essential and practical nature than the requirements of the body, for they go to mold the character and make life worth living. Anything that tends to divert the mind from the sordid necessities of life is good for a man or a community; everything that brightens existence, even in its outward aspect, as color, light, music, art, harmonious movement, or the fall of sparkling water, is elevating in its tendency. When the urban councilors of X——— refuse to make the fountain play because of the expense to the rates, they are not acting in the interests of the inhabitants. I venture to say that the constant sight of the splashing water, and the murmuring sound of its fall, would be of as much benefit to the people as the Free Library, for the support of which a penny rate is levied; for the brightness of the fountain everyone would share and appreciate; whereas only a minority of the population use the library, and of these probably but a small percentage derive genuine profit from their reading."

## BOOK NOTICES

### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Song of Ages.* By REGINALD J. CAMPBELL. 12mo, pp. 308. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son. Price, cloth, net, $1.25.

Another volume of seventeen sermons from the minister of the City Temple, London, not all uniformly equal to his best, but full of the same quality and the same urgency, the same directness. In the title-sermon on the "Song of Moses and the Lamb" (Rev. 15. 3), Mr. Campbell says: "Sir Thomas More, going to the scaffold in the days of Henry VIII for his faith, sang the Song of Moses and the Lamb. He had no bitter complaint to offer; there was no self-pity in his mind; he went bravely and quietly to the scaffold without fear. It was all one to him—earth today, heaven tomorrow, both with God. When he died, as while he lived, he sang the great Song. John Bunyan in Bedford Gaol—compare him with some of the servants of the Most High with whom you and I have to do at the present hour, full of complaining and self-pity and whining. Nothing of this in Bunyan; he rejoices that he is counted worthy to be crucified with Christ. Whether in prison or out of it, he sang the great Song. Not long ago, I heard that song sung at a grave side. It was the funeral of a Salvation Army lassie, at which I officiated. To my surprise, when the burial service was over, except the benediction, the little company of friends surrounded the coffin and broke forth in rapturous songs of joy and gladness. She had wished it so, and it was fitting, for her beautiful life of sacrifice and unselfish service was itself a song of triumph; and her friends were only doing now over her ashes what she was doing before the Throne—singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb." John G. Paton, the veteran missionary of the South Sea Islands, tells of the influence his father's daily habits had on the life of the home. The father was a poor man, a stocking weaver, in one of the poor districts of Scotland; but he was a man of prayer. There was one little room into which he retired daily, and sometimes several times a day: and the great missionary says: "We children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct, for the thing was too sacred to be talked about, that prayers were being poured out there for us as though by the high priest within the veil of the Holy of Holies. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of the trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we children learned to slip out and in, past that door on tiptoe, and not to disturb the holy converse. The outside world might not know, but we knew whence came that happy life, that new-born smile that was always dawning in my father's face. It was a reflection from the divine presence in the consciousness of which he lived. Never in temple or cathedral or mountain or glen can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and open work. Though

everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of my memory or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes and shut itself up again in that sanctuary, and hearing still the echo of those cries to God, would hurl back at doubt with the victorious appeal: 'He walked with God; why may not I?'" Quoting these words of John G. Paton, Mr. Campbell says: "Now I want you, young and old, who could not have written that passage, to weigh well this fact, that the experience of this old Scottish weaver, which cast such a spell on the life of his son, is as much a fact of the universe as the rain that is falling outside, and it needs to be accounted for and given its due place. It is the most precious thing in the whole range of possible human experience that a man might walk with God, that the light eternal might shine in his heart, that the soul might live. Truly this is life, to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. There is no other life that is life indeed." Here is a sample of the godly good-sense of the minister of the City Temple: "Yesterday I spent part of my time in answering a letter sent to me by a young man who attends here; it was put somewhat in this wise: 'How can I know of a certainty that I belong to the Lord Christ?' The writer wrote like a true man, as I doubt not he would speak like a true man. 'I have small sympathy,' he said, 'with rhapsodies and lip-religion, but I do wish to discover the right way and walk in that. I have often prayed that the experiences of which I read as taking place in Wales and at the Albert Hall, and in the lives of the Augustines and Bunyans and Spurgeons of history, might have been mine; but God has never spoken to me that way, and I feel somehow perhaps that there may be something wrong with me, and I know it not; how can I *know* I belong to the Lord Christ?' Through him I speak to all such as he. Conversion is a turning from sin and a turning toward God. Get firmly hold of that fact. Feelings are an endowment which may or may not accompany it; but the man whose heart is right with holiness and truth, whose face is turned that way, is of the seed of Abraham and the friend of God, however little he may feel himself worthy of the call." That great old hero, John G. Paton, is quoted again and again. Once, when he was laboring all alone among the savages of the New Hebrides to bring them to the knowledge of Christ, an overwhelming sense of failure and a great despondency came upon him. He tells of this experience thus: "In discouragement, almost in despair, one night, after long praying, I fell into a deep sleep in my cabin, and God granted me a heavenly dream, or vision, which greatly comforted me, explain it how you will. Sweetest music, praising God, arrested me, and came nearer and nearer. I gazed toward it approaching, and seemed to behold hosts of shining beings bursting into view. The brilliancy came pouring all from one center, and that was ablaze with insufferable brightness. Blinded with excess of light, my eyes seemed yet to behold in fair outline the form of the glorified Jesus, but as I lifted them to gaze on his face the joy deepened into pain; my hand rose instinctively to shade my eyes. I cried out with ecstasy. The music passed farther and farther away, and I started up, hearing a voice saying in marvelous power and sweetness, 'Who art thou,

O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.' At this some will only smile, but to me it was a great and abiding consolation, and I kept repeating to myself: 'He is Lord, and they are all ministering spirits. If he cheers me thus in His own work, I take courage, I know I shall succeed.'" Mr. Campbell, referring to Spurgeon's childlikeness of spirit, says that to the end of his days the great preacher was in the habit of speaking to God as simply about the affairs of his daily life as if he were a little child standing at his father's knee. "At the close of his financial year he would present to God his account of his Father's business. If his helpers and church officers told him that ends could not be made to meet, Mr. Spurgeon asked them to be perfectly certain of their facts; the columns were to be added up again, the balance was to be struck, and if it was on the wrong side, down knelt the great servant of God, big child that he was, and talked about it to his heavenly Father in this way: 'Our Father, this is not our business; this is thy business; these are the accounts of God; this is the record of the work of God; we leave the adverse balance to the wisdom of God.' He never was put to shame; the childlike quality, the unselfish devotion, the brave consecration of C. H. Spurgeon did the work. God honored it; it is going on today." In a sermon on "Why He was Scourged," the preacher illustrates the spirit in which Christ suffered for us, by the following example: "Some time ago I watched with sympathetic interest the sorrow of a household in which were two sisters devoted to one another. One of them was dying of a painful disease, and the other one said to me, 'It is terrible to look on and feel helpless.' We know what she meant. Hardly a man or a woman but has felt like that. 'Oh!' she added, 'if I could but have the disease too; if I could but let her know that I am suffering the same pain, it would be some satisfaction to me.' It would have been none to the poor invalid, but we know what was meant by the watching sister; it was the solicitude of sympathy—if she could just share in the ill, it would have been something as an expression of her love. There is one illustration of the mind of Christ, the desire of the Redeemer. Jesus, in his unswerving, undeviating attitude of love, took the position assumed by the sorrowing sister: He would enter in, he would search the depths of human experience, he could not save from without. There is nothing mechanical about moral deliverance; he had to come within, share and share between God and man. This is the atonement, or, as I prefer to call it, the at-rightment of the sin of the world." Still another illustration is used to explain the spirit in which Christ suffers for and with the sinner: "Suppose I address one into whose family, into whose life, there has come one black sorrow because of the conduct of one member of that household. That boy of yours has caused anguish, disgrace, and scandal to attach themselves to an honored name. Your friends never dream of supposing that you are guilty; the lad's father can lift up his head now, if he would, as much as he did before, as proudly and as bravely; men do not think of him as a thief or a scoundrel; they have only a word of pity for him. By and by your lad's failure and sin will have been forgotten, or, if referred to, it will only be spoken of with bated breath—a

moment's allusion, and then the subject is past. But you—shall I say his mother?—you will never forget; every day and every hour of the day you will be thinking of that culprit who is trying to fight his way back to honesty and truth, perhaps in a foreign land, and your prayers daily ascend for him. You suffered as much as he suffered; when he fell you might almost be said to have stood in the dock with him and gone to the prison cell. He could not have endured more than you endured, because, in a sense, you were he, and so must ever remain. Now, as he struggles back to manhood, are not you struggling too? Is not his pain your pain? will not his victory be your victory? and would not you stand for him tomorrow against the whole world if you were called upon to do it and it would do any good? His life is as your life, your life is as his life; in a sense, his sin is your sin, and yet you did not sin it. You were with him all the way, yet there are some things you cannot do for him. Is there anybody that can? I turn back to the New Testament where that mystery of vicarious suffering reaches its highest, at the cross of Calvary, and I read my answer there. Why was he scourged? Because he felt as you do, because Jesus could not leave humanity to its fate, because our failure is, in a sense, his failure; our sin, though it never was his sin, he regards as his sin. He takes our burden; our defeat he comes to turn into victory. This Christ has not quitted his work. This morning, as I speak to you, he is thinking of us, praying for us, planning for us, and

'Every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.'

All true repentance is a claim upon his holiness and the fruit of his victory. It is true to say, and in no narrow and inconsequent sense, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.'"

*The Folly of Unbelief.* And Other Meditations. By J. H. JOWETT, author of The Passion for Souls, etc. 16mo, pp. 128. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, net, 50 cents.

A series of twenty-seven devotional meditations on subjects suggested by various texts of Scripture. With Jowett's quality our readers are familiar from several previous notices of his books. The first meditation gives this little volume its title, and is a fair sample. It is on the words, "The fool has said in his heart, There is no God," and is as follows: "'There is no God.' That is what the fool said. Ah, but it was the way in which he said it that revealed him to be a fool. There are souls which just whisper to themselves: 'There is no God,' and the secret utterance fills their hearts with cold, benumbing fear. They have stepped from one calamity into another. The floods are out. All their ways are beaten up. The lines of their life are filled with perversity and confusion; and as they move amid the encircling desolations, a fear steals across their minds

and hearts with the chilling touch of a cold night-wind. 'There is no God.' They stretch out their poor 'lame hand of faith,' like blind, halt men feeling for some tangible support, and they seem to touch nothing. Are these the fools of the text? Nay, these are seekers, and eventually all seekers shall be finders, and shall come into the satisfying presence of the unveiled glory. Who, then, is the fool of the text? Let us read it again, and read between the lines. 'The fool hath said—' Now you must insert a shout of hilarious laughter. We miss the meaning of the words if we leave out the laugh. How much the laugh reveals! 'The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God,' and he said it with a laugh, a flippant laugh, a laugh which betokened a glad and welcome relief. Now the Scriptures affirm that the man who can say: 'There is no God,' and say it with a laugh, is a 'fool,' and by 'fool' is meant something infinitely more than senseless or unwise. The word 'fool,' as used in the Old Testament, is not an intellectual term, denoting want of wisdom; it is a moral term, denoting lack of virtue. Here, then, is the full force of the psalmist's words. The man who can say: 'There is no God,' and can say it with a light and jubilant laugh, is a fool; at his heart there is moral rottenness; there is badness at the very core of his being. Why does 'the fool' say, 'There is no God'? Because that is what the fool wishes to believe. The wish is the father to the thought. Our wishes exercise a far more tyrannical dominion in our lives than we commonly suppose. Our wishes play round about our minds, and shape and color our judgments. There are no 'idle wishes.' All wishes enshrine a certain influence, and tend to determine the lines and issues of life. We have evidence of their power on the commonest planes of life. For instance, I wish that a certain thing may happen. That wish will not travel alone. Its influence inevitably works to drag the judgment after it. Let the wish be persisted in, and I shall come to believe that the certain thing will happen. Let the wish be still further deepened and intensified, and I may come to believe that the certain thing has happened. There are multitudes of instances in which men have believed that certain events have occurred, when in reality the entire transaction has been confined to the realm of desire. The judgment has been lured into practical deception by the sheer power of an intense desire. The wish was the father to the thought. But where do wishes come from? They arise out of our character as naturally and as inevitably as fragrance exhales from a rose, or a noisome stench from a cesspool. If my heart be like a garden, abounding in beautiful flowers and fruits, the wishes that exhale from it will be full of sweet and pleasant influence. But if my heart abound in uncleanness, the wishes that arise from it will be noisome and impure. As I am, I wish. As I wish, I come to think. As I think, I judge. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' Here, then, is the man of the text with the badness in his heart. He is a fool, morally degenerate. Out of his pollution corresponding wishes arise. He wishes there were no God. Then his wishing determines his thinking. He comes to think there may be no God. And at last, with impious hilarity, and with a note of most unholy triumph, 'the fool says in his heart—There is no God.' He begins by defying God: he ends by

denying God. What is the lesson of it all? It is just this—that all sin works toward unbelief. All godlessness creates a desire that there were no God, and tends to snare the judgment into a practical atheism. Let us pray for clean hearts. It is in these that safety lies. Let us pray the Lord to rid us of all defilement. And if perchance there be lurking within our hearts some hidden sin, which like a secret tumor is sickening the entire life, let us go before the Lord with the psalmist's prayer upon our lips: 'Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.' 'Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'"

## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*The Bible as English Literature.* By J. H. GARDINER. 12mo, pp. 402. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

In these studies of the Bible Professor Gardiner uses only the Authorized Version, from which all his quotations are taken. He says that if ever the Revised Version shall become English Literature, it may then be so used, but not now. He assumes the fact of inspiration without defining it. He holds that no literary study of the Bible can hope for success which is not reverent in tone, and that any critic who should approach it arrogantly or superciliously would miss not only its authoritative message but also all that has given the Book its power as literature and its lasting and universal appeal. In his Introduction he says that the Bible has a place apart by itself, because it has always been and still is venerated as the Word of God, and also because all its literary characteristics and the purpose of its writers are different from those which lie behind any other book. The next thing he says about the Bible is that as English literature, it is a single book and not a "library of books." The various parts of the Bible, whether they come from David's time or Paul's, lie together in our minds as one, belonging to a single land and a single marvelous unfolding of history. Moreover, its inspiration is different from any other. The instinct of mankind puts the sayings of Isaiah and Amos, of Paul and John on a higher level than the sayings of Socrates or of Marcus Aurelius, and puts the words of Jesus in a place apart and above them all. This inspiration pervades the Book. The Book is one, and even the differences between the Old Testament and the New are slight and negligible compared with the difference between the whole Book and any other literature in the world. Through the entire Book there is the unswerving sense that there is a living, personal God in the world whose sway is justice and righteousness and love, and whose service is man's highest duty. All these facts give to the Bible an essential, underlying, vital unity. The English Bible also has a palpable unity of style, a directness and simple nobility marking the whole, and making it the one pure and lofty standard for the development of our language; a style of unsurpassed dignity and unfading vigor, which sets it apart from all other books in the English language. Thus, whether we consider the substance or the style of the Bible, it shows itself to be a single book, and in a sense far different from that in which the works of Shakespeare, for instance, are

one. Between the Old Testament and the New there is no gulf. Even the literary forms are continuous and overlapping. The apocalyptic form which comes to its full growth in Daniel is carried over into Revelation. The Psalms and the *Magnificat* and the *Nunc Dimittis* in Saint Luke are in the same form of literature. Moreover, the first three Gospels are indistinguishable in style from analogous portions of the Old Testament. Thus by a complex and manifold unity the Book is made one from Genesis to Revelation. This Book, handed down from ancient ages, is the one book which, existing in English for three hundred years, has reached the hearts and expressed the deepest feelings of all classes of English-speaking people, and has so worked itself into the bone and sinew of English literature, and of the English tongue, that today our common speech is full of its phrases. Professor Gardiner discusses in different chapters the "Narratives" and the "Poetry of Scripture," "The Wisdom Books" (Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Job), "The Epistles of the New Testament," "The Prophecy," "The Apocalypse," "The Translation," and "The King James Bible." He makes plain that philosophical analysis cannot get at the secret of the Bible's power, nor at the nature of religious and spiritual experience. These lie in a realm not irrational but super-rational; beyond man's understanding but not beyond his touch. The things of the Spirit are spiritually discerned. From the point of view of literature, the power of the written word is manifest in its ability to stir up feeling, the deepest emotions of man's nature. Bacon's apothegm, "Dry light is ever the best," has no place here. The sensations and emotions of man, which do not change with the ages, are the permanent foundations of the mental life. The glory of the sun and moon and stars affects us in the same way that it did Saint Paul; and we today at the call of his words rise on uprushes of feeling like his own to regions above the dust and turmoil of the present life. Paul expresses immeasurable thought, now by the pregnant figure of the sowing of the grain, and now by a pure ejaculation of the triumph of the soul over matter, in the cry, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Much is said against mysticism. Mysticism covers a region or reality where cold intellectual analysis cannot enter, but can only grope blindly along its borders. Mysticism veils the knowledge which lifts the soul into certitude in its spiritual experiences. Man's highest experiences cannot be diagramed. If the blazing message which burned into Paul's soul on the Damascus road was of infinite (and eternal) significance, if it concerned the inscrutable things of God, it could not be reduced to the sharp-edged definiteness which philosophical analysis desires. At best, man can attain only to glimpses of such realities, and then necessarily by intuition, not by reasoning; and such visions of supernatural realities can be communicated to other men only by such nobly figurative language as sets the imagination soaring. It is only by virtue of the deep feeling which always goes with religious knowledge attained by intuition that the human mind can soar to the eternal and the infinite. And man's great glimpses of transcendent realities can be conveyed in language only by the adumbrations and kindling figures of lofty and half-poetic speech. These are some of the things Professor Gardiner says in

discussing the language of Paul's epistles. Speaking of the incomparable greatness and majesty of the Biblical literature, he says that even the greatest of Shakespeare's works, when put beside Job and the Psalms and Revelation, seem trivial and ephemeral. The Bible is written in a mood to which all mere art seems a petty juggling with trifles and an attempt to catch things insignificant and perishing, while everlasting verities and entities are slipping by. The Bible makes modern literature seem garrulous and chattering: even the great literature of the Greeks is light and loose in comparison with the compression and massiveness of the Old Testament. This cool and poised solidity, this grave and weighty compression, marks and befits the eternal Book. No part of the Old Testament sets any store by the subjective impressions of its writer, cares not even for the preservation of his name. The writer is of no account: the message is all. The Book is austerely preoccupied with the lasting and the real, and above all forever possessed by an overwhelming sense of the immediate presence of a God who is omnipotent and inscrutable. This constant preoccupation with the eternal and the superhuman gives to the Biblical literature a sense of proportion which separates it from all other writings. In comparison with the will of the Almighty, the joys and griefs, the ambitions, and earthly fortunes of any single writer in the Bible are as vanity. It is as if, in the marginal reading of Ecclesiastes 3, God had "set eternity in their heart." In modern literature it is hardly possible to find any author who has not some touch of that restless egotism and self-consciousness which are the curse of the artistic temperament; in the Bible there is no author who was not free from it. In this absorption with the solid and abiding facts of supreme reality, this unerring and unswerving instinct for the everlasting, and this constant sense of the immediate presence of Almighty God, the Bible stands alone in human literature. The qualities which mark the Biblical style are simplicity and earnestness, and a directness of statement which gives it unequaled power to carry its readers with it. The books of the Bible set forth statements of facts, not apologies or explanations or justifications of facts; and the effect of this affirmativeness is to give to the Bible incomparable virility, robustness, and convincingness. It may be said that other books approximate greatness in proportion as they have something of the Bible's earnestness, directness, unconsciousness, and prepossession with the higher sides of life. Moreover, noble and uplifting purpose is an imperative condition of worthy or useful literature. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is a glorification of purity and the virtues of chivalry; Addison aimed to reform the licentious manners of his day; the one constant motive of Swift's morbid genius was to castigate the vices and follies of men; and Dr. Johnson, the stoutest Englishman of them all, was a conscious and purposed force for righteousness. The nineteenth century opened with the aspiring dreams of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley; and its great prose writers, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, and the rest, were all consciously preachers, and largely Bible-molded, Bible-inspired men. Professor Gardiner sums up all this by saying that our English Bible has made all noble English literature, and stands as the norm by

which all literary excellence is measured; that all writing in English that has any ambition to belong to literature must accept it as the standard, and that if any writing departs far from the characteristics of the English Bible, in any way, it is not good English writing. By all these tokens the Bible, which is all mankind's book of salvation, and making a universal appeal to the human race, has been, by its wonderful translation into English, especially fitted to be the supreme book of the dominant English-speaking race the world over and the ages through. What we have taken from Professor Gardiner's able book, for the purpose of exhibiting its quality, is from the parts most acceptable to us. Its value is in showing the manifold and transcendent superiority of the Divine Book.

*Lady Baltimore.* By OWEN WISTER. 12mo, pp. 406. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, $1.50.

Owen Wister's way of telling a story is continuously different from that of anybody else. The London Times notes the fragrant atmosphere of lavender pervading this book; the New York Tribune thinks spontaneous vivacity its chief charm; various Southern papers say it shows us the old South as her lovers know her. Kings Port, the scene of the story, is supposed to be Charleston, South Carolina. This is the author's picture of it: "The most lovely, wistful and appealing town in America; whose visible sadness and distinction seem to speak audibly in the sound of the quiet waves that ripple round her southern front, and in the church-bells on Sunday morning, and to breathe not only in the soft salt air but in the perfume of every old-fashioned rose that blooms behind the high garden walls of falling mellow-tinted plaster; Kings Port, the retrospective, the belated, who from her pensive porticoes looks over her two rivers to the marshes and the trees beyond, the live-oaks, veiled in gray moss, brooding over their memories! Were she my city, how I should love her!" To us the value of the book is its sympathetic and delicate dealing with the old South, its prejudices, principles, and feelings. Southerners contemplating his picture of their land seem ready to say to this Philadelphia author in the words of the Girl behind the Counter, "You've been really quite nice," meaning "for a Northerner." Owen Wister thinks friendliness between the sections is retarded chiefly by tactless newspapers; and, we will add, by political demagogues in want of better issues, who "fire the Southern heart" in order to ride into power on excited sectional passions and who often lead the South blindfold against its own interests. In this story "the yellow rich" of the North, as Mr. Wister calls them, appear pitiably cheap and coarse and vulgar in contrast with the refinement of Kings Port's natives. The "lower classes with dollars and no grandfathers who live in palaces at Newport and look forward to everything and back to nothing" are hit hard in this Philadelphian's book. He says the sweet dignity of Kings Port ladies would teach our bulging automobilists, our unlicked insolent boy-cubs, our loud alcoholic girls, and all such wallowing creatures, whose money has merely gilded their bristles, what American refinement once was. Because of the good manners we have lost, the decencies we have banished, and the standards we have lowered, we look back to real refine-

ment as to the classics, fine things in a dead language. It is written here that the conversation of the yellow rich fashionables would shock and scandalize the Paris *demi-monde;* that our big men fifty years ago thought of their country and what they could make it, while our big men now think of their country and what they can make out of it; that good taste ought to be a restraint akin to religion; and that even one who does not bow to the Bible nor obey all the Ten Commandments is bound not as a believer but as a *gentleman* to observe the difference between grossness and refinement, and to have and keep a certain moral elegance, as the pagan Greeks did. Moral elegance is necessary to mere decency. One man in this book goes to church because he likes to kneel where his mother said her prayers; and in that spot he does not ask himself over-curiously what he believes, but gives himself up to the sense of Some One above him, within him—a sort of Greater Self, the sense of whose presence is the life-breath of religion. Thinking of the world-wide consequences of the last armed conflict of this Nation, Mr. Wister calls it "that momentous picnic, the Spanish war." The New York Evening Post is characterized thus: "Habitual over-indulgence in blaming has given it a painful stutter when attempting praise. It is the sprucely written sheet of the supercilious; the after-dinner pill of the American who prefers Europe; our Republic's common scold, the Xantippe of journalism, the paper without a country." A clever New Yorker once said, wittily, "What with the Sun making vice so attractive in the morning, and the Post making virtue so odious in the evening, it is very hard for a man to be good in New York." The hopeless plight of American liberty is thus described: "Money's golden hand is tightening on the throat of liberty while the labor union stabs liberty in the back—for trusts and unions are both trying to kill liberty." Socialists are called "untrained puppies of thought." The following seems to be squinting at Professor Herron: "The more loftily a socialist vaporizes about the rights of humanity, the more wives and children he has probably abandoned penniless along the trail of his life." Rather hard on "short-cuts" is the author: "Don't make a boy study four years for a college degree; just cut the time in half, and you have a short-cut to education. Write it down in a Declaration that all men are equal; that settles it; you'll notice how perfectly equal they all at once are. Vote for municipal ownership, government control of all large businesses, and so get rid of the wicked corporations and banish corruption off the earth! No, you won't. Such control will only put things into the hands of a new set of thieves and highwaymen. The dishonesty and corruption which run some of the corporations would run the government control. The only way to cure business and politics is by raising a crop of men who will be both strong and honest." A Bostonian once said that the mission of America is to vulgarize the world. In Kings Port the house is pointed out in which one of the ladies of the old regime "took down" the Earl of Mainridge when he visited there in 1840. The titled Englishman, being asked how he liked America, replied, "Very well, except for the people, who were so vulgar." "What can you expect?" retorted the bright woman. "We're descended from the English." Of the happy marriage in which the felicity of Owen

Wister's story culminates, it is said that, being solemnized in Kings Port, it escaped "the tarnishment of publicity." It was indeed *solemnized* in sacred fashion—which could not be said of the blatant unions of the yellow rich, who trivialize, or commercialize, or vulgarize, or bestialize their weddings; but solemnize them they don't and can't. No description of this sweet wedding appeared in any paper. All material things Kings Port lost by the war, but kept its sense of the preciousness of domestic privacy. And of it the Philadelphian says: "O Kings Port, may you never lose your grasp of that treasured privacy. May you never know the vulgar misery of the land where the reporter blooms, where if any joy or grief befall you, the public press rings your doorbell and demands the particulars, and if you deny it the particulars, it makes them up and prints them and says something scurrilous about you into the bargain." As to the present rottenness of smart society, this is said: "It is nothing new. When kings by the name of George sat on England's throne, society was just as drunken, just as dissolute. Then a decent queen came, and society behaved itself. And now we have come round again to a reign of the Georges, only with the name changed." And this also is said: "A moral awakening will come. The flesh has had a long, luxurious, prosperous day. The hour of the spirit must be near striking." In the very year in which Owen Wister copyrights his book, there are cheering signs of that moral awakening. The hour of the spirit is striking.

*The Philosophy of F. H. Jacobi.* Cornell Studies in Philosophy, No. 6. By PROFESSOR ALEXANDER W. CRAWFORD, A. M., Ph. D., Beaver College, Pa. 8vo, pp. 90. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, paper, 75 cents.

Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi (1743-1819) was one of the thinkers who, at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, adopted for their central philosophical position the principle of "faith." Together with Hamann and Herder, he is called by the Germans a "faith-philosopher" in the original meaning of the term. Caught in the currents and cross-currents of speculation during the change from the old order to the new, he endeavored to avoid the difficulties of reasoned or discursive thinking by recourse to an immediate intuition of truth. In particular, faith constituted his defense against Kant, on the one hand, and Spinoza, on the other. From the phenomenalism of Kant, so Jacobi argued, there is no possible escape unless man is endowed with a direct apprehension of objective reality. Similarly, the necessarianism and pantheism of Spinoza can be met alone through the aid of an immediate revelation of supersensible verities. These views were stated by Jacobi in a loose and unsystematic fashion, and they drew down on him harsh criticism from many of his contemporaries, and in fact his formulation of the faith principle is hardly susceptible of successful defense. Nevertheless it is fair to remember that his conclusions were misunderstood in his own time, as they have been often since. In his later writings he frequently speaks of "faith" as "reason," using the two terms without distinction of meaning. Thus it is evident that in his deepest thought faith was not an irrational faculty, but reason in its highest form. His doctrine lacked the cogency which has

marked other appeals to faith in its ideal (ethical or spiritual) significance, but it was not, as on the surface it seemed to be, *merely* an appeal from reason bankrupt to irrational belief. The present monograph is a painstaking account of Jacobi's thinking, written apparently as a thesis for the doctor's degree at Cornell University. Professor Crawford has diligently studied the works of Jacobi and the standard authorities concerning him. As a result of this inquiry he gives a careful and capable exposition of the system, together with its historical setting and relationships. Beyond exposition, however, he rarely goes. If it should be said that his treatise has not added much to our knowledge of Jacobi's work itself, or of its place in the development of philosophical and theological speculation, the answer, we judge, would be that there was not space, neither was it intended, to enter upon those matters. The limited purpose of the monograph is fully accomplished.

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## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth.* By GEORG BRANDES. 8vo, pp. 357. New York: Duffield and Company. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

This book is called interesting partly for its naïve and refreshing candor, partly for its revelation of the narrow parochialism of Scandinavian life. When Brandes in his youth first visited Paris he depreciated French sculpture as compared with Danish, by writing: "I feel at every step that France has never had a Thorwaldsen, and that Denmark possesses an indescribable treasure in him. We Danes are and remain, in three or four directions, the first nation in Europe. This is pure and simple truth." But the art treasures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg soon cured him of his provincial ignorance and prejudice and he learned that there are greater countries than Denmark. What an educator and expander and enlightener is travel! The narrow parochial prejudice is seen when a Danish poet disparaged the beautiful women of the South as "Large, showy flowers without fragrance." On Brandes's return from France to Denmark he found the battle raging between science and revelation, knowledge and faith. He essayed the difficult part of opposing both the orthodox theologians and their assailants. Of a religious crisis in his early life Brandes writes: "This crisis of my spiritual life proceeded from fountains of emotion which now shot up and filled my soul with their steady flow. A love for humanity flowed within me and watered and fertilized the fields of my inner world which had been lying fallow, and this love of humanity vented itself in a vast compassion. This absorbed me till I could hardly bear the thought of the poor, the suffering, the oppressed, the victims of injustice. It seemed to be my duty to work for them and to be disgraceful in me to enjoy the good things of life while so many were being starved and tortured. Walking the streets at night, I brooded over these ideas until I felt all the forces of my brain drawing me toward those who suffer. My heart bled with sympathy for society's unfortunates. Then another mood asserted itself. I

felt an impulse to step forward as a preacher to the world around me, to the thoughtless and vicious, the hard-hearted and the cruel. I began to regard it as my duty to go out into the town and preach on the street corners, regardless of whether a lay-preacher like myself would encounter indifference or scorn. This course attracted me because it presented itself to me under the guise of the most difficult thing, and with the perversity of youth I thought difficulty the only criterion of duty. I only needed to hit upon something that seemed to me the right thing, and then sting myself with the taunting challenge spoken to my own soul, 'You dare not do it'; and then all the daring that was in me, all my feelings of manly pride and honor, all my relish for grappling with the apparently insurmountable, would rise against 'You dare not', and prove to myself that I did dare. I took a small attic room in a poor neighborhood where, late at night, I heard the screams of poor women being beaten by drunken husbands returning from the taverns. But never had I felt myself so exalted in spirit, so blissfully happy, as in that room. My days slipped by in ecstasy; I felt myself a consecrated combatant in the service of the Highest. I used to treat my body austerely, to get it under control, eating little, and lying many a night on the bare floor instead of in bed, in order to harden myself. I crushed down youthful animalism so as to acquire complete mastery over myself and become a pure, strong, willing, obedient instrument in the hands of God for the victory of Truth. And I also plunged into study with an ardor and delight that carried me along to increasing knowledge and power month after month. My standard and test of devotion was a willingness to make sacrifices of comfort, self-indulgence, and worldly ambition. And if self-sacrifice were the criterion of nobleness, then Jesus was the Ideal, for who as self-sacrificing as he? I was entering the Christian spiritual life; I had attained the Christian mode of feeling, and my searching and striving mind found not only repose but rapture in prayer, and was elated and fired at the idea of being helped and protected by God." He quotes the saying of Kierkegaard that it is only to the man with a consciousness of sin that Christianity is entirely intelligible and easily credible. Later, Brandes drifted into mental confusion and doubt, but even of that time he wrote: "Pray I had to. From my earliest childhood I had been accustomed in anxiety or need, to turn my thoughts toward a Higher Power, forming my wishes and needs into words and concentrating my soul in worship. This impulse to invoke help and comfort was inherited from a hundred generations of forefathers. Bedouins of the desert, iron-clad warriors, pious priests, roving sailors, traveling merchants, citizens of towns, and peasants in the country, all had prayed for centuries, and even from the beginning of time; especially the women, the hundreds of women from whom I was descended had centered all their being in prayer. Because of this history behind me, and because of instincts that were in my very blood, I had to pray. Never to pray would be terrible. Never to fold one's hands and raise one's eyes above, but to live with eyes on the ground, and the heavens shut overhead, all alone in the universe—that would be horrible. If there were no eye in heaven to behold us, no ear to listen to our plaint, no hand to

protect and help, then were we abandoned and exposed on a desolate wild where the wolves are howling." In later years Brandes was led away into that desolate wild, into sheer secularism, trying to solace and satisfy himself with such vague vagaries as the Religion of Progress, æsthetics, pantheism, and the like. At the university he found the lectures appalling, consisting of a slow, sleepy dictation. A death-like dreariness brooded over the lecture-rooms. One professor especially had such an indifferent air toward his pupils that sitting at his desk he seemed to be saying, "I am a human being, but everything human is alien to me." He tells of four or five old men, retired candle-makers, who used to stroll in the Park toward evening every day and sit together on a bench and talk cheerfully of their positive assurance of personal immortality. He tells of an enthusiastic young philologist who, in the midst of a discussion of the wonderful deciphering of cuneiform inscriptions, exclaimed, half in jest and half in earnest: "If a stone were to fall down from the Sun, with an inscription in unknown signs of a strange language upon it, we should be able to make it out." Brandes tells of a bright woman who found his manner so icy that she compared him to an unlighted glass candelabrum, hanging amid others all lighted up, having the gleam of the fire on the countless facets of its crystals, but without any fire of its own, and having nothing but cold polished prisms. He tells of meeting on a train in France an American family from Boston, the lady members of which were quite maternal toward him; one of them offering to mend his clothes for him if any needed repairs when they should reach the hotel. The husband was very pious and good-natured, had his pockets full of little hymn-books, and in his notebook many clippings of devotional verse which he read aloud in the railway carriage with much feeling. He tells of meeting in the Alps a young peasant woman whom some hard fate had brought thither from her early home in Normandy. When he congratulated her on living now amid the beautiful and sublime scenery of Switzerland, she exploded in a violent protest: "Beautiful place, this? The steep mountain, the bristly fir-trees and pine-trees, the snow up above and the dark lake far down below—how could any place be uglier? No fields, no pasture land, no fruit trees!" No indeed! If *she* had to mention a country that was really beautiful it was in France, dear Normandy. There was plenty of food there, fertile fields, rich crops; you need not go up or down hill; there, thank God, the land was flat, and comfortable to live on. Did I think rocks beautiful? She had not been down in the valley for five months, and higher than her house she had never gone and would not go. She let her husband go down for whatever was wanted for the house, while she sat and fretted against a life that was almost more than she could bear. To visit the Alps in summer is fine; to live there all the year is quite another experience. Some men were discussing genius and its eccentricities, when a woman who was knitting, broke in: "It is all a mistake that genius is marked by restlessness, refractoriness, an irregular life, or the like. That is an antiquated and discredited superstition. True genius has no connection whatever with excesses and caprices; in fact, it is impossible without the strict

fulfilment of one's duty. Genius is simple, straightforward, domesticated, industrious." Brandes tells of meeting in Paris a big negro doctor from the Dutch West Indies, who was lionized in certain circles, a huge brute with a black bold physiognomy, whose conversation was one incessant brag. He claimed to be a discoverer and inventor equal to Columbus and Fulton. He had been persecuted for quackery, because all great men are persecuted—for example, Jesus was. He had made many prophecies of strange events which afterward happened. So powerful was his physical magnetism that he had performed marvelous cures by his touch. All these things he claimed for himself. Hideous though he was, the ladies were fascinated by his powerful brutality. He declared himself the greatest man alive. This monstrous black braggart was named Vries. Why did they not call him the bronze Walt Whitman? Of Paris Georg Brandes, the Dane, wrote: "It is the only city that wishes to be and is the capital not only of its own country, but of Europe." In Rome he saw much of Vinnie Ream, the American girl who was chosen by Congress to carve a statue of Lincoln. He was more charmed by her than by almost anybody else, and writes much about her. He tells how, one Sunday, when he was going to the fête, she persuaded him to go with her to the American Chapel, where she was to sing in the service. He says: "On the walls of the chapel were the Ten Commandments and a few other quotations from Holy Writ, and over the altar 'Do this in remembrance of me' was lettered. I had to endure the sermon, which was awful. When we went out I said nothing, as I did not know but Vinnie might be somewhat moved, for she sang with great emotion at the end of the service. However, she merely took my arm and exclaimed: 'That minister was the most stupid donkey I ever heard in all my life.' Then she began a refutation of the sermon, which was on the words, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' Vinnie thought no rational being would give a fig for forgiveness unless there followed with it a complete reinstatement to previous condition. What am I benefited if some Heavenly Being says to me, 'I will pretend you have not done it,' if I know that I have?" That is the way our auditors talk about us preachers if we do not make plain the meaning of Scripture in a way intelligible to them. The pulpit is no place for stupid donkeys or careless slovenly thinkers. Its first business is to be clear and convincing. In 1871, Brandes wrote in his journal: "France has lost and will not recover her prominence. Paris will hold the same position as Athens had in the old Roman Empire: she will be merely the city of taste and æsthetic delights; she will never again be the seat of power. The two cognate countries, Spain and Italy, are two peoples of which one is irretrievably rotten and the other is feebly convalescent. Germany may for a time exercise supreme sway in Europe. [This was just after Germany's great victory over France.] But the future belongs neither to Germany nor to Russia, but if not to England herself, then to the great Anglo-Saxon race of which she is a part, and which has revealed a power of expansion and control in comparison with which that of other nations is as the small dust of the balance. North America is transforming other races into Anglo-Saxons. People of all nations who go there speak English in the

next generation, and in two generations have forgotten their native tongue and their ancestral country. The English have an enormous capacity for spreading themselves abroad; their language prevails; and the power of the Anglo-Saxon race can never be broken because it is based not on mere conquest but on assimilation, and that race is being rejuvenated and immensely reinforced in North America." This prediction made by a discerning Dane thirty-five years ago has been fulfilled increasingly in every decade, and today points out the most conspicuous fact, the most irresistible and beneficent current, in world-affairs. Brandes found an Italian patriot who said when Rome had become the capital of a united Italy: "Solferino gave us Lombardy; Sadowa gave us Venice; Sedan gave us Rome. We had just sense enough to take advantage of fortunate circumstances, and just wisdom enough not to wreck our providential advantage by stupidity. Our worst trouble is indifference and indolence. *Dolce far niente* is our languid watchword, which to our shame is repeated in our language the world over. But we will make things different in Italy, even if some of us have to work ourselves to death to bring the awakening to pass. With the aid of events we have created an Italy; it now remains *to create Italians.*" This is what our missions and schools in Italy, and especially in Rome, are helping to do—creating Italians of a new and better type. Those who are doing this work among Italians, whether in Italy or in America, find them interesting, lovable, responsive, and promising. Referring to the Italian language, Brandes quotes Byron's words:

> "I love the language, that soft bastard Latin
> Which sounds as if it should be writ on satin."

*S. H. Hadley of Water Street.* By J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 289. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, net, $1.25.

If anybody wants the most unanswerable "evidences of Christianity," let him read this book and those companion volumes telling of rescue work in the wickedest slums, Down in Water Street, by S. H. Hadley, and The Life of Jerry McAuley. They prove, beyond possible gainsaying, the power of Christian faith to arouse the conscience, empower the will, and lift men from lives of sin and degradation to lives of manly self-control and joyous victory over sin. S. H. Hadley was indeed a miracle of grace. His life proves that the day of miracles has not ended. Doctor Chapman says in his Preface: "A great apostle of unbelief once said: 'Show me one miracle which your God has worked and I will believe in him.' If that champion of unbelief were living today I would tell him the story of the life and work of S. H. Hadley. For it is as truly a miracle as the turning of water into wine. When once he gave himself fully to Christ, he never swerved an inch from the straight and narrow way. He was more Christ-like than any other man I ever met." The Holy Spirit found Hadley a miserable drunkard dying with delirium tremens, and transformed him into the prince of mission workers, the rescuer of thousands of lost souls from the very depths of hell. Whoever reads this book learns that he who wrought miracles in Galilee and Judea long centuries ago is down

in Water Street today working far greater miracles. For twenty-four years Hadley was a drunkard. He committed more than a hundred forgeries. He said all sins and vices follow in the wake of drunkenness. When a theological professor asked him whether he believed in a devil, Hadley answered "Sure! I've walked with him and lived with him." Another rescued man, who had long been a drunkard and gambler, said: "Some don't believe in hell, but I've been there. All the torture of a man dead and damned was in me." When Hadley was on the verge of delirium tremens, and horror took hold upon him, he went to a police station and asked to be locked up to keep him from getting any more rum. In his cell he began to pray, crying to God for mercy and help. Every year on the anniversary of that day, he went into that cell and gave thanks on his knees. In the Water Street Mission, of which he was superintendent nearly twenty years, he used to testify: "I've been back in that cell just twenty-two times since, to tell the Lord what I think of him." Describing the work of the Mission he said: "Our constituency is made up of lost men. The churches have got through with them, the gin-mills have kicked them out. Our Mission is the lowest downtown. When you get down to Water Street you cannot get any lower." He told the story of Phil McGuire, who, before entering the Mission, had pawned his shirt for ten cents, the price of two drinks of Fourth Ward whisky. "I saw that old bum transformed, instantly, from a thief, a drunkard and a liar, into a clean-hearted, upright man, who for years thereafter lived and worked in the Mission, right in my family. I never saw a man more careful and just in money matters. His last act before he died was to make sure he had accounted for some money he held. At his funeral there was such a crowd of those who loved him that the house could not hold them and I had to lock the door—millionaires, drunks, preachers, thieves, noble women and the girls of the street, redeemed men whom he had helped, all crowded together. Water Street had not seen such a sight for years. That's what the gospel is doing." This is how this rescued drunkard used to talk to rumsellers, a class whom nobody knew better than Hadley did: "I would not take your death for all this life affords, and all its multiplied pleasures. Oh, thou corrupter of youth, and disseminator of misery and woe, and tears and sobs, when you draw near to death, how will it be? To the Christian these shadows are tinted with a golden hue, and the heaven's light shines through and over it. But to you these shall be shadows full of demons. Images of terror shall dimly rise and beckon you on. The ghostly deeds of the past shall arise and stretch out their skinny hands to push you forward. You will not die unattended. No, indeed. There will be plenty of company around your bedside. Despair will mock you. Agony shall press to your parched lips her fiery cup. Remorse will feel for your heart and rend it open. Good men will breathe the freer when you are dead, and utter thanksgiving when you are gone, and feel as though a plague is stayed, and surrounded by fiends, and borne on a blast, your guilty spirit whistles toward the city of death and night, and the shrieks of those who have been damned through the liquor you have sold them will be your first welcome to the place where you will send up your

unavailing and helpless cry throughout a never-ending eternity." The noble work of such princely Methodist laymen as S. W. Bowne and John S. Huyler appears in the large and faithful help they have given to Hadley's work in Water Street, and in the Wesley Rescue Hall on the Bowery, now named Hadley Hall. S. H. Hadley was long a lay member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The New York East Conference voted him local deacon's orders in 1900, and local elder's orders in 1904, and the Conference never honored itself more than in ordaining this great apostle to the drunkard and the outcast and the criminal—this rescuer of souls out of the depths of hell

*A General View of the History of the English Bible.* By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., Third edition revised by WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, Vice Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. xx, 356. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price. cloth, $2.00.

The revision of the English Bible during its progress and after its publication greatly stimulated interest in the picturesque and romantic history of the various versions and revisions to which the Scriptures have been subjected in the English language. Many machine made books on the subject have issued from the press, and not a few of considerable pretensions to scholarship have appeared. The subject is beset with pitfalls for the unwary, and deserves the attention of scholars whose training fits them to deal in a large way with difficult matters, for "no problem can offer greater scope for fruitful research," and "to solve it completely would be a work of enormous labor." Of all the books called forth by this new interest none has deserved or held a higher place than the one before us. The first edition appeared in 1868, the second in 1872, both written entirely by Professor (afterward Bishop) Brooke Foss Westcott, one of the greatest New Testament scholars of our day. During those happy days when the great university of Cambridge afforded him at once a home and a library and learned leisure he was able to do this elaborately detailed piece of work. When he became Bishop of Durham his learned leisure was gone forever and the third edition of his book had to be made by the competent hands of William Aldis Wright. The transfer of Westcott to the arduous labors of the episcopate was a sad loss to scholarship, but might be justified by many on the ground that the episcopacy must number great scholars in its ranks or the church suffer sorely by its descent into obscurantism. The great Church of England has never been without a good representation of its greatest scholars in the numbers of its bishops, but it has had few of finer mold than Westcott. As a matter of sentiment it seems a pity that he should not have been free to revise the book himself, but it has fallen into most able and conscientious hands and the revision is admirably done. To give an idea of the book's present character it needs only to say that it has a brief general introduction and a summary conclusion, and between the two consists of three long chapters discussing (1) The Manuscript English Bible; (2) The Printed Bible: External History; (3) The Internal History of the English Bible. The mass of complex and sometimes unrelated facts is sifted to a nice adjustment of organized material. The book is perhaps not always very interesting, but any reader who de-

serves his salt may make it interesting by simply adding here and there the human touch by glancing over the life of some great hero of the English Bible's history as a good cyclopædia presents it. The facts are here, and they are here in accurate and detailed form, and out of them any preacher might, if he would, make now and again an enlivening and instructive talk for his people. We commend the book to all such.

*Final Recollections of a Diplomatist.* By THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR HORACE RUMBOLD. Some Time British Ambassador at Vienna. 8vo, pp. 408. London: Edward Arnold. Price, cloth, $5.

This is the fourth volume of Recollections by an accomplished and successful diplomatist who spent half a century out of England in the service of the British Crown, attaining the highest ranks in diplomacy. The volumes give an interior view of the difficult and exacting life of a diplomat, and also his judgment of many persons and events seen in his long public career. The ways of counts and princes are described by an official who had rare opportunities of knowing them well. These recollections of fifty years are not only interesting to the casual reader but valuable for the future historian. Rumbold was Ambassador at Vienna when the Empress Elizabeth was murdered at Geneva. For health reasons the Austrian empress had taken up a quiet residence at Caux on the heights above Territet at the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva. On a September morning she went to Geneva with a small suite, and stayed for the night at the Hotel Beau Rivage. The next morning she sent her attendants back to Territet by rail, intending to return thither by boat in the afternoon. About 1 p. m. she left the hotel on foot, with her lady-in-waiting, to walk to the steamer. When within a few yards of the landing-stage a man coming in the opposite direction jostled roughly against her and struck her in the chest so violently, that she fell backward to the ground. The Countess who was with her helped her to rise, and they walked on board the steamer, the empress murmuring in a dazed way, "What has happened?" In a few minutes she fainted, and her dress being loosened a slight stain of blood was seen. The unconscious empress was carried on a litter back to the hotel and expired as she was being laid on the bed in the room she had just vacated. The weapon was a shoemaker's awl, as sharp and almost as slender as a needle. It had perforated the heart and death ensued from internal hemorrhage. Elizabeth's strange, sad life, ended in martyrdom; an innocent victim of the blind fanatic rage of idiotic anarchism. In Austria the white-haired empress was spoken of as the most charitable and bounteous of beings, and the loveliest that had ever graced the imperial throne. These volumes of Recollections have been written in the silence and isolation into which a retired diplomatist falls. While nearly all public careers must end in comparative obscurity and nothingness, this Ambassador thinks that the oblivion into which men of his profession lapse is deeper than other retired men experience. He is in error there. Naturally every man thinks his own lot the severest, not knowing that of other men. Rumbold finds in his retirement a surplus of *otium*, with very little *dignitas*. He feels that in spite of his

long and useful career, he counts for little with the men and the empire whom he served for fifty years devotedly and laboriously. He is out of touch with men and affairs. The world which he knew has passed away. He seems to lag superfluous on the stage. Life to him, after all his showy public career, is like a banquet hall deserted. But such effacement is no way peculiar to ex-diplomatists; it is the experience of ex-everythings. And it requires more heroic virtues than were demanded by all the strenuous demands of active years. This experienced diplomat whose knowledge of Europe covers sixty years, speaks thus of the France of today: "From the ruins of the showy and flashing empire of Napoleon III, which I heard proclaimed on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, and which I saw shattered eighteen years later, France has issued forth in entirely novel guise. Strong, but collected and confident in her might; as prudent and practical as she is prosperous; no longer an uncertain, disturbing element, but a great conservative force of infinite value to the stability of European peace; and for Great Britain the best of friends and associates, and, I would fain hope the best of potential allies helpful in future possible emergencies." It may be said, just here, that France was never so much entitled to the respect and sympathy of America as now, when engaged in a resolute effort, sure to be crowned with success, to free the State entirely and forever from the grasp of a political and plundering church. A free church in a free state, each independent of the other, must come to pass in every nation. Disestablishment is foreordained in all lands. Among the last things written by this veteran ambassador, is his strong emphasizing of the importance to a man in diplomatic service of a tactful, sensible, and pleasing wife—a real helpmate—in the all-important social branch of his duties. He has known Embassies and Legations in which the most potent influence was one wise, careful, gracious woman. And he has seen able men with fine prospects, obstructed and sometimes fatally damaged by an ill-assorted union, or the unwisdom and tactlessness of an unhelpful wife. But once more we have to remark that in this respect the life of a diplomatist is not peculiar among public careers. What Sir Horace Rumbold says of ministers of state is equally true of ministers of religion.

## MISCELLANEOUS

*In the Shadow of the Pines.* A Tale of Tidewater Virginia. By JOHN HAMILTON HOWARD. 12mo, pp. 249. New York: Eaton and Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings and Graham. Price, cloth, $1.25.

This is a work of fiction, but it pulses with the historic life of Tidewater Virginia during a most interesting period of our civil war. It holds us with all the charm of romance while it leads us into actual events and places. The characters and occurrences which are the creations of the author's imagination are only the color, the pulsations of the realities which no formal statement could reproduce. The mere annalist makes an accurate nomenclature of dull facts; but he is the true historian who breathes into these facts the breath of life by which they moved in the

days when hearts were astir. It is not the photographer but the romancer who gives us the true vision of places, events and persons. In Barthélemy's Anacharsis rather than Grote's history do we feel the heart of the Grecian life. The Scotland we see through Sir Walter Scott's eyes is not only the most vivid we have, but the most accurate, so far as the soul is concerned. Balzac's colossal romance creates an imperishable picture of the French life of the nineteenth century which no mere history possibly could. Romance is raised to the philosophical value of history. To this class belongs In the Shadow of the Pines. Simply as a story, it is of remarkable strength, commanding attention from the beginning, and holding it with increasing interest to the end. The characters and events pass before us so easily and naturally as never to create a suspicion that they were invented for a purpose, yet they create situations of dramatic intensity. It is a kind of story that one cannot easily lay aside before the final chapter is read. But the lasting value of the story is its relation to the time and place of its occurrence. The author's imagination has recreated the speech, the conduct, and the spirit of a unique locality. By dialogue, description, portrait and landscape painting he has created the atmosphere, the social antitheses, and local color of a time which has forever passed away, and which without this story must sooner or later be entirely forgotten or exaggerated into extravagant and untruthful legend. If the author had written the tale simply for the story, he might have given us a few characters less somber and intense, characters of sweet contentment and overflowing humor. As it is, every one, from wicked Gabriel Arnold to the old slave, Uncle Zeke, is oppressed with some horror. But was not that the atmosphere of the Dismal Swamp, especially at that period of the history of Virginia and North Carolina just before the call of General Grant to the East? To have lightened the picture with the cheerful old-time Southern domestic life would have been to draw false lines. The artist who sacrifices beauty of truth for graceful and pleasing form is not one of the first rank. There are a few portraits in this gallery any one of which would have made the book worth while, altogether aside from other considerations. Dear old Uncle Zeke, the rheumatic slave, affectionate, loquacious, superstitious, loyal, with that pathetic and poetic temperament which the old slave days created, is a portraiture delineated with the power of genius. Those of us who remember the ante-bellum days recognize in him a far more truthful representative of the slave character than Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom. For a life image of a personality which once was common in Southern life, but which will never appear again, we need only to read the pages of In the Shadow of the Pines. This work will rank with such books as Hypatia, Ben Hur, and Deborah. We predict for it a large sale and a persistence of life coterminous with the interest in Tidewater Virginia.

*The Philosophy of Christian Experience.* By HENRY W. CLARK, author of Meanings and Methods in the Spiritual Life, The Christ from Without and Within, etc. 12mo, pp. 243. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, net, $1.25.

We have not room for an extended notice of this book. But we are desirous of drawing attention to it at once. So we present the estimate

furnished by Dr. Marcus Dods, than whom no more capable judge could be found. "Not twice in a generation does one meet with so valuable an analysis of experimental religion as Mr. Henry Clark gives us in his Philosophy of Christian Experience. Of Mr. Clark we know nothing more than what is told us by the title-page and the book itself. Indeed, we took up his book with the fear that we were asked to read still another faddist's special distortion of the facts of Christian experience, or his cranky explanation of them. What we actually find is a very thorough, profound, and living treatment of the hackneyed themes of 'Conversion,' 'God's Fatherhood,' 'Repentance,' and the other essentials of religious experience. His account of human nature as it is, of man's need of religion, and of Christ as the life-giver are as fresh as if no one had ever written of religion before. But above all else is his treatment of the Fatherhood of God impressive and remarkable. Much as has in recent years been written upon this subject, we can point to nothing which more decisively penetrates to the heart of the matter. Those who seek some freshening of their religious life, some help that touches not the mere outworks but its real seat and essence, would do well to consult The Philosophy of Christian Experience by Henry W. Clark." None will question that a book of which Marcus Dods speaks in such terms must be worth reading.

*The Corrected English New Testament.* By SAMUEL LLOYD. With a Preface by the Bishop of Durham. 16mo, pp. xxviii, 516. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This is one of the latest and best of the many current revisions in English of the New Testament. A life-long governor of the British and Foreign Bible Society and an ardent admirer of the Authorized Version, Mr. Lloyd has crowned his years of study, both of the latter and of the best Greek texts, with this corrected version. In this work he had the coöperation of a number of eminent scholars, and thus doubtless enhanced his own good judgment and taste. The chief point of excellence aimed at and in large part achieved is a "revision of the English, which shall give the present-day reader a freer access to the meaning and a higher appreciation of the literary quality of the original." As the bishop says in the preface, "The Revised Version though beyond all praise as an aid to study . . . lacks that English felicity which should entitle it to take the place of the Authorized Version." We will quote Mr. Lloyd: Matt. 1. 1 reads, "The genealogy of Jesus Christ." John 1. 11, 12, "He came to what was his own, yet those who were his own received him not. But to as many as received him he gave the right to become children of God." 1 Cor. 13. 12, "For now we see by a mirror, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then, even as I was known, I shall know in full." Heb. 11. 1, "Now faith is confidence in things hoped for, a being convinced of things not seen."

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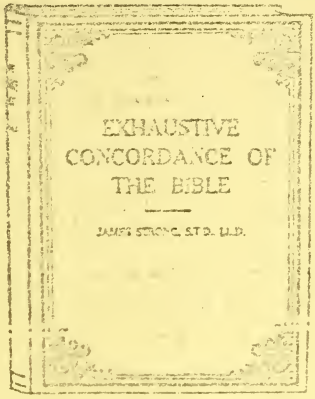


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